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Monthly Miscellany.

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Apollo, distributing honorary Rewards to the Ingenious

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THE Monthly Miscellany; OR GENTLEMAN and LADY'S *COMPLETE* MAGAZINE,

VOL. II.

for the YEAR 1774.

LONDON:

Printed for R. SNAGG, N°. 29, Pater-Noſter Row,

R. CRUTTWELL, in Bath, & HODSON & JOHNSON,

in Saliſbury.

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SOMETHING from the PUBLISHER,

BY WAY OF

PREFACE.

I WAS ſitting in my elbow chair this afternoon, reflecting with ſome anxiety upon the conſequences of the late deciſion againſt Literary Property, when Mr. PEARL, the Printer of my *Miſcellany*, came in, and aſked me whether I had got my *Preface* ready.—I muſt own I was aſtoniſhed at his queſtion, for I could not imagine that a *Preface* was any way neceſſary for a *Magazine*; I replied, therefore, (with looks that teſtified my ſurprize) that there was no occaſion for it;—Mr. PEARL was of a contrary opinion; and ſeldom chuſing to advance what he has not *ſome* argument to defend, a Dialogue like the following paſſed between us.

PEARL.

Not give a Preface, Sir? Upon my word I think you're wrong.

PUBLISHER.

Why ſo, Mr. PEARL?

PEARL.

Becauſe no publication of conſequence appears without one.

PUBLISHER.

But why need we follow an uſeleſs precedent?

PEARL.

By no means *uſeleſs*, Sir.——The world will think but very poorly of any Editor who has nothing to ſay for himſelf—and in this caſe it is particularly neceſſary; for as the writings of *other men* compoſe your whole Miſcellany, the readers of it have not the leaſt opportunity of knowing *you*.——A Publiſher, I think, ſhould certainly take up the pen ſometimes, that the world may know he can *write*, as well as *read*.

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PUBLISHER.

Indeed, that plea may have weight with *ſome* kind of people; but *I* have no ambition, Mr. PEARL.

PEARL.

That want of ambition, Sir, is now the greateſt crime.——When you firſt began the *Miſcellany*, ſcarce a number appeared, without an Addreſs to the Public. *They* were of the Preface kind; and I dare ſay you found the benefit of thoſe Addreſſes. To *them* you owe, in great meaſure, the approbation of thoſe improvements which they pointed out in the Magazine. But I am afraid ſucceſs has made you rather indolent—for having eſtabliſhed your *Miſcellany* in a more extenſive ſale than any other periodical publication, you are afraid of ſetting pen to paper—and leave the work to ſhift for itſelf—while your Competitors are ranſacking their brains for new ideas, and dealing out their own praiſe in ſtrains that ſhould excite your *emulation*.

PUBLISHER.

Or rather my *contempt*, Mr. PEARL. I did, as you ſay, preſent my readers with a freſh Addreſs in every Number. I thanked them for their kind encouragement, and told them I would ſpend my life in endeavouring to deſerve it. Have I been indolent ſince then?—Pray tell me where? Has not each number increaſed in point of *goodneſs*, as well as in its *ſale*?—Have I not engaged Mr. *Light* at an high price for the Deſigns, in preference to Mr. *Shade*, becauſe he was the better Artiſt?——Has not Mr. *Scratch* alſo a very great price for his Engravings?—and is not my deſiring you to get a new Type from Mr. *Caſlon*, a proof of my attention to the improvement of the work?—to ſay nothing of my Silver Medals, or my ſucceſsful applications to gentlemen who ſhall be nameleſs, for their aſſiſtance. This is the proper ambition of a Publiſher;—*this*, Sir, and not *writing*. My firſt Addreſſes were merely Advertiſements, to requeſt the favours of the public; and now my gratitude ſhould be evinced to them—*not* by *words*--but by my induſtry, for their amuſement and information. Beſides, what now remains to write a Preface on?

PEARL.

Oh!—Plenty, Sir, plenty.—Why the very articles that you have juſt been mentioning, are matter ſufficient for five or ſix pages.—And you might with great propriety give a *Dedication* alſo. Suppoſe, for inſtance, you were to adopt this, which I juſt wrought off before I came from home;—there, Sir, you ſee 'tis very neatly done.

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TO THE

FRIENDS OF LEARNING,

IN

GREAT BRITAIN, IRELAND, AND THE COLONIES;

THIS

MISCELLANY,

COMPILED FOR

THEIR BENEFIT AND AMUSEMENT,

AND SUPPORTED BY

THEIR ENCOURAGEMENT AND ASSISTANCE,

IS

WITH ALL SUBMISSION

DEDICATED,

BY

THEIR MOST GRATEFUL,

MOST DEVOTED,

AND

OBLIGED HUMBLE SERVANT,

THE EDITOR.

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PEARL.

What think you of this?

PUBLISHER.

Why, Sir, in a word:—the public are not ſo blind to merit, as to need being told of any alteration in our plan.——The judicious choice of our Materials, the elegance of our Deſigns, and the excellence of our Engravings, have already attracted univerſal attention, and there is little doubt of our continuing to meet with applauſe for every addition that may deſerve it;—with equal juſtice alſo may we expect their cenſure, for every inattention or neglect we are guilty of. *Here*, then, Mr. PEARL, it is, that a Publiſher ſhould fix his ſtandard: Let him make it his buſineſs to conſult the taſte of his readers, and he may be ſure of meeting with a reward for his endeavours, nor needs a Preface, which at beſt expoſes his vanity to the public, or boaſts of that induſtry which it is but his duty to perſiſt in. His *life* ſhould be dedicated to the ſervice of his friends, and not his *book* alone. However, that you may not be wholly diſappointed in your expectations, and as the public may probably receive ſome little entertainment from our paſt converſation, I will endeavour to recollect it, and commit it to writing, and you ſhall give it to the public, as *ſomething by way of Preface*.

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THE
MONTHLY MISCELLANY,
FOR
JULY, 1774.

The SCRIBBLER, Number VIII.

AMBITION *thus makes* WRITERS *of us all.*

PARODY of HAMLET's SOLILOQUY.

NOR *dare th' immortal Gods my rage oppose.*----Such was the concluſion of an harangue, worked up by the enthuſiaſtic brain of a tragic poeteſs, expreſſive of that height to which the ambition of her Hero aſpired; and what ſhe has there applied to *his* ſituation, may not, I think, be improperly adapted to that of a *modern Poet.*

There is ſcarcely a wretch upon the ſurface of the earth, but who, in ſome degree or other, thinks himſelf qualified to be a Poet; and there are few, who bear that name, but are the ſlaves of wild, extravagant ambition. Imagining that Nature has given them abilities for writing poetry, they ſeize the pen on every occaſion, and without having any good end in view, they rhyme away their time and ſenſes to no manner of purpoſe. Their minds are too much buſied on *ſublimer* matters, to be attentive to their buſineſs or their families, and while they are ſoaring, in idea, to the utmoſt height of importance, they ſink, in reality, into poverty, contempt, and wretchedneſs.

I was ſitting one day at my bookſeller's, (where I often go to paſs a leiſure hour) when a young man, dreſſed in black, came into the ſhop, and enquired for Mr. *Folio.* From the ſhabbineſs of his appearance, I judged him to have come on a charitable errand; and when he begg'd Mr. *Folio* to retire with him to another room, that he might communicate his buſineſs, I felt for his diſtreſs, not doubting but he was under ſome very great misfortune, deſtitute of ſupport, yet aſhamed to aſk a public charity. I was the more confirmed in this opinion, by the humility of the man, and a ſomething genteel in his appearance, which told me he had once ſeen better days.

I muſt own I had a great curioſity to be rightly informed in this matter, and therefore waited till his buſineſs with Mr. *Folio* was concluded.---It was not long before the young man returned, but with viſible marks of diſſatisfaction in his countenance. ---What, thought I, is it then poſſible, that my friend *Folio* ſhould hear the complaints of indigence, and yet refuſe to mitigate its ſorrows?---Can a Bookſeller, whoſe very life is ſpent in reading over the works of eminently-virtuous men, be himſelf ſo void of that moſt pleaſing virtue, which delights in doing good?---For ſhame! ſaid I---and was going from the ſhop in queſt of the poor fellow, when Mr. *Folio* deſired me to ſtep into his parlour.

I went---though not without ſome reluctance; and as ſoon as he had ſhut the parlour door, I aſked him of the perſon he had been conferring with.

"*That* (replied he) is a *poor writer*;---a fellow that has had the *misfortune* of a tolerable good education, without any conduct. The *cacoethes ſcribendi* ſeized him very early in life, and has reduced him to the miſerable plight in which you ſaw him. He has lodged at a little public-houſe in this neighbourhood for ſome time,---and

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when I could do the young man any service,---I did. He often teazes me to set on foot for him a subscription for *Two Volumes of Fugitive Pieces*, which *he* thinks he could get permission to dedicate to Lord ******; but there is such a vile collection of incoherent rubbish---*Imitations and Paraphrases of Pindar, Horace, Juvenal, and the Psalms---Verses to Amelia---Strephon to Celia*---and other such insignificant, threadbare stuff, that no money could be got for it,---nor do *I* think any gentleman would suffer his name to be printed in it; and as for charitable subscriptions, we have had enough of *them*, Mr. ****, already.

I was going to express my concern for him, when Mr. Folio proceeded:

"I am heartily sorry for the poor fellow, indeed. Seven years (he says) has he followed this employment; and finding now that nothing is to be got by it but poverty and rags, he is determined to change the livery of the Muses for that of his Sovereign."

'What, (said I) to enlist?'

"That is really the case. While in his present situation, he has no hopes at all; but as he is a man of some spirit, he thinks he may get preferment in the army, by being active and industrious; and not having wherewithal to purchase a commission, he begins at the lowest step, and enters as a common soldier."

"*Poor---young---fellow.*"---My heart was too full to say more, and a silent tear fell down my cheek, in spite of all my fortitude.

"His business with me this morning (continued Mr. Folio) was to tell me of his resolution, and to ask my opinion on the publishing a few sketches of his life,---as a beacon to others, who are wandering in the same mistaken path with himself. He has not brought me the copy, not being willing to compleat it till he had my approbation; but one can't give much, Mr. ****, for the life of a *poet*. They (Lord help 'em!) have no variety---a Garret is their constant residence---a Bookseller their only master. Visits, indeed, they would pay, if they could get admittance; but company at home they never see. However, I told him to get it finished, and probably I might give him half a crown for it. You shall see it, Mr. ****, and if you have a mind to take it for a paper of your Scribbler, you shall have it at a fair price. I expect him again to-morrow, and you shall then talk with the young man yourself."

I thanked Mr. Folio for his *obliging* offer, and returned home, ruminating on the unhappy state of those men, who, mistaking a lively imagination for poetical genius, and vainly trusting to those abilities, plunge themselves at once into misery and distress; exchanging a life of happiness and ease for that contemptible situation, which Dr. Swift imagines to be the very depth of wretchedness.

Were I to curse (says he) the man I hate,
Attendance and dependance be his fate.

* * * * * *

For the MONTHLY MISCELLANY.

An ESSAY *on* NATURAL PHILOSOPHY;

IN WHICH

ITS INFLUENCE ON MEN'S MORAL CONDUCT IS CONSIDERED.

THOSE researches which impress on our minds a just sense of a superintendant Providence, will more certainly lead us to the performance of virtuous than immoral actions. Natural Philosophy here claims the palm: it is to *her* the antient Deities are indebted for their existence. The contemplative mind, as it ranged through the works of the creation, plainly discovered the footsteps of a Deity imprinted on every leaf and flower. Reason, confined and narrow in her conceptions, could not at first form the vast idea of UNIVERSALITY: it was an abyss into which the unaccustomed soul was at a loss to enter; and therefore, instead of giving the immediate direction of the Universe to a single Omnipotent Agent, she readily divided it into numerous classes, and assigned to inferior Deities the government of each lot; and even then she had a strong idea of a Supreme to whose authority those Deities paid due submission.

Revelation, joined with Philosophy, has taught us to reject these notions concerning the government of Creation, and clearly evinced to us, that what the Heathens worshipped as tutelary Gods, presiding over the various links of Nature, are only certain fixed properties given her by the Almighty, by which she performs such actions as to his infinite wisdom seem meet for the universal welfare.

That these powers of Nature are immediately dependent on her present mode of existence, is evident; since many Philoso-

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phical experiments prove, that matter not only loſes its powers, but aſſumes new ones, according to the arrangement of its elements, and the ſtates in which it is placed.

That Being, therefore, who fixed it in its preſent round of variegation, can, whenever it ſhall pleaſe him, break the chain of connection, change and confine it to another ſtate: in which reflections I would convey the following inference:—It is not at all contradictory to the principles of Nature, that ſhe ſhould, at the will of that pervading Power which at preſent conducts her regular motions, fall into an entire new ſtate, as has been announced in Holy Writ.-----Thus far inanimate matter.

The Soul, in its preſent confined ſtate, evidently proves itſelf in its every action an eternally exiſtent, but ſubjected being, immured in the fleſh to exalt its nature, and render it worthy the immortal manſions of ethereal bliſs.

Knowledge has been cenſured of making men ambitious and ſelf-ſufficient.—— True Knowledge can have no ſuch effect. If men will ſcarcely enter the field of ſcience before they ſet up for deep Philoſophers, and accurate inveſtigators of the Powers of Nature; if they will ſlightly ſcan over the powers of ſecondary cauſes, and from them draw concluſions, without reflecting on the baſis on which theſe cauſes act, they may poſſibly ſwell with pride, and, arrogating to themſelves univerſal knowledge, forget to whoſe bounty they owe their exiſtence and capacities.

Learning to bad men is truly pernicious; for, as a jewel in the ſwine's noſe, ſo is Science in the mouth of a fool: it may be compared to wines---cordials to the wiſe, to the fooliſh, poiſons; nouriſhing and invigorating the former, but producing frequently fatal intoxication to the latter.

But ſhall the behaviour of a *Madman*, or the ſentence of *Folly*, fix a ſtigma on any thing? Was their abuſe of things to affect their merit, we might cavil at every favour Heaven has beſtowed on us. The neceſſaries and comforts of life, are by them rendered ſo many inſtruments of deſtruction; and every bleſſing in their hands is a certain evil. The admiſſion of ſuch reaſoning would be laying the axe at the root of nature's every law, and at each blow the attributes of the Almighty would feel the wound. Nor would the Chriſtian Diſpenſation eſcape our cenſure, ſhould we judge of its merit by the conduct of too many of its profeſſors.

The errors, therefore, or imperfections of Philoſophers, altho' advanced with ſuch confidence as arguments againſt Philoſophical Enquiries, are ſo far from being unanſwerable, that they are to be eaſily overthrown.——But before I conclude this part of my enquiry, let me aſk a few queſtions: Are their errors and imperfections peculiar to themſelves, and the mere effects of their knowledge? Would ignorance make them a jot more virtuous and irreproachable? Would it in any degree mend their morals? An extinction of Science, that grand luminary of the mental world, like the abſence of the ſun, would caſt a darkneſs over the land, but not in the leaſt leſſen its vice.

Evident it is to me, that Science ſoftens our ferocity, and properly uſed, diverts and amuſes the paſſions---thoſe tygers of the mind, which prove deſtructive of its peace and good order; and the Learning of the wicked will appear leſs deſerving our fear than their brutal Stupidity, ſince the former will render them circumſpect in their actions. The Sciences, therefore, aid the cauſe of Religion and Virtue, and conduce to the good order of ſociety, as without them men may be poor and ignorant, but no leſs vicious.

Science may be compared to the old man's faggot---each ſtick, ſeparately, will yield and break---but, when united, they reſiſt our utmoſt power: ſo, alſo, ſever the links of Science, and they may be wreſted to their own deſtruction; but, while connected, they are proof againſt every injury. An inveſtigation of the powers of Nature is the chief employment of the Bleſſed. An attention to Science on earth is, therefore, anticipating in ſome meaſure that fullneſs of bliſs which is enjoyed in the manſions of eternity, and to which it will conduct its votaries, when this globe, and all its beauties, ſhall be done away; even then ſhall Science remain unchanged, except in that it will become far more exalted and improved.

Let us, therefore, enter deeply into this agreeable field; let us follow Nature thro' her various windings; ſee the reciprocal chain of alliance, by which her every part is linked together; but, above all, that grand dependence which its holds towards its Creator. Let us, I ſay, thus inſenſibly riſe from one link of Creation to another, and, if poſſible, reach the *primum mobile*; there behold that which ſeems to our confined ſenſes a vaſt impoſſibility, performed with the moſt perfect eaſe. Then ſee how our feelings will be actuated; will vanity, or awful modeſty fill our boſoms? Surely

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the latter must take place, and every spark of the former die for ever.

Where shall we begin to depict the variegated scene of wondrous order? Shall we look up to the orbs in regular motion moving in their rounds, and harmoniously keeping in their spheres? or shall we investigate the minute organism of beings, whose existence is indiscernible to the common eye? or shall we take a transient view of any the intermediate links of Creation? Each separately raises our wonder, and gains from us involuntary adoration; but when we consider the aggregate body of Creation, its connections and dependencies, that symmetry with which the constituent parts are connected, that elegant formation of structure, that capacity for action, and minute dependency on each other in a reciprocal order; the Phœnician birth of nature, or one class of beings rising into life from the ashes of another, well may we join the Psalmist, "Lord! how wonderful are thy works! in wisdom hast thou made them all; creation teems with thy riches."

The more minutely we examine Nature, the greater our surprize is, that she resists the shocks her own powers are continually making against her œconomy; and well satisfied must we be, that merely by her self-existent power she would not long survive such repeated violences: soon must she yield a victim to her own frantic passions, unless supported by some all-powerful controul; and wild confusion, seizing the reins of government, would produce a second chaos.

If we look back a few ages, (few indeed when compared with eternity) we find mankind lost in ignorance; gradually they launched out from the dark cloud that inveloped them, and with a rapid gradation arose to the height of knowledge which they now possess.

The mind of man is too active to remain long in a state of lethargic ignorance; it naturally awakens itself to knowledge, rushes forward into the spacious field of Nature, and contemplates on the various phænomena that present themselves to our intellectual or corporeal senses. From them we draw conclusions, by them form opinions, and thro' them are easily led to acknowledge a Supremacy must exist.

Nature could not have been always as it is. Man must have begun existence—when, is indeterminate—how, is easily answered. His own innate power is unequal to the task. Some more powerful Agent must therefore have called him into being, who, as his Creator, demands his gratitude and obedience.

Let us look into this beautiful microcosm; let us examine its various faculties and powers; how wonderfully every part is framed to receive the most exquisite sensations, to perform the most glorious actions, and attain the first of blessings! Not an atom in our frame but is designed to some noble end—to support some grand design, and further some exalted deed.—How pleasingly is the body adapted to perform every wish the soul can form, or attain every point that it soars at! Look into thyself; canst *thou* form such a system of systems, in a regular confusion, and surprisingly varied labyrinth of powers dependent on, and serving each other? Canst *thou* demonstrate the principles on which it moves, or the causes of its various actions and affections, and the reason for its several functions and senses? Canst *thou* clearly demonstrate why the ear hears, the eye sees, the nostrils receive the impression of savour, and the mouth of taste; while the sense of feeling is scattered indeterminately thro' the whole frame? Are not the nerves to each part the same---the same their origin and structure?

Is it reasonable that so exquisite a piece of mechanism should be the work of blind chance, independent of Supremacy?—Reason starts back at the position; nor will it admit a shadow of possibility.

There is not an action in Nature, but at the same time that it points out his power, convinces us of the mercy of the Almighty. Nature has certain fixed properties, by which she is connected, and which determine her actions. Every effect is produced by a certain cause; and, without a stated influence, no effect or action can take place. These reflections are the result of Philosophic knowledge: they arise from an accurate investigation of Nature, and her laws. Let us examine the inferences to be drawn from them, and the influence they are likely to have on men's conduct.

The violent actions, or efforts of Nature, are timely cures to certain diseases in her œconomy, from whence they arise, or are the symptomatic effects; and by destroying superfluous collections of matter, hinder fatal events to herself or constituents. As Man is subject to diseases to which he must in time yield, but has powers to counteract them for a time, so is it with Nature. But by her violent efforts in accomplishing her grand designs, individuals sometimes become victims to the immoderate rage of her elements, or, in a secondary manner, by the works of their own hands. This sacrifice is indiscriminate,

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nate, falling alike on the juſt and unjuſt, and is therefore evidently not as a puniſhment for vice, nor a reward of virtue; it comes not in wantonneſs, nor is it the ſport of fools, but the ſtated influence of Nature, who, while ſhe deſtroys an individual, is working to the preſervation of myriads. And no doubt the Almighty chooſes thus to demonſtrate his attributes to mankind, by allowing ſo vaſt a latitude of action to the elements, and then reſtraining them; by which his mercy, wiſdom, and power appear conſpicuous.

Science, thus employed, removes thoſe doubts and ſcruples which aroſe in other men's minds, from a ſuppoſition that the accidents of life were rendered to us as certain puniſhments, at the ſame time that the promiſcuous diſtribution was evident. Such a perſuaſion was rife with great evil, ſtartling ſome in their religious principles, and rooting all ſenſe of religion from the breaſts of others;----filling ſome with groundleſs fears and jealouſies, others with diſcontents and murmuring; by which means they either became ſuperſtitious and idolatrous, or atheiſtical and immoral; either of which extremes are a ſufficient root for all evil---while Science, removing Nature from this obſcurity, gives her the golden mean.

Before we quit this ſubject, let us caſt back a thought beyond the birth of Nature. How were things then ſituate?---- Rude confuſion crouds our imagination; and our ſouls are loſt in wonder and ſurprize. No longer deny the power and authority of the Godhead, but, won by admiration, own his omnipotence is far beyond our bounded comprehenſion.

Look back for myriads of ages, and you will at laſt form a boundary to the flight of the ſoul, but at the ſame time be conſcious of a pre-exiſtence; the unfathomable abyſs is too deep for the mind; in vain ſhe endeavours to reach eternity, while, loaded with frail matter, ſhe never can enter the immaterial worlds, but will remain bewildered and loſt in her reſearch, and, tho' conſcious of a path, is incapable of purſuing it; like as in a dream, it vainly endeavours at that activity which it cannot attain.

I have already ſhewn that the preſent exiſtence of things muſt have had an origin; that men could not have remained for ſo many ages in perfect ignorance, and all at once break out into perfection; and therefore, as Nature once exiſted in a different modus from its preſent, ſome power beyond its own muſt have influenced it to this effect, or it had never varied,--- Was it at firſt inert, thus it had remained, and had been even now as then, motionleſs, "and without form, and void."--- The Firſt Agent to this alteration muſt have been ſelf-exiſtent and independent, ſupreme over other powers, and co-operating with them in all their actions. And, without this influence, matter would not only have remained in its former ſtate, but will again, on being deprived of it, return to its priſtine chaos.

This Author of Exiſtence, then, under what name ſoever dignified, is the Governor and Controuller of this little globe--nay more, of the univerſe; a word too copious for our confined ideas, and as far beyond our comprehenſion, as the ideas of the ſoul exceed the ſhell it lives in.

The powers and faculties of the ſoul point out its immortality. How low, deſpicable, and degenerate muſt that man be, who would lower himſelf with the beaſts that periſh! What! ſhall Man lord it on earth for a few years, ſtand ſuperior in the chain of created beings, with faculties for eternal exiſtence, and at one ſtroke be levelled with the reſt? If ambition be the reſult of philoſophical enquiries, it will cruſh the groveling thought, and, inſtead of inducing men to ſpurn, render them fond of embracing the doctrine of immortality. The accuſation, therefore, of arrogance and ambition in Philoſophers being at variance with its proofs, both muſt fall to the ground; ſince I have proved that Science, inculcating in us a proper notion of the attributes of God, will aid our endeavours to virtue, by implanting in us the only true knowledge---"to know ourſelves."

To ſum up all---What can give a man more calmneſs, than a fixed certainty in hope of immortal happineſs? What can teach him ſocial duties with more energy, than that contemplative knowledge which reſults from true Science; opening the ſcene of futurity, when the wearied ſoul will throw off this cumbrous ſhell of mortality, and range with perfect freedom through the works of God,---there ſee and converſe with Spirits and Angels, ſubſtances akin and ſuited to its nature?

Let no man, therefore,---miſled by weak credulity---maintain, that too much knowledge inflates the minds of men.

PHILOTHEORUS,

[*The Select Committee for determining the Prizes have adjudged the Medal this month to the author of the above ingenious Eſſay, to whom it ſhall be ſent agreeable to his own directions.*]

DAMARIS

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DAMARIS AND PHILLIS:
Or, The SWEETS of INDUSTRY.

PHILLIS and Damaris were two country laſſes, the pride of the village where they lived; both handſome to perfection, but exceedingly different.

The unaffected Damaris had no attention but to aſſiſt the infirmities of an aged parent, whom ſevere illneſs confined to his cottage, while ſhe tended his flock by the wood-ſide. Her hands were generally employed in ſome uſeful work: and when ſhe knit, or ſpun, to procure her old father a more tolerable ſubſiſtence, the chearfulneſs of her ſongs expreſt a contented heart. Her dreſs, though very poor, was always neat and clean: ſhe ſtudied no ornament in it; and if the neighbours commended her perſon, ſhe gave them very little attention.

Phillis had been bred up under a careleſs mother. She was exceedingly pretty, and knew it mighty well. On holidays nobody ſo ſpruce as ſhe. Her hat was wreathed with flowers or ribbons; every fountain was conſulted for her dreſs, and every meadow ranſacked to adorn it. From morning till night ſhe was dancing, and ſporting on the green: all the ſhepherds courted and admired her, and ſhe believed every word they ſaid. Yet ſhe felt many a diſcontent. Sometimes her garland would be leſs becoming than ſhe wiſhed it: and every day brought with it ſome diſquiet. She was one morning ſitting very penſive under a poplar, tying up a noſegay, when ſhe heard Damaris, who was concealed from her only by the ſhade of ſome buſhes, ſinging with a merry heart, a ſong in praiſe of Induſtry. Phillis could not help interrupting her in the midſt of it: and when ſhe went towards her, found her buſy in plying the diſtaff, which was fixed in her ſide; when thus the gay maid began:

PHILLIS.

How is it poſſible, Damaris, that you ſhould be always ſo merry in leading a life of ſuch drudgery? What charms can you find in it? How much better would it become your years to be dancing at the May-pole, where ſome rich farmer's ſon might probably fall in love with you!

DAMARIS.

Ah! Phillis, I prefer this way of life, becauſe I ſee you very unhappy in your's. For my own part, I have never a moment's uneaſineſs. I am ſenſible, I am doing what I ought. I ſee myſelf the comfort of a good old father, who ſupported my helpleſs infancy, and now wants this return of duty in his decrepid age. When I have pinned the fold at night, I return home, and cheer him with my ſight. I dreſs his little ſupper, and partake it, with more pleaſure than you have at a feaſt. He, in the mean time, tells me ſtories of his younger days, and inſtructs me by his experience. Sometimes he teaches me a ſong, like that I was ſinging juſt now: and, on holidays, I read to him out of ſome good book. This, Phillis, is my life. I have no great expectations, but every chearful hope, that can make the heart light and eaſy.

PHILLIS.

Well, Damaris, I ſhall not diſpute your taſte. My father is well enough, by his own labour, to provide for his family: and my mother never ſet us the example of working. 'Tis true we are poor: but who knows what good fortune may throw in our way. Youth is the time for mirth and pleaſure: and I do not care how hardly I fare, provided I can get a ſilken lining to my hat, and be Lady of the May next year.

DAMARIS.

O! Phillis, this is very pretty for the preſent: but in what will it end? Do you think that ſmoothneſs of face will always laſt? Yon decrepid old woman, that limps upon her crutches, was once, they ſay, as handſome as you. Her youth paſſed without engaging any body in a real affection to her: yet her good name was loſt among the follies ſhe engaged in. Poverty and age came on together: ſhe has long been a burden to the village, and herſelf. If any neighbour's cow is ill, all ſuſpicions of witchcraft fall upon her. She can do nothing to maintain herſelf: and every body grudges her what ſhe has.

PHILLIS.

Ill-natured Damaris, to compare me with a hag, that the country abhors. I wiſh you would come to the paſtimes: they would put you in a better humour. Beſides, you would there hear what the ſhepherds ſay to this Phillis, whom you are pleaſed to deſpiſe ſo.

DAMARIS.

I do not deſpiſe you, Phillis: but I wiſh you well, and would fain ſee you as happy as myſelf. That fine green ſtuff your gown is made of, would become you much better if it was of your own ſpinning. But I talk like an old man's daughter, and am little heeded. Go, pretty butterfly, and rejoice in the ſummer of thy days: let me like the homely, but induſtrious ant, lay up ſome proviſion for the winter.

ANECDOTES

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ANECDOTES of the LIFE of PROTOGENES, An ITALIAN PAINTER.

PROTOGENES was a native of Cannus, a city of Caria, ſubject to the Rhodians. Being deſcended from poor parents, he had not probably the inſtructions deemed ſo proper for his art. The firſt we hear of him is, that he painted ſhips for his livelihood.

He finiſhed his pictures with a vaſt deal of care and exactneſs. The fineſt of them, it is ſaid, was the picture of Jaliſus, who is ſuppoſed to have been a famous hunter. While he was employed upon this, all his food was lentils mixed with a little water, which ſerved him both for meat and drink; being of opinion, that this ſimple and light nouriſhment would leave him more freedom of fancy than richer or groſſer viands.

Apelles ſeeing this piece, was ſo ſtruck with admiration, that he could find no expreſſion adequate to its beauty. This picture afterwards ſaved the city of Rhodes, when beſieged by Demetrius; for not being able to attack it on any other quarter than that where Protogenes worked, which he intended to burn, in order to ſet fire to the reſt of the town, he choſe rather to abandon his enterprize, than by effecting this to deſtroy ſo fine a piece, the product of ſuch a painter.

Though Protogenes, having his workhouſe in a garden in the ſuburbs near the camp of the enemy, muſt neceſſarily be expoſed to the noiſe and din of arms, yet this could not diſtract him in his labours.—Demetrius ſending for him, and aſking him, "With what aſſurance he could work in the ſuburbs of a city that was beſieged?" His anſwer was, "That he underſtood the war which the King had undertaken was againſt the Rhodians, and not againſt the arts:" which anſwer ſo pleaſed him, that he ordered ſome of his ſoldiers for his guard, being glad that by ſuch means he could ſave ſo great an artiſt.

Apelles aſking Protogenes what price he had for his pictures, and hearing that it was inconſiderable, as is too generally the caſe of thoſe who are obliged to work for bread, being concerned at the injuſtice he conceived to be done to ſuch beautiful productions, gave him fifty talents for one picture only, ſaying, "That he would make it paſs, and ſell it for his own."—This made the Rhodians perceive the merit of Protogenes, and made them willing to get the picture Apelles had bought out of his hands at any rate; ſo that they paid him down a much greater price than he had given for it; and it was by this method that they were ſtimulated to give a greater price for the works of Protogenes, who was ever grateful to his friend Apelles, to whoſe generoſity he owed his advancement.

Protogenes (according to Pliny) was a ſculptor as well as a painter; and this author has ſpoken more at large of his works, ranking him with the ſkilful painters of antiquity.

[*St. James's Mag.*]

ON THE

INSINCERITY of GREAT MEN's PROMISES;

With a Curious ANECDOTE of Lord B******TON.

FALSEHOOD and Inſincerity have ſo firmly eſtabliſhed their throne, and reign ſo predominant in the breaſts of mankind, that to attempt to diſlodge them from their ſovereignty, would be vain and impoſſible. Theſe paſſions have been cheriſhed in all times, but to a much greater degree in the preſent age, which is equally notorious for its unbounded as well as refined diſſipation. From the court to the cottage, Deceit, Fraud, and Perfidy, are hourly practiſed: Sincerity, Honour, and Fidelity, are baniſhed from the land; and dare not ſhew their countenances amongſt us. What opinion muſt we entertain of the moſt exalted characters, (we mean thoſe who maintain diſtinguiſhed ſituations) when they pledge their faith and honour for the performance of every application that is made to them; and that too, without the leaſt intention of rendering thoſe deluded dupes, who confide in their declarations, any manner of ſervice? We muſt, and ought to treat them, with contempt.

How ridiculous, abſurd, and fulſome are thoſe Compliments which are in general ſo prevalent amongſt mankind! They are calculated to injure, but never to ſerve. Have we not frequently ſeen men addreſs

one

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one another with all the proteſtations of ſeeming friendſhip and reſpect, profeſſing that it would be the means of producing eternal happineſs, could they have it in their power to render each other ſervices, and praying and ſoliciting for permiſſion to introduce ſubſtantial proofs of unremitting gratitude and eſteem, at a time when they retained the moſt cordial enmity for each other.

Courtiers have always rendered themſelves odious by their repeated breaches of proteſtations; it is even become proverbial to declare, when you doubt the veracity of a promiſe, that the declaration does not merit any other confidence of faith, than that of Lord B-r-g-n; or, indeed, of any other Court Character equally notorious in the hackneyed road of duplicity and fineſſe. We might, perhaps, incur the diſpleaſure, as well as cenſure of the public, if reaſons were not aſſigned for thus particularizing this *noble* Lord; therefore, as a proof that we neither intend nor wiſh to vilify or depreciate his Lordſhip's *character*, we preſent the reader with the following Anecdote, which conveys the ſubject of a matter of fact; and, as its recital may, in ſome meaſure, be of real advantage to the Gentlemen of the army in their future applications, we ſhall introduce it without farther ceremony.

ANECDOTE of Lord B******TON.

THE difficulty of obtaining promotion in the Army, without money or intereſt, is too obviouſly known to render any comment upon that ſubject neceſſary.—— Let it ſuffice to ſay, that a worthy veteran Officer, born on the north of the Tweed, and whoſe manly locks were already ſilvered in the ſervice of his king and country, was in this predicament. He had ſerved in the rank of ſubaltern upwards of twenty years, during which period many were preferred over his head; ſome thro' the intereſt of their friends, and others by the purchaſe of their promotion. Our gallant North Briton had no merit which could entitle him to claim promotion, except that of his intrepid courage, and long and faithful ſervices. He had been on the plains of Minden, and in ſeveral other engagements during the late war; in all which he greatly diſtinguiſhed himſelf.--- About the beginning of the year 1761, he obtained his Colonel's leave to return to England, who, at the ſame time, procured him very ample recommendation to Lord B-r-g-n, then ſ——y at war, for the firſt vacant company. His Lordſhip received our hero with open arms, promiſing to provide for him ſpeedily. He accordingly attended his Lordſhip's levee for many months, without any greater probability of ſucceeding in his wiſhes than on his arrival in England; he therefore was determined to adopt a new plan of procedure.

Imagining that his Lordſhip muſt be more at leiſure from the fatigues of office in the mornings at his own houſe, he accordingly repaired thither about nine o'clock in the morning, when he was informed by a footman that his Lordſhip was gone abroad. For about ten days he experienced the ſame reply. He then diſcontinued his viſits for four or five days, and as he afterwards approached the houſe, he perceived his Lordſhip precipitately retreat from the window; upon which our Soldier knocked at the door, and received the uſual information. Perceiving how much his credulity had been abuſed, he would now have chaſtiſed the party-coloured *Gentleman*, if he had not had higher game in view; he, therefore, without further ceremony flew up ſtairs, burſt in upon his Lordſhip, and addreſſed him as follows: "Be not ſurprized, my Lord, at this intruſion. My wrongs demand reparation; they *ſhall*, and *muſt* be gratified. Your Lordſhip's treating me with the groſſeſt duplicity, it ſeems, is not ſufficient; the raſcals, your footmen, are taught the very ſame principles."

To this language his Lordſhip very coolly replied, that he really could not conſider this unexpected viſit in any other light than that of an intruſion; and that his ſervants were guilty of no crime, except obeying their maſter's orders could be conſtrued into one.

The Officer proceeded: "My Lord, as I intend to make this but a ſhort viſit, and as I have matters of conſequence which require immediate diſcuſſion, I ſhall wave the point relative to the propriety or impropriety of inſtructing ſervants in the arts of falſhood and deception. Your Lordſhip knows my errand; I am determined not to be duped any longer. Should you attempt any further experiment of that nature, perhaps you may find it rather too late to repent of your conduct."

Upon this the Officer pulled a loaded piſtol out of his pocket, which he put into his Lordſhip's hands, recommending him to be particular in examining the exquiſite taſte of the artiſt in its conſtruction, while he pulled its fellow from h s pocket. He then appealed, if ſuch an inſtrument was not very proper to have recourſe to, when a gentle-

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gentleman supposed his honour to be injured. His Lordship, well understanding the meaning of this appeal, returned the pistol; and being very much agitated by a sudden tremor, which very visibly appeared to be exerted throughout his whole frame, with a faultering voice desired the Officer to give himself no further uneasiness relative to his promotion, as he then pledged his honour that he should be presented with the first vacant company; upon which the Officer very politely took leave of his Lordship, after having apologized for the mode of procedure which he had been under the necessity of adopting, with a view of gratifying his honour, and removing his grievances.

His Lordship for once was faithful; he fulfilled his Promise; and the Officer thereby experienced the *ultimatum* of his wishes.

[*West. Mag.*]

The BOOK-WORM, an OCCASIONAL PAPER; NUMBER I.

To the EDITORS *of the* MONTHLY MISCELLANY.

IF I should say that your Miscellany is the best periodical production that has ever yet appeared, it would be only a repetition of what thousands have already said; I therefore wave all compliment, and beg leave to lay the following plan before you.

You must know, Sirs, that I am an old man, who delight much in reading, and whenever I meet with any thing that is particularly striking, I copy it in my Common-Place Book, where are now deposited the choicest treasures of our best English writers; but as my design, in following this method, has not been merely for my own advantage, but for that of the public also, I have for some time waited for a proper channel, whereby I might convey them to the notice of mankind; and now offer them to you, Sirs, as a proof of the opinion I entertain of your undertaking, not doubting but they will prove agreeable to your very numerous readers.

But it may not be unnecessary to explain my motives for appearing under so uncouth a title as that of BOOK-WORM.---Believe me, Sirs, I from my heart despise the selfish wretch who *deserves* that appellation; who reads for ever for himself alone, and lays up in his memory an useless heap of undigested matter.---Men of this class are generally little more than WORD-GRUBBERS, remembering with the nicest care the peculiar stile or expression of an author, but totally inattentive to his principles or sentiments. The pride of such a man is merely in the *number* of the volumes he has read, and so perpetually is he engaged in *reading*, that he does not allow himself time for *application*, and thus becomes a very drone in society,---living on the fruits of other's labours, yet no way adding to the general stock.

I need not, however, take up your readers' time, in pourtraying a character too often seen; suffice it to say, that my own fondness for books has drawn upon me this opprobrious name, and that I am seldom known by any other, more especially among the undiscerning multitude, whose opinions are formed from superficial views. But my present appearance may possibly convince them, that I am not that miser in knowledge they suspect me to be, and that whatever I glean in the fields of learning, I freely distribute to such as will receive it.

Apropos, Messieurs---the English, I observed, are a strange, unaccountable people, judging without thought, and deciding without judgment.---Take, then, the following picture of them, as drawn by the ingenious and sensible Dr. S———, in his

HISTORY and ADVENTURES of an ATOM.

In justice to the Doctor, I must previously observe, that he has published the character in question under another name, substituting the empire of Japan for the kingdom of England; but as nothing of ill-nature is to be found in this description, my countrymen, I think, cannot be displeased, if the mirror is awhile held up to *them*.

THE kingdom of England consists of three large islands; and the people who inhabit them are such inconsistent, capricious animals, that one would imagine they were created for the purpose of ridicule. Their minds are in continual agitation, like a shuttlecock tossed to and fro, in order to divert the demons of philosophy and folly. An Englishman, without the intervention of any visible motive, is, by turns, merry and pensive, superficial and profound, generous and illiberal, rash and circumspect, courageous and fearful, benevolent and cruel. They seem to have no fixed principle of action, no effectual rudder to steer them through the voyage of life; but to be hurried down the rapid

tide of each revolving whim, or driven, the ſport of every guſt of paſſion that happens to blow. An Engliſhman will ſing at a funeral, and ſigh at a wedding; he will this hour talk ribaldry with a proſtitute, and the next immerſe himſelf in the ſtudy of metaphyſics or theology. In favour of one ſtranger, he will exert all the virtues of hoſpitality; againſt another, he will exerciſe all the animoſity of the moſt ſordid prejudice; one minute ſees him hazarding his all on the moſt extravagant project; another beholds him heſitating in lending a ſum of money to his friend on undeniable ſecurity. To-day, he is afraid of paring his corns; to-morrow, he ſcruples not to cut his own throat. At one ſeaſon, he will give half his fortune to the poor; at another, he will not beſtow the ſmalleſt pittance to ſave his brother from indigence and diſtreſs. He is elated to inſolence by the leaſt gleam of ſucceſs; he is dejected to deſpondence by the ſlighteſt turn of adverſe fortune. One hour he doubts the beſt eſtabliſhed truths; the next, he ſwallows the moſt improbable fiction. His praiſe and cenſure is what a good man would chuſe to avoid, as evils equally pernicious: the firſt is generally raiſed without foundation, and carried to ſuch extravagance, as to expoſe the object to the ridicule of mankind; the laſt is often unprovoked, yet uſually inflamed to all the rage of the moſt malignant perſecution. He will extol above Alexander the Great, a petty officer who robs a henroost; and damn to infamy a General for not performing impoſſibilities. The ſame man whom he yeſterday flattered with the moſt fulſome adulation, he will to-morrow reviile with the moſt bitter abuſe; and, at the turning of a ſtraw, take into his boſom the very perſon whom he has formerly defamed as the moſt perfidious raſcal.

The Engliſh value themſelves much upon their conſtitution, and are very clamorous about the words Liberty and Property; yet, in fact, the only liberty they enjoy is to get drunk whenever they pleaſe, to revile the government, and quarrel with one another. With reſpect to their property, they are the tameſt animals in the world; and, if properly managed, undergo, without wincing, ſuch impoſitions, as no other nation in the world would bear. In this particular, they may be compared to an aſs, that will crouch under the moſt unconſcionable burthen, provided you ſcratch his long ears, and allow him to bray his belly full. They are ſo practicable, that they have ſuffered their pockets to be drained, their veins to be emptied, and their credit to be cracked, by the moſt bungling ad——ſtra——s, to gratify the avarice, pride, and ambition, of the moſt ſordid and contemptible—— that ever ſate upon the ——.

The methods uſed for accompliſhing theſe purpoſes are extremely ſimple. You have ſeen a dancing bear incenſed to a dangerous degree of rage, and all at once appeaſed by firing a piſtol over his noſe. The Engliſh, even in their moſt ferocious moods, when they denounce vengeance againſt the m—— r, and even threaten the —— itſelf; are eaſily ſoftened into meekneſs and condeſcenſion. A ſet of tall fellows, hired for the purpoſe, tickle them under the noſes with long ſtraws, into a gentle convulſion, during which they ſhut their eyes, and ſmile, and quietly ſuffer their pockets to be turned inſide out. Nay, what is ſtill more remarkable, the m — y is in poſſeſſion of a pipe, or rather bullock's horn, which being ſounded to a particular pitch, has ſuch an effect on the ears and underſtandings of the people, that they allow their pockets to be picked with their eyes open, and are bribed to betray their own intereſts with their own money, as eaſily as if the treaſure had come from the remoteſt corner of the globe.

Notwithſtanding theſe capricious peculiarities, the Engliſh are become a wealthy and powerful people, partly from their inſular ſituation, and partly from a ſpirit of commercial adventure, ſuſtained by all the obſtinacy of perſeverance, and conducted by repeated flaſhes of good ſenſe, which almoſt inceſſantly gleam through the chaos of their abſurdities.

CEREMONY OF
A NUN's taking the VEIL at ROME.

WHEN the cardinal was robed, the novice was led into the chapel by a lady of the firſt rank in Rome, and brought to the altar in an exceeding ſplendid dreſs. Her hair was of a beautiful light brown, and curled *en tête de mouton* all over her head. Her robe was of the richeſt embroidered and embоſſed blue and ſilver I ever ſaw. She had on a large hoop, and a great quantity of diamonds. More than two yards of her train ſwept the ground.

When

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When she first appeared, she looked very pale, and more dead than alive. She made a most profound reverence to the cardinal, who was seated on the steps of the altar in his mitre, and all his rich vestments, ready to receive her. She threw herself upon her knees, at the foot of the altar, and remained in that posture some time, while other parts of the ceremony were adjusting; then she approached the cardinal, who said, "*Figlia mia, che domandate?*" "My child, what is your request?" She said, that she begged to be admitted into the convent as a sister of the order of St. Ursula. "Have you (said the cardinal) well considered of what you ask?" She answered chearfully that she had, and was well informed of all that she was about to do. Then she kneeled down again, and kissed the cardinal's hands, and received from him a little crucifix, which she also kissed; after which she retired again to the foot of the altar, where she threw herself on her knees while the cardinal said mass, which was sung at the same time in the organ loft. After this there was a sermon in the Italian language, and that being over, the cardinal led the nun elect into the convent, where she was divested of all her gorgeous attire, and worldly vanities, and had her hair cut off. She then came to the gate in her religious dress, to receive the white veil, with which she was invested by the lady abbess, the cardinal, and the other assistants standing by her.

When her veil was on, the new sister came to the convent door, to receive the congratulations of her friends, and of the company; but first, with a lighted taper in her hand, she marched round the convent, to salute all the nuns, who had likewise tapers in their hands. When she was at the door, with the veil, and a crown on, but her face uncovered, I, among the rest, went close to her, and found that she was much prettier than I had before imagined. She had a sweet mouth, and the finest teeth in the world, with lively sparkling eyes, and an elegant shaped face. She would, any where else, have been styled a very pretty woman; but here her situation exalted her into a beauty.

At the altar she changed countenance several times; first grew pale, then red, and seemed to pant, and to be in danger of either bursting into tears, or fainting; but she recovered before the ceremony was ended, and at the convent door assumed an air of great chearfulness, talking to several of her friends and acquaintance, and seeming to give up the world very heroically. And thus ended the human sacrifice.

[*St. James's Mag.*]

EFFECTS OF
PRIDE on the LOWER CLASSES of MANKIND.

THE most general complaint in the universe is against Pride; which surprizes me very much that it is not entirely banished out of society; nor can I otherwise account for it, than that it is a part of most people's natures, and lies concealed from the possessor, though commonly visible enough to every one else.---The Rev. Mr. Collier, in an essay on this subject, defines Pride "to be the having too high an opinion of our own excellence." Now that most, if not all, people entertain very flattering opinions of themselves, is, I believe, beyond all doubt; but that they can do so with propriety, is what I much question. I am rather inclined to think the contrary; and that, if every person would examine himself impartially, he would find no just grounds to be otherwise than modest and humble, and very dubious of his own perfections.

It must be a mortifying reflection to those who place so much confidence in worldly enjoyments, that this life will not last for ever; and that it will not, is very evident.

I have often made a remark, (which strict observation has convinced me is just) that Pride and Ignorance are generally inseparable, and that the *superior* part of mankind are much freer from them than people in inferior situations. I am not unacquainted with any one station in life, and therefore write more from experience than suggestion: and as I apprehend the same remark has been made by many besides myself, I shall confine my strictures on this subject chiefly to the *middle* and *lower* classes, as conceiving them the most culpable.

It is a fact well known, that Borough and Corporation Towns are principally inhabited by a set of men, whose delight and study it is to oppose one another; and of women who endeavour to excel in dress, and what they call politeness, and

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who take a pride in traducing their abſent neighbours. Political animoſities are plenty enough in moſt places, but particularly ſo in theſe, where, joined with ignorance and pride, they almoſt pervert the order of nature, and extirpate every ſymptom of honour and virtue. The Right Worſhipful the Mayors, Aldermen, and Common Council, as being the moſt important, are ſeldom without a *quantum ſufficit* of Pride, which they let fly upon all occaſions, giving themſelves airs of great conſequence, and becoming very imperious over thoſe whom they fancy their inferiors. Nor is the alteration obſervable in them alone, but alſo in their Spouſes. Mrs. Mayoreſs (the wife of the worſhipful Timothy Shallow, Blackſmith, Mayor and 'Squire) becomes a fine lady. Her head is metamorphoſed into a pyramid of wool, flour, and greaſe, and all the reſt of her delicate frame made ſhowy as a peacock. The Aldermen's ladies follow her example, and give themſelves vain and conceited airs, which make them laughing-ſtocks and objects of ridicule to every one who beſtows the leaſt attention upon them. It often happens that theſe female tranſcendent Beings form one party, and their envious neighbours the other: and, as all their enmity is occaſioned by their Pride, ſo when they chance to come together, they ſeldom fail to entertain each other very plentifully with ſcorn and contempt.

Another ſet of inſignificant proud gentry are the inferior ſort of Parſons and Apothecaries. The firſt, whoſe vanity makes him believe himſelf a very profound ſcholar, and extremely clever, conceives that Pride is the moſt proper gild to make them portable, and therefore adds to a pedantic air, a ſtarch, aukward addreſs, inſolent, haughty gait, and moſt ſupercilious, arrogant behaviour. The other imagines himſelf ſuperior to his neighbours, becauſe he can utter a parcel of phraſes and jargon which few are able to comprehend, and which many illiterate perſons ſuppoſe to be very learned, and accordingly pronounce the unintelligible Apothecary "a bloody fine ſcholard."

The moment a numſcull of a Shopkeeper, whoſe brains would not weigh two drams, becomes poſſeſſed of a little money, he bids adieu to humility, and apprehends he is a conſummate wiſe fellow, and a fine gentleman. He forgets what he *has been*, and only thinks on what he *is*, and what he *may be*; that he is now a Gentleman, Cobler, and Common-Council-man, and that by and bye he may be a Mayor, a 'Squire, and a Juſtice. He ſets up his one-horſe chaiſe, ſmokes a pipe, and drinks a pint every night extraordinary; and ſincerely believes he is quite the man of faſhion, pleaſure, and underſtanding. Deluded fool! Thy attempt to appear faſhionable only expoſes thy ignorance! Thou makeſt thyſelf a precious blockhead, by trying to become a man of pleaſure; and thy underſtanding preſents itſelf in its natural ſhallow ſtate to every obſerver. Modeſty is ſhocked at thy appearance! Humility reflects on thee with pity and contempt; and thou canſt only regain their favour by reverſing thy behaviour, and laying aſide thy affectation!

I could be much more particular on this ſubject, but ſhall only ſay generally, that Pride is exceedingly incompatible with the Chriſtian Religion, which inſtructs us in Humility---and directly contrary to Learning; as the more a man knows, the more he diſcovers his Ignorance, and finds occaſion for Modeſty. It is the ruin of ſociety, becauſe no harmony can ſubſiſt where there is a continual oppoſition; which is always the caſe amongſt the Proud. It is highly detrimental to Friendſhip, as *that* requires generous ſentiments, and great ſincerity; neither of which have any connection with Pride.---And, laſtly, it inclines us to ſet a higher value on this life than we ought; and, which moſt intimately concerns us, it makes us think lightly of a Future State.

[*Weſt. Mag.*]

MEMOIRS of the late EARL of CHESTERFIELD.

PHILIP DORMER STANHOPE, late Earl of Cheſterfield, was born in September 1695, and received his academical education at Trinity-hall, Cambridge. He left the univerſity at the age of 19, where, by his own account, he was an abſolute pedant. When he talked his beſt, he quoted Horace; when he aimed at being facetious, he quoted Martial; and, when he had a mind to be a fine gentleman, he talked Ovid. He was convinced that none but the antients had common ſenſe, and that the claſſics contained every thing that was either neceſſary, uſeful, or ornamental.

With theſe notions he went firſt to the Hague, where, being introduced into the beſt company, he ſoon diſcovered that his

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was mistaken in almost every notion he entertained. He had a strong desire to please, (the mixed result of good nature, and a laudable vanity) and was sensible that he had nothing but the *desire*. He therefore resolved, if possible, to acquire the *means* too. And this he accomplished, by attentively studying the dress, the manner, and the conversation of all those whom he found to be the people in fashion, and most generally allowed to please.

Before he came of age, being then stiled Lord Stanhope, he was chosen, in the first parliament of King George the First, for the borough of St. Germain, and in the next for Lestwithiel, both in Cornwall.---He tells us himself, that "he spoke in parliament the first month he was in it, and from the day he was elected to the day he spoke, thought and dreamed of nothing but speaking*." On the Prince of Wales's first arrival in England, he was made one of the Lords of his Bed-chamber, in which post he was retained, when his Royal Highness was dismissed the Court of St. James's, in 1717. In 1723, he was appointed Captain of the Yeomen of the Guard. In January, 1726, on his father's death, he succeeded him in his titles and estates; and, in 1728, soon after the accession of King George II. his Lordship was sworn of his Majesty's privy-council, and appointed Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary to Holland, which high character he supported with the greatest dignity, doing service to his own country, and gaining the esteem of the States General. In 1730, he was elected a Knight of the Garter, and appointed Lord Steward of his Majesty's Household; and, in the same year, he returned to his embassy in Holland.

In September, 1733, he married the Right Hon. Melesina de Schulemburgh, Countess of Walsingham, in Norfolk, (so created by King George I. in 1722) niece to the Duchess of Kendal: and, soon after, as that Prince had left her Ladyship a legacy, which his successor did not think proper to deliver, the Earl, it is said, was determined to recover it by a suit in Chancery, had not his Majesty, on questioning the Lord Chancellor on the subject, and being answered that he could give no opinion extra-judicially, thought proper to fulfil the bequest.

At the close of 1744, the Earl was a second time appointed Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary to Holland, and set out for the Hague, Jan. 11, 1745-6. His business there was to engage the Dutch to enter roundly into the war, and to stipulate their quota of troops, &c.---The Abbé de la Ville was there on the part of France, to hinder them from entering into the war at all. They could not visit; but the first time the Earl met him at a third place, he procured some one to introduce him, and told the Abbé, that, "tho' they were to be national enemies, he flattered himself they might, however, be personal friends;" which the Frenchman returned as politely. Two days afterwards, the English Ambassador went, early in the morning, to solicit the Deputies of Amsterdam, where he found the Abbé, who had been before-hand with him; upon which he addressed himself to the Deputies, and said, with a smile, "I am very sorry, Gentlemen, to find my enemy with you; my knowledge of his capacity is already sufficient to make me fear him; we are not upon equal terms; but I trust to your own interest against his talents. If I have not, to-day, had the first word, I shall, I hope, have the last." They smiled; the Abbé was pleased with the compliment, and the manner of it, stayed about a quarter of an hour, and then left his Lordship to the Deputies, with whom he continued upon the same tone, though in a very serious manner, and told them that he was only come to state their own true interests, plainly and simply, without any of those arts, which it was very necessary for his friend to make use of to deceive them. He carried his point, and continued his *procedé* with the Abbé; and, by this easy and polite commerce at third places, often found means to fish out from him whereabouts he was.†

His Lordship took leave of their High Mightinesses, May 6, 1745, and the letter which they wrote to the King on that occasion, shews the just sense they had of his merit and abilities. He arrived in London, May 11, having concluded a treaty with the States, by which they engaged to assist the common cause with 60,000 men in the field and garrisons.---During his absence, in Holland, he was appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland; and, on the King's going to Hanover, was nominated one of the Lords Justices. His administration in Ireland will long be remembered with gratitude and admiration by that kingdom, where he met the parliament,

* Letter lxxxviii.

† See Vol. II. Letter lxx. It is observable that his Editor there says, by mistake, that he went to the Hague in 1744, whereas it was the year after.

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liament, Oct. 8, 1745; and, during that critical period, the rebellion then raging in Scotland, he gave general satisfaction both to proteſtants and papiſts. He left Dublin in April, 1746, to the general regret of the whole nation; and, on Oct. 29, ſucceeded the Earl of Harrington as Secretary of State. He held the Seals till Feb. 6, 1747-8.

Being ſeized with a deafneſs in the year 1752, "which cut him off (as he ſays) from ſociety, at an age when he had no pleaſures but thoſe left," and for which all remedies were ineffectual, from that time he led a retired and private life; and, being ſecluded from mixed companies, made his eyes ſupply the defect of his ears, by amuſing himſelf with his books, and his pen in particular, engaging largely, as a volunteer, in the periodical work called The World, publiſhed in 1753, by Mr. Moore, where his Lordſhip's papers are moſt diſtinguiſhably excellent.

We ſhall only add, that his Lordſhip died March 24, 1773, and was ſucceeded in his titles and eſtates, by Philip Stanhope, Eſq; ſon of his kinſman, Arthur Stanhope, Eſq; deceaſed, lineally deſcended from the firſt Earl of Cheſterfield. His Lordſhip's character, in which, for wit and abilities, and eſpecially for elocution or oratory, he had few equals, requires a pen or tongue like his own. We therefore leave the public to form their own opinion of him; to which they will be directed by a peruſal of his elegant Letters lately publiſhed.

He was buried privately (as he deſired) in the vault under Audley-chapel, being the next burying-place to Cheſterfield-houſe.

[*Gent. Mag.*]

Dr. LETSOM's New Method of curing PUTRID FEVERS; or, GAOL, HOSPITAL, or WORKHOUSE FEVERS,

Occaſioned by HUMAN CONTAGION.

[*From* MEDICAL MEMOIRS *of the* GENERAL DISPENSARY, *juſt publiſhed.*]

THE ſymptoms that characteriſe this fever, the Doctor ſays, are uniform; the remiſſions being irregular, and ſcarcely evident; the heat of the body intenſe; the head-ach almoſt perpetual; the pulſe ſmall, frequent, and irregular, with the utmoſt proſtration of ſtrength, and deſpondency of mind; and from the putrid bilious effuſions into the ſtomach ariſe naſeous bitter taſte, and frequent vomiting; the reſpiration is laborious, and interrupted with deep ſighs; the breath offenſive, and likewiſe the ſweat, which is ſometimes tinged with blood; the delirium almoſt conſtant; the tongue dry, and covered, as well as the teeth and lips, with a brown or black tenacious foulneſs; thruſh and ulcerations in the mouth and throat come on; the urine depoſits a dark-coloured ſediment; the ſtools are exceedingly naſeous and fœtid, and blackiſh or bloody; the eyes almoſt univerſally ſeem horny or gloſſy, and frequently the whites are tinged of a deep blood colour; petechiæ, like flea-bites, appear; and ſometimes larger exudations of blood or vibices; hæmorrhagy from the gums,* noſe, or old ulcers come on; and a fatal hiccup often cloſes the tragedy.

While the patient was languiſhing under the oppreſſion of theſe dreadful ſymptoms, the Doctor ſays, a painful ſenſation was excited in his breaſt, while he continued attentive only to the mode of practice of other phyſicians; but, as the loſs of a patient by the uſual rotine gave him pain, he determined to relieve his anxiety by a more ſpirited interpoſition in favour of his patient, and he found, to his inexpreſſible ſatisfaction, that his endeavours were almoſt uniformly ſucceſsful. The principal remedies, he ſays, he made uſe of, beſides good liquors, were Peruvian bark and cold air. By theſe I have learned, ſays he, that a delirium, dyſpnœa, with pulſe 130 while diſtinct, occurring in putrid fevers, are rendered as little tremendous as the common ſymptoms of an intermittent, by a method of cure neither tedious nor unpleaſant.

* Some of theſe ſymptoms are ſo ſimilar to thoſe attending the laſt ſtages of the ſea ſcurvy, that it may be worth while to enquire whether they may not ariſe from the ſame cauſe, namely, human contagion; the officers on board ſhips, not being ſo cloſely crowded together, ſuffer ſo ſeverely in long voyages as the common men. It is not improbable, therefore, but that the ſea ſcurvy may be generated by the corruption of human effluvia, though it has hitherto been conſidered as proceeding from ſalt proviſions, and ſea air. Query, Whether hanging the hammocks in the ſhrouds, and ſleeping in the open air, in hot climates, may not be preventive of that diſorder?

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I have premiſed already, adds the Doctor, that the fever is aſcertained to be of the putrid kind, without ſymptoms of inflammation; in which caſe it may appear neceſſary to evacuate the putrid or accumulated effuſions in the ſtomach and bowels, probably by an antimonial vomit, which ſhould alſo be given in ſuch a manner, or with ſuch additions, as may procure as many ſtools as the patient can eaſily bear, as well as empty the ſtomach by vomiting; but where the patient has been previouſly much weakened, the evacuation is not always neceſſary or ſafe; and indeed the bark itſelf generally is laxative, either alone, or when joined with a mineral acid. Immediately after the intended evacuations have been produced, I commence the exhibition of the bark, without waiting for remiſſions or intermiſſions; a ſedulous attention to which, and to criſis in fevers, I preſume has deſtroyed more than famine, or Sydenham's cold. A dry dark-coloured tongue, a dry ſkin, urine without ſediment, deſipientia, delirium, dypſnœa, and continued fever, are the circumſtances which have deterred phyſicians from uſing the bark. In a word, theſe are the very reaſons for which I would immediately give it: it promotes a mild perſpiration, produces a ſediment in the urine, and diminiſhes the quickneſs of the pulſe; it removes the delirium, by obviating the cauſes which produce the fever, and effectually relieves the breathing. Such a treatment may probably ſurprize the reader, but I am earneſt in recommending it. In a fever, with the urgent ſymptoms of putrefaction, two ounces of the bark a day is the leaſt that can be depended upon. My common form, however, is to order three ounces of the powder to be boiled in a quart of water to ten ounces, which is to be run through a coarſe cloth, that admits the fine powder of the bark, and this decoction is to be taken in 24 hours. In weak ſtomachs, I have remarked that weak decoctions ſit eaſier with the patient than the bark in ſubſtance, and thereby prove more effectual. In ſome caſes, a drachm of elixir of vitriol is added; it is laxative, prevents fermentation, and is probably antiſceptic. It ſhould be a general caution that the patient pay at leaſt a daily tribute ad cloacam, as the firſt evacuation will not inſure us againſt a freſh, though a leſs effuſion of bilious matter.—Having diſmiſſed this firſt chief remedy in putrid fevers, the Doctor proceeds to his ſecond, which is cold air.

It is with me, ſays the Doctor, a general injunction to keep the patient out of bed, as is now generally recommended in the ſmall-pox; and where it is not convenient to take them out of doors, the windows and doors of the chambers are ordered to be opened throughout the day, and the patient to be expoſed to the current of air: the good effects of this aurora ſalutifera are aſtoniſhing. This, with the free uſe of the bark, an attention to the ſtate of the bowels, and ſome precaution in regimen, will render a putrid, gaol, hoſpital, or camp fever, which are all one and the ſame in the event, as familiar and eaſy to cure as a common intermittent.—It is almoſt unneceſſary to remark, that in caſes of this kind all animal food and broths are to be avoided, and farinaceæ ſubſtituted for diet. The common beverage ſhould be lemonade, imperial water, aciduated liquors, apple tea, wine and water, and pure wine, particularly claret, of which the patient may be allowed from one pint to three quarts a day. And among thoſe who have been accuſtomed to malt liquor, I adviſe the free uſe of good ſmall beer, or, if agreeable, as much porter as they can drink, of which I have known patients take a pint at a draught with great refreſhment.

[*Gent. Mag.*]

REMARKS ON THE

AURORA BOREALIS, by Mr. WINN.

In a LETTER to Dr. FRANKLIN.

I HAVE often wiſhed that ſomebody would carefully collate a ſufficient number of meteorological journals, with intent to obſerve and claſs the ſeveral appearances in the atmoſphere before great changes in the weather, particularly before great ſtorms. I am perſuaded, from my own obſervation, that, in general, ſufficient indications of impending tempeſts precede them a conſiderable time, did we but carefully note them.

The phœnomenon which I am going to mention is one of thoſe indications which not only portend an approaching tempeſt, but aſcertain from what quarter it will come; a circumſtance that may render it of

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of essential service to seamen. I believe the observation is new, that the Aurora Borealis is constantly succeeded by hard southerly or south-west winds, attended with hazy weather, and small rain. I think I am warranted from experience to say constantly; for in twenty-three instances that have occurred since I first made the observation, it has invariably obtained. However, I beg leave to request that you will recommend it to the notice of the Royal Society, as a matter which, when confirmed by further observations, and generally known, may be of more consequence than at first appears.

To shew that it may, give me leave to recite the circumstance which first occasioned my taking notice of it.

Sailing down the English channel in 1769, a few days before the autumnal equinox, we had a remarkable bright and vivid Aurora the whole night. In shore the wind fluctuating between N. N. W. and N. W. and farther out W. N. W. Desirous of benefiting by the land-wind, and also of taking advantage of an earlier ebb tide, I dispensed with the good old marine adage, "Never to approach too near the weather-shore, lest it should prove a lee-shore," and by short tacks clung close along the English coast. Next day the wind veered to the S. W. and soon after to S. S. W. and sometimes W. We were then in that dangerous bay between Portland and the Start Point, and carried a pressing sail, with hopes of reaching Torbay before dark; but night came on, with thick haze and small rain, insomuch that we could not have seen the land at the distance of a ship's length. The gale was now increased to a storm: in this dilemma nothing remained but to endeavour to keep off the shore till the wind should change. Luckily our ship was a stout one, and well rigged.

Reflecting, some time after, on the circumstances of this storm, and the phœnomena that preceded it, I determined to have particular attention to future Auroræ, and the weather that should succeed them; and, as I observed above, in twenty-three instances, have found them uniform, except in degree; the gale generally commencing between twenty-four and thirty hours after the first appearance of the Aurora. More time and observation will probably discover whether the strength of the succeeding gale is proportionate to the splendor and vivacity of the Aurora, and the distance of time between them. I only suspect that the more brilliant and active the first is, the sooner will the latter occur, be more violent, but of shorter duration, than when the light is languid and dull. Perhaps, too, the colour of the Aurora may be some guide in forming a judgment of the coming gale. That which preceded the storm I have mentioned was exceedingly splendid. The tempest succeeded it in less than twenty-four hours, was violent, but of short continuance. In June last, a little without soundings, we had for two nights following faint inactive Auroræ; the consequent gale was not hard, but lasted near three days: the first day attended with haze and small rain, the second with haze only, and the last day clear.

The benefit which this observation on the Aurora Borealis, when further confirmed, may be of to seamen, is obvious, in navigating near coasts, which extend east and west, particularly in the British Channel. They may, when warned by this phœnomenon, get into port, and evade the impending storm; or, by stretching to the southward, facilitate their passage by that very storm which might otherwise have destroyed them; for no winds are so dangerous in the Channel, as the southerly and south-west. In a word, since I have made this observation, I have got out of the Channel, when other men, as alert, and in faster-sailing ships, but unapprized of this circumstance, have not only been driven back, but with difficulty have escaped shipwreck.

Perhaps the observation that southerly gales constantly succeed these phænomena, may help to account for the nature of the Aurora Borealis.

[*Gent. Mag.*]

INSTRUCTIONS TO YOUNG LADIES,

RELATIVE TO THEIR CONDUCT AND BEHAVIOUR IN LIFE.

[From A FATHER'S LEGACY to his DAUGHTERS.]

ONE of the chief beauties in a female character is that modest reserve, that retiring delicacy which avoids the public eye, and is disconcerted even at the gaze of admiration. I do not wish you to be insensible of applause;---if you were, you must become, if not worse, at least less amiable women; but you may be dazzled by that admiration which yet rejoices your hearts.

When

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When a girl ceaſes to bluſh, ſhe has loſt the moſt powerful charm of beauty.---That extreme ſenſibility which it indicates, may be a weakneſs and incumbrance in *our* ſex, but in yours it is particularly engaging. Pedants, who think themſelves philoſophers, aſk why a woman ſhould bluſh, when ſhe is conſcious of no crime? It is a ſufficient anſwer, that *Nature* has made you to bluſh when you are guilty of no fault, and has forced us to love you becauſe you do ſo. Bluſhing is ſo far from being neceſſarily an attendant upon guilt, that it is the uſual companion of innocence.

This *modeſty*, which I think ſo eſſential in your ſex, will naturally diſpoſe you to be rather ſilent in company, eſpecially in a large one; people of ſenſe and diſcernment will never miſtake ſuch ſilence for dullneſs. One may take a ſhare in converſation without uttering a ſyllable; the expreſſion in the countenance ſhews it, and this never eſcapes an obſerving eye.

I ſhould be glad that you had an eaſy dignity in your behaviour at public places, but not that *confident* eaſe, that *unabaſhed* countenance, which ſeems to ſet the company at defiance. If, while a gentleman is ſpeaking to you, one of *ſuperior* rank addreſſes you, let not your eager attention and viſible preference betray the flutter of your heart. Let your pride on this occaſion preſerve you from that meanneſs, into which your vanity would ſink you; conſider, that you expoſe yourſelves to the ridicule of the company, and affront one gentleman, only to ſwell the triumph of another, who perhaps thinks he does you honour in ſpeaking to you.

Converſe with men, even of the firſt rank, with that dignified modeſty, which may prevent the approach of the moſt diſtant familiarity, and conſequently prevent them from feeling themſelves your ſuperiors.

Wit is the moſt dangerous talent you can poſſeſs; it muſt be guarded with diſcretion and good-nature, otherwiſe it will create you many enemies. Wit is perfectly conſiſtent with delicacy, yet they are ſeldom found united; wit is ſo flattering to vanity, that they who poſſeſs it become intoxicated, and loſe all ſelf-command.

Humour is a different quality: it will make your company much ſolicited: but be cautious how you indulge it; it is often a great enemy to delicacy, and a ſtill greater one to dignity of character: it may ſometimes gain you applauſe, but will never procure you reſpect.

Be even cautious in diſplaying your *good ſenſe*. It will be thought you aſſume a ſuperiority over the reſt of the company; but if you happen to have any learning, keep it a profound ſecret, eſpecially from the men, who generally look with a jealous and malignant eye on a woman of great parts, and a cultivated underſtanding.

A man of real genius and candour is far ſuperior to this meanneſs; but ſuch a one will ſeldom fall in your way; and if he ſhould, do not be anxious to ſhew the full extent of your knowledge. If he has any opportunities of ſeeing you, he will ſoon diſcover it himſelf; and if you have any advantages of perſon or manner, and keep your own ſecret, he will probably give you credit for more than you poſſeſs. The great art of pleaſing in converſation, conſiſts in making the company pleaſed with themſelves. You will more readily hear than talk yourſelves into their good graces.

Beware of *detraction*, eſpecially where your own ſex are concerned. You are generally accuſed of being particularly addicted to this vice. I think unjuſtly. Men are full as guilty of it when their intereſts interfere. As your intereſts more frequently claſh, and as your feelings are quicker than ours, the temptations to it are more frequent. For this reaſon, be particularly tender of the reputation of your own ſex, eſpecially when they happen to rival you in our regard. We look on this as the ſtrongeſt proof of dignity and true greatneſs of mind.

Shew a compaſſionate ſympathy to unfortunate women, eſpecially to thoſe who are rendered ſo by the villainy of men.—Indulge a ſecret pleaſure (I may ſay pride) in being the friend and refuge of the unhappy, but without the vanity of ſhewing it.

Conſider every ſpecies of *indelicacy in converſation*, as ſhameful in itſelf, and as highly diſguſting to us. All double entendre is of this ſort. The diſſoluteneſs of men's education allows them to be diverted with a kind of wit, which yet they have delicacy enough to be ſhocked at, when it comes from your mouths, or even when you hear it without pain or contempt. Virgin purity is ſo very delicate, that it cannot hear certain things without contamination: it is always in your power to avoid theſe. No man, but a brute or a fool, will inſult a woman with converſation which he ſees gives her pain; nor will he dare to do it, if ſhe reſent the injury with a becoming ſpirit. There is a dignity in conſcious virtue, which is able to awe the moſt ſhameleſs and abandoned of men.

You will be reproached, perhaps, with

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prudery. By prudery is usually meant an affectation of delicacy: now, I do not wish you to affect delicacy; I wish you to possess it: at any rate, it is better to run the risk of being thought ridiculous than disgusting.

The men will complain of your *reserve*. They will assure you that a franker behaviour would make you more amiable; but trust me they are not sincere when they tell you so. I acknowledge, that on some occasions it might render you more agreeable as companions, but it would make you less amiable as women: a great distinction, which many of your sex are not aware of. After all, I wish you to have great ease and openness in your conversation. I only point out some considerations which ought to regulate your behaviour in that respect.

Have a sacred regard to *truth*. Lying is a mean and despicable vice. I have known some women of excellent parts, who were so much addicted to it, that they could not be trusted in the relation of any story, especially if it contained any thing of the marvellous, or if they themselves were the heroines of the tale. This weakness did not proceed from a bad heart, but was merely the effect of vanity, or an unbridled imagination. I do not mean to censure that lively embellishment of a humorous story, which is only intended to promote innocent mirth.

There is a certain *gentleness of spirit and manners* extremely engaging in your sex; not that indiscriminate attention, that unmeaning simper, which smiles on all alike: this arises either from an affectation of softness, or from perfect simplicity.

There is a species of refinement in luxury, just beginning to prevail among the gentlemen of this country, to which our ladies are yet as great strangers as any women upon earth; and I hope, for the honour of the sex, they will ever continue so.---I mean, the *luxury of eating*; it is a despicable, selfish vice in men, but in your sex it is beyond expression indelicate and disgusting.

Every man who remembers a few years back, is sensible of a very striking change in the attention and respect formerly paid by the gentlemen to the ladies. Their drawing-rooms are deserted; and after dinner and supper, the gentlemen are impatient till they retire.---How they came to lose this respect, which nature and politeness so well entitle them to, I shall not here particularly enquire; the revolutions of manners in any country depend on causes very various and complicated. I shall only observe, that the behaviour of the ladies in the last age was very reserved and stately; it would now be reckoned ridiculously stiff and formal. Whatever it was, it had certainly the effect of making them more respected.

A fine woman, like other fine things in nature, has her proper point of view, from which she may be seen to most advantage: to fix this point requires great judgment, and an intimate knowledge of the human heart. By the present mode of female manners, the ladies seem to expect that they shall regain their ascendancy over us, by the fullest display of their personal charms---by being always in our eye at public places---by conversing with us with the same unreserved freedom as we do with one another;---in short, by resembling us as nearly as they possibly can.---But a little time and experience will shew the folly of this expectation and conduct.

The power of a fine woman over the hearts of men, of men of the finest parts, is even beyond what she conceives; they are sensible of the pleasing illusion, but they cannot, nor do they wish to dissolve it.---but if *she* is determined to dispel the charm, it certainly is in her power: she may soon reduce the angel to a very ordinary girl.

There is a native dignity, an ingenuous modesty to be preserved in your sex, which is your natural protection from the familiarities of the men, and which you should feel, previous to the reflection that it is your interest to keep yourselves sacred from all personal freedoms. The many nameless charms and endearments of beauty should be reserved to bless the happy man to whom you give your heart, but who, if he has the least delicacy, will despise them, if he knows they have been prostituted to fifty men before him. The sentiment, *that a woman may allow all innocent freedoms, provided her virtue is secure*, is both grossly indelicate and dangerous, and has proved fatal to many of your sex.

Let me now recommend to your attention that elegance, which is not so much a quality itself, as the high polish of every other. It is what diffuses an ineffable grace over every look, every motion, every sentence you utter;---it gives that charm to beauty, without which it generally fails to please. It is partly a personal quality, in which respect it is the gift of nature; but I speak of it principally as a quality of the mind. In a word, it is the perfection of taste in life and manners,---every virtue, and every excellence,----in their most graceful, amiable, and most engaging forms.

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You may perhaps think I want to throw every ſpark of nature out of your compoſition, and make you entirely artificial.---Far from it.---I wiſh you to poſſeſs the moſt perfect ſimplicity of heart and manners. I think you may poſſeſs dignity without pride,---affability without meanneſs,---and ſimple elegance without affectation. *Milton* had my idea, when he ſaid of Eve,

Grace was in all her ſteps, heav'n in her eye,
In ev'ry geſture dignity and love.

MEN the CAUSES of THEIR own UNEASINESS.

THE art of being miſerable is a ſtudy by for more univerſal than may be at firſt imagined. You can ſcarcely mix with any company, without meeting with a regular profeſſor. It is not confined to either ſex; it is equally adopted by the Ladies as well as the Gentlemen.

A proficient in this art views every object and every circumſtance that occurs in life, on the moſt diſagreeable ſide, and fixes it as an invariable rule never to be pleaſed. The weather is an inexhauſtible ſource of ſeaſonable vexation. If it rains, there is no poſſibility of bearing it; this is ſuch weather as Engliſhmen hang themſelves in: if froſty, all the fruit will be deſtroyed, and we ſhall have no vegetables to eat; if it is warm, it is inſupportable, it is worſe than living under the line.—The meaſures of government afford ample ſcope for being eternally diſpleaſed, for as the miniſter cannot do any thing that can poſſibly be right, it neceſſarily follows that all he does muſt be wrong. We are ruined by the gold act; the axe is laid at the root of liberty, by the Boſtonian Bill; and Popery and Slavery are eſtabliſhed in Canada. Here is a glorious field for being happily out of temper all the ſeſſion at leaſt. An approaching general election regenerates all the ani madverſions that can poſſibly be deviſed againſt bribery and corruption; the venality of Parliaments, the ſale of boroughs, and miniſterial influence; and if a man cannot work himſelf up to a fine glow of vexation upon theſe ſubjects, he is no proficient in the art of being miſerable.

But a regular profeſſor does not confine himſelf to theſe topics of diſguſt: he enters into all the minutiæ of uneaſineſs.---When alone, he upbraids Providence for placing him in a ſtate ſo much inferior to his merit; raves at the caprices of that blind jade Fortune; ſuſpects every man's probity, and conſtantly imagines ſome ſcheme is laid for his deſtruction; in the world he gives credit to no intelligence till it is in the Gazette, as the papers are crammed with nothing but lies, and then frequently ſuggeſts it is violently exaggerated, or ſoftened, as the caſe may require, to ſerve ſome party or political purpoſe. In company, no ſtory, however pleaſant, can aggravate a muſcle; ſinging is fit for women and children, and he has no ear for muſic. His dinner is always ſpoilt; the wine is conſtantly adulterated, the punch bad, and the beer ſour or muddy. Even a fine woman cannot pleaſe him, as her vanity is inſupportable.

The ſame traits, with ſome allowance for the difference of ſex, may be traced in the female world. If ſhe is not ſo deep in politics, ſhe is far more deep in ſcandal; and there is not a woman, whom ſhe conſiders as a rival in beauty or attractions, but is to be ſuſpected of a *faux pas*, or ſome vice that is a diſgrace to the ſex.—Her Milliner is blind, as ſhe never makes a cap to ſuit her, and her Mantuamaker is out of her ſenſes for making her cap ſo much out of faſhion. Her maids are aukward ſluts, and lazy huſſies. The public places are crowded with nothing but low-life wretches; and the men (for this character generally falls to the lot of an old maid) are all villains, ſeducers, deceivers, whore-maſters, gamblers, and drunkards.

Having thus taken a diſguſt to every being animate or inanimate, and every ſituation or circumſtance that can poſſibly occur, we may venture to pronounce he or ſhe an adept in the art of being miſerable.

All Men RICH in ENGLAND.

THE inhabitants of England are ſometimes ſaid to be ſo very ſtrange in their opinions, that ſcarcely any two think alike on any one ſubject; but I will venture to ſay there *is one* particular, wherein they are unanimous.

They are one and all agreed, that they are very poor,---that money is exceeding ſcarce, and that hardly any man can hold out another twelvemonth. This language have they held for near twenty years paſt, yet do they ſhew univerſally, by their way

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of life, that there is no such thing as a poor man in the nation;---that gold is as plentiful among them as on the coast of Guinea,---and that there can be no end of their riches.——A short examination will prove this paradox, though it cannot be properly accounted for.

To begin, then, with the lowest class:---Every one talks of the hardness of the times; yet even the meanest mechanic complains, if he has not a lemon to his veal. He goes to his club full twice a week, or more, and finds it so difficult to spend on the sabbath, what remains of his last week's wages, that he is obliged to call in Saint Monday to his assistance. The tribe of quilters, journeywomen mantua-makers, char-women, and washer-women, are not contented with sending to India for their breakfast, or afternoon's regale, but they must have their tea-equipage from the same quarter of the world; not thinking delft, or even the manufacture of Bow or Chelsea, dear enough for them. Home-spun linen, and home-made stuffs, are not thought fit for the wear of servant-maids or milliner's apprentices; not a single Abigail, or band-box carrier, deigns to visit her acquaintance out of place, in less than a silk gown, and would blush to be seen in any but the finest linen, and laces of the newest fashion. When I have paid a visit to a family, I have oftentimes madam'd and madam'd, and sometimes ladyship'd, the nursery-maid for the mistress of the house; not to mention the impossibility of ever distinguishing the lady's woman from the lady herself; nay, I have heard, that the husband himself sometimes mistakes the former for the latter, and is not convinced of his unfortunate error till he sees them both together in the morning.

To rise a little higher.----The several apprentices and journeymen in this metropolis would find gold to be as troublesome to them, as to the ass-eared king of Phrygia, if they were not to keep a gelding standing idle in the stable six days in the week, to convey them to Windsor, Richmond, or Hampton-court, on the seventh: and if the charitable innkeepers, at these several places, do not ease them of their load, they are under the necessity of imploring the assistance of the humane tavern-keepers about Covent-Garden; and if they do not succeed here, they make their last attempt on some certain honest pimps, by whose friendly aid they would be sure to be relieved, if, like Midas himself they could turn every thing into gold.

The honest, industrious tradesman finds himself hard put to it, to keep himself from growing too rich; though he complains much of trade being slack, and taxes grievously heavy. He keeps as good a table as he can, eats of the best, not only upon its first coming into season, but, where he can, before. Porter, though served in silver tankards, is left to those labouring men whose name it bears; and punch, made of malt spirits, under the name of brandy; or cyder, malt spirits, and Alicant, under the name of Port wine, is substituted in its room, merely on account of the price. His wife and children are not wanting to assist him in carrying his grand point. But if the additional aid of silk-mercers, lace-chambers, milleners, mantua-makers, and toy-shop-keepers, (who are never backward in their kind endeavours on these occasions) and also the expences at the opera, the play-houses, subscription-concerts, Ranelagh, Vauxhall, Marybone, Sadler's-Wells, &c. cannot prevent this evil of being over rich; the prudent man, seeing no hopes of relief in town, turns his eyes towards the country, and, as his last effort, takes a decent box of four or six rooms on a floor, adds another horse to old Ball, turns his chaise into a chariot, and, by having two families instead of one, makes a shift to keep his wealth tolerably under.

The merchants complain of great losses of ships, insurance heavy, foreign commissions scarce, and almost a total stop put to trade, owing, in a great measure, to the misunderstanding that has for some time subsisted between this country and America. Still I find they are so immensely rich, that it requires greater parts, and more ingenuity, to spend their money, than to get it. A merchant's house is a palace, though built in a place fit for a dog-kennel; it is a jewel in a dunghill: his furniture is costly, his servants numerous, his table magnificent, his wines expensive: he has his villa; drives six bays; keeps a pack of dogs, a stud of brood mares; never misses Newmarket, keeps open house; and, once in seven years, a seat in Parliament eases him of ten thousand pounds: yet, with all his endeavours, the poor man has still more money than he can spend. Nor can it be supposed, that his lady wife and his dutiful children do not do their utmost to ease him of some of the load; and no doubt but my lady's pin-money, her rich jewels, her separate equipage, her visits abroad, and her visiting-days at home, together with his sons extravagence, while he is upon his travels through France and Italy, or through the more expensive city of London, must be

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no small relief to him. Yet all will not do: for when every body thinks he is not worth a guinea, he is as rich as ever, and does not abate one jot of his industry to curtail his wealth. The desire of these merchants to keep down their wealth, which flows in so fast upon them, is so great, that he who has been so successful as to get rid of his own, thinks he cannot do a greater piece of service for a friend labouring to the same purpose, than to spend for him as fast as he can; and accordingly, when you find a man becomes a bankrupt, you hear that he has spent six times as much money of other peoples, as he had himself. In a word there is not one trader or merchant in a hundred, who does not take more pains to avoid being too rich, than to keep his name out of the Gazette.

Before I proceed to consider the superior class of people, I mean those of quality fashion, let us take a view of the three professions of divinity, law, and physic; and we shall find that the same dread of growing too rich has an equal influence over the actions of many of the members. With respect to the first profession, the instances, indeed, are not so frequent; as the greater part of our clergy, to the shame of this country be it said, are as poor as they pretend to be. But from what other principle can it arise, that some, who are well preferred in the church, are induced to keep pace with the luxurious laity in their elegancies of living, but that they are willing to run away from their abundance? Nay, on what other account can it happen, that the pastor of a tabernacle has his nag-tail bays and elegant post-chariot, but that he may reduce himself to the same indigence with that of his flock?

The young student of the law complains of his short allowance, and the curmudgeon temper of old Square-toes, his father. Yet would he be too rich, if it were not for the assistance of taylors, barbers, plays, taverns, pimps, bagnios, &c. and the young counsel, though he scarce gets half a guinea in a term for a single motion, must roll down to Westminster in a gilt chariot; he must never dine in the hall, but pay a guinea for his ordinary at the other end of the town; and though he says he cannot afford to marry, he is obliged to keep a mistress, for fear of being as miserably rich as his father.

The physician of practice, as well as he who can live without it, and drives only from the coffee-house to the bookseller's, and from the bookseller's to the coffee-house, to keep up the appearance of business, takes the same pains to prevent a superfluity of wealth. Else why must the one have two or three fellows behind a superb vehicle, as fine as my lord-mayor's coach, or a foreign ambassador's, and the other not be contented to let himself in and out of his chariot, like an apothecary? Why do they prescribe abstinence, or a spare diet, to their patients, yet indulge in all the delicacies of luxury themselves, if they did not hold it necessary, by a plentiful evacuation, to prevent a plethora, or too great a fulness, in their purses?

To come now to the nobility and superior gentry.—What shall we think, when I tell you, though few of them pretend they can give a real security for a thousand pounds; though they talk of their estates being mortgaged up to the hilts, their tenants breaking, repairs excessive; and even carry the farce of pretended poverty so far, as to drive up and down the city of London, to borrow one hundred pounds at any rate of interest or premium; yet no nobility in any country are so opulent: They live like princes, in their palaces; in the number and magnificence of their equipages, they vie with their monarch; their retinue equals his body guard: the routes of the ladies of fashion are not less crowded than a birth-day at court. The splendor of the nobility is not less in the country, where they have so many seats in their own hands, that they scarce reside a month in one place; and it is not uncommon to hear of a single entertainment costing 1000l. and that 20,000l. depends on a single match at Newmarket. Yet all this is so far from keeping their overgrown fortunes within any bounds, that we find, when the heir-apparent assists his noble father, by doubling the expence, all will not do, unless he calls in the aid of Arthur's; and then, if the noble lord has an opportunity of discharging, before breakfast, an immense debt of honour, contracted by his son, the last night, after supper; and if her ladyship, at her own route, plays as ill as her son; the family estate becomes less burthensome, and no uneasiness is felt on that acconnt for some time.

To conclude---The paradox which I have laid down is not confined to individuals, but it prevails in the whole collective body. A national bankruptcy has been the language even of the senate for these many years. You hear every day, that the public funds cannot bear any additional load without breaking; and it is universally believed impossible for the ministry to raise the next supplies; yet the national

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national money is squandered away with as much profusion as if it flowed from an inexhaustible source.

Thus you see, that notwithstanding the universal complaint of poverty among us, every one seems to be so encumbered with an excess of wealth, as to employ all imaginable means to ease himself of the load. I shall not attempt to account why our actions differ so much from our words, but leave it to be resolved by some future estimator of the manners of the times.

A remarkable Instance of FORTITUDE and AFFECTION.

From Monsr. BOSSU's *New Voyages to the* EAST-INDIES.

THE world has ever considered with the highest veneration, those who have devoted themselves to death for the glory, or safety of their country and friends.

Regulus, Leonidas, the six famous burghers of Calais, with other great examples which occur in history, have in all ages been justly admired, as displaying the greatest nobleness of soul; whilst many particulars of their history have been esteemed fabulous by critics, as beyond the powers of human resolution; and yet, in the history of those people, whom we call savages, and whom we are too apt indiscriminately to treat with contempt, and consider as incapable of any sentiment above the level of the animal creation; in these we often find instances of greatness of mind which would do honour to the heroism and patriotism of the greatest and most polished nations. Perhaps the following interesting anecdote cannot be paralleled in ancient or modern history: it happened about twelve years ago in the neighbourhood of New Orleans, and may be considered as authentic, being communicated by M. Bossu, an officer of distinction, who then enjoyed a considerable command in that country.

"The tragical death of an Indian of the Collapissa nation, (says this gentleman) who sacrificed himself for his country and son, I have often admired as displaying the greatest heroism, and placing human nature in the noblest point of view. A Chactaw Indian having one day expressed himself in the most reproachful terms of the French, and called the Collapissas their dogs and their slaves, one of this nation, exasperated at his injurious expressions, laid him dead on the spot. The Chactaws, the most numerous and the most warlike tribe on that continent, immediately flew to arms; they sent deputies to New Orleans to demand from the French governor the head of the savage, who had fled to him for protection: the governor offered presents as an atonement, but they were rejected with disdain; they threatened to extirminate the whole tribe of the Collapissas. To pacify this fierce nation, and prevent the effusion of blood, it was at length found necessary to deliver up the unhappy Indian. The Sieur Ferrand, commander of the German posts, on the right of the Mississippi, was charged with this melancholy commission; a rendezvous was in consequence appointed between the settlement of the Collapissas and the German posts, where the mournful ceremony was conducted in the following manner:

"The Indian victim, whose name was Tichou Mingo (i. e. servant to the Cacique or prince) was produced. He rose up, and agreeable to the custom of these people, harangued the assembly to the following purpose: 'I am a true man; that is to say, I fear not death: but I lament the fate of my wife, and four infant children, whom I leave behind in a very tender age; I lament too my father and mother, whom I have long maintained by hunting: them, however, I recommend to the French; since, on their account, I now fall a sacrifice.'

"Scarce had he finished this short and pathetic harangue, when the old father, struck with the filial affection of the son, arose, and thus addressed himself to the audience: 'My son is doomed to death; but he is young and vigorous, and more capable than me to support his mother, his wife, and four infant children: it is necessary then that he remain upon earth to protect and provide for them: as for me, who draw towards the end of my career, I have lived long enough; may my son attain to my age, that he may bring up my tender infants: I am no longer good for any thing: a few years more or less, are to me of small moment: I have lived as a man; I will die as a man: I therefore take the place of my son.'

"At these words, which expressed his paternal love and greatness of soul in the most touching manner, his wife, his son, his

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his daughter-in-law, and the little infants, melted into tears around this brave, this generous old man: he embraced them for the laſt time, exhorted them to be ever faithful to the French, and to die rather than betray them by any mean treachery unworthy of his blood. 'My death (concluded he) I conſider as neceſſary for the ſafety of my nation, and I glory in the ſacrifice.' Having thus delivered himſelf, he preſented his head to the kinſman of the deceaſed Chactaw; they accepted it; (for the Indian nations follow the law of retaliation: death they conſider as an atonement for death; and it is ſufficient that it be of the ſame nation, although even he ſhould not be a kinſman: they except none but ſlaves): he then extended himſelf over the trunk of a tree, when, with a hatchet, they ſevered his head from his body.

"By this ſacrifice, all animoſities were forgotten; but one part of the ceremony remained ſtill to be performed: the young Indian was obliged to deliver to the Chactaws the head of his father: in taking it up, he addreſſed to it theſe few words: 'Pardon me your death, and remember me in the world of ſpirits.'

"The French who aſſiſted at this tragedy, could not contain their tears, whilſt they admired the heroic conſtancy of this venerable old man, whoſe reſolution bore a reſemblance to that of the celebrated Roman orator, who, in the time of the triumvirate, was concealed by his ſon: the young man was moſt cruelly tortured, in order to force him to diſcover his father, who, not being able to endure the idea, that a ſon ſo virtuous and ſo generous ſhould thus ſuffer on his account, went and preſented himſelf to the murderers, and begged them to kill him, and ſave his ſon; the ſon conjured them to take his life, and ſpare the age of his father; but the ſoldiers, more barbarous than the ſavages, butchered them both on the ſpot."

ANECDOTES.

The CONNOISSEUR *and* COXCOMB.

A Certain Painter of Athens, who exerciſed his art, with a view to gain reputation, rather than from the love of gain, addreſſed himſelf to a Connoiſſeur for his opinion of one of his pictures, which repreſented the god Mars. The Connoiſſeur could not diſſemble: he found the piece defective; he objected particularly to the too great appearance of art that reigned through the whole. The Painter defended himſelf with all the warmth of an inordinate ſelf-love; the Critic anſwered his arguments, but without producing conviction.

In the mean time arrives the Coxcomb, who caſts his eye upon the picture, and, without giving himſelf a moment's time to reflect, cries out, "Gods! what a maſter-piece! Mars lives, breathes, terrifies in this admirable production! Obſerve thoſe feet, thoſe nails: what a taſte, what air of grandeur in the helmet, the ſhield, and in the whole armour of the terrible Deity!" The Painter bluſhed, and beheld the true Connoiſſeur with a look of confuſion and conviction; and ſaid to him, "I am now perſuaded that your judgement is well founded." The Coxcomb retired, and the conſequence was, that the picture was effaced.

[*St. James's Mag.*]

HONOUR *and* WEALTH *compared.*

LORD B—— is not the firſt man in the world that ever wiſhed to poſſeſs a fine woman with a ſweetener of fifty thouſand. He had cultivated an acquaintance with Miſs H—yw—d, daughter to the banker of that name, and on waiting on the father to requeſt his permiſſion to pay his addreſſes to her, had the pleaſure to find his propoſals highly approved of by the old gentleman; who, in the courſe of the converſation, hinted that he conceived his Lordſhip's fortune was at leaſt equivalent to his daughter's. "Why no, Mr. H---, (replies my Lord) I cannot ſay it is altogether ſo conſiderable, but then you know, Sir, there is my blood." "O d——n your blood, (returns old Fraſer, without any heſitation) if you ſquander my daughter's fortune away, ſhe muſt not depend on your blood for a ſubſiſtence."

[*Sent. Mag.*]

The POWER *of* CUSTOM.

THERE is nothing abſurd, of which a man may not be guilty, when he has reſigned himſelf to the power of Prejudice, or of Cuſtom. When a ſovereign of Japan dies, there are generally fifteen or twenty of his ſubjects, who, in order to evince their loyalty, rip up their bellies, and

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and follow him into the other world. On such occasions, he who gives himself the deepest wound, acquires the highest glory. In the valuable compilation of Thevenot, we find the following singular Anecdote: Two officers belonging to the emperor of Japan, having met upon the imperial stair-case, their swords happened to entangle. Words arose of course. One of them, however, would have excused himself, by imputing the affair to accident; adding, that the quarrel was between the two swords, and that the one was as good as the other. We shall see that presently, returned his adversary; and with these words he drew his weapon, and plunged it into his heart. The other, impatient to obtain the same advantage, hurried away, in order to serve up to the Emperor, who was at table, a plate he happened to have in his hands, and instantly returned to his antagonist, who was already at the point of death. On enquiring if he was yet alive, he also plunged his sword into his heart. "You should not have had the start of me (said he) if you had not found me engaged in the service of the Prince. I die, however, contented, since I have had the glory to convince you, that my sword is as good as yours."

An Englishman, in reading this Anecdote, will shrug up his shoulders at the folly of these two Orientals, and, perhaps, the next hour will expose his life to the sword of a bravo, in order to revenge an imaginary insult.

[*West. Mag.*]

The FORCE *of* PREJUDICE.

WHEN Prejudice is once established, in vain does Reason re-assert her rights. Few people can judge for themselves; no wonder that *names* have, in all ages, made more impression than *things*.

When the Fables of La Motte appeared, it was fashionable in France to despise them. One evening, at an entertainment given by the Prince de Vendome, several of the first critics of the kingdom made themselves exceedingly merry at the expence of the author. Voltaire happened to be present: "Gentlemen (said he) I perfectly agree with you." What a difference is there between the stile of La Motte, and the stile of La Fontaine! Have you seen the new edition of the latter?---The company answered in the negative. "Then you have not read that beautiful fable of his, which was found among the papers of the Ducheſs of Bouillon." He accordingly repeated it to them. Every one present was charmed, transported with it. "Here (said they) is the true spirit of La Fontaine. Here is Nature in her simplicity. What *naivete*, what grace!"---"Gentlemen, (resumed Voltaire) you will find this Fable among those of La Motte." Confusion took possession of all but Voltaire, who was happy in exposing the folly of these pretended judges.

[*West. Mag.*]

AVARICE *in the* EXTREME.

MONS. Vadille was the most remarkable man in Paris, both on account of his immense riches, and his extreme avarice. He lodged as high up as the roof would admit him, to avoid noise or visits, and maintained one poor old woman, to attend him in his garret, allowing her only seven sous per week, or a penny per day. His usual diet was bread and milk, and for indulgence, some poor sour wine on a Sunday, on which day he constantly gave one farthing to the poor, being 1s. 1d. a year, which he cast up; and after his death his extensive charity amounted to 4l. 4s. This prudent œconomist had been a magistrate at Boulogne, where he maintained himself by taking upon him to be milk-taster general of the market; and from one to another filled his belly, and washed down his bread, at the same time that he regulated the goodness of milk. When he had a call to Paris, he travelled on foot, and to prevent being robbed, took no more than three-pence to carry him 130 miles.

The great value a miser annexes to a farthing, will make us less surprised at the infinite attachment he must have to a guinea, of which it is the seed, growing by gentle gradations into pence, shillings, pounds, thousands, and ten thousands; which made this connoisseur say, Take care of the farthings, and the pence and shillings will take care of themselves.

In the summer of 1765, (when he was worth 7 or 800,000l.) he stole several logs of wood, and loaded himself with them to his hiding-hole, by which he contracted a fever; he then sent for a poor barber to bleed him, who undertook to open a vein for 3d. a time. He asked the barber how many times he should be bled, and what quantity of blood he should take; and being told three times, and eight ounces each;---"then take (said he) the whole quantity at once, which will save me sixpence." The barber expostulated in vain; he lost 24 ounces of blood, and died in a few days, leaving his vast treasures to the king.

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The

The LITERARY REVIEW.

ART. I. *Lord Chesterfield's Letters, continued from our last month's review.*

THE *second* volume of these elegant and entertaining letters, like the *first*, abounds with such a variety of tempting flowers, that we are bewildered in the multiplicity, and at a loss which to select for the nosegay of the present month.

This literary collection is not, however, in all respects, to be compared to those beautiful gardens, in which we meet only with the most valuable flowers and the choicest fruits. On a closer inspection, we are sorry to observe among them, some of the rankest weeds, and most noxious plants*, which we cannot but view with disgust and surprize: for how shall we account for their appearance among those admirable productions to which they are in their nature so heterogeneous, and so disgraceful? That Lord Chesterfield should happen to disseminate the seeds of this baleful crop, may not seem altogether strange to those who knew him to have been, what a witty lady once sarcastically stiled him, "a gentleman of easy virtue," but that the Fair Gardener,† who undertook the care and culture of the soil, should *suffer* them to grow in it, is matter of amazement to us.

The exceptionable passages here chiefly alluded to, are those in which Lord C. in the excess of his solicitude lest his son should be unnaturally insensible to the calls of pleasure, and too much addicted to books or to business, advises, nay *presses* him to female attachments. We have not the least objection to any of those agreeable attentions to the fair, which perhaps equally contribute to the polishing and refinement of both sexes; nor are we at all inclined to controvert his Lordship's maxim,—that "the concurrence of the two sexes is as necessary to the perfection of our being, as to the formation of it." But when this noble, modern Aristippus comes to recommend to his young disciple so unrestrained an indulgence of his inclinations as the invasion of another man's bed, we start with astonishment, and view the seductive, licentious counsellor with horror. The reader shall see that we have but too much ground for this severity of stricture.

"——*A propos*, I am assured that Madam de Blot—is excessively pretty,—and yet has been scrupulously constant to her husband, though she has now been married above a year. Surely she does not reflect, that woman wants polishing. I would have you polish one another reciprocally. Force, assiduities, attentions, tender looks, and passionate declarations, on your side, will produce some irresolute wishes, at least, on hers; and when even the slightest wishes arise, the rest will soon follow." Lett. xxx. addressed to Mr. Stanhope at Paris, 1751.

Let not the prevailing modes of gallantry in France be urged in excuse for this fatherly piece of advice to a young man of fashion, sent thither to compleat his education, and acquire *les manières, les agrémens, les graces*, to perfection.——Are CHASTITY, HONOUR, and VIRTUE to be sacrificed to *such refinements*? rather perish, for ever, the *agrémens* and the *graces* of Lord Chesterfield, and his Lordship's fame and memory with them!

Chiefly for the sake of a parliamentary anecdote, which will be acceptable to our more scientific readers, we shall present them with the following part of a letter:

"I acquainted you in a former letter, that I had brought a bill into the House of Lords for correcting and reforming our present calendar, which is the Julian; and for adopting the Gregorian. I will now give you a more particular account of that affair; from which reflexions will naturally occur to you that I hope may be useful, and which I fear you have not made. It was notorious, that the Julian calendar was erroneous, and had overcharged the solar year with eleven days. Pope Gregory the 13th corrected this error; his reformed calendar was immediately received by all the Catholic Powers of Europe, and afterwards adopted by all the Protestant ones, except Russia, Sweden, and England. It was not, in my opinion, very honourable for England to remain in a gross and avowed error, especially in such company; the inconveniency of it was likewise felt by all those who had foreign correspondences, whether political or mercantile. I determined, therefore, to attempt the reformation; I consulted the best lawyers, and the most skilful astronomers, and we cooked up a bill for that purpose. But then my difficulty began; I was to bring in this bill, which was necessarily composed of law jargon and astronomical calculations, to both which I am an utter stranger. However, it was absolutely necessary to make the House of Lords think that I knew something of the matter; and also, to make them believe that they knew something of it themselves, which they do not. For my own part, I could just as soon have

* *The richer the soil, the more fruitful of weeds, is a trite but true observation.*

† *Mrs. Stanhope, who committed these letters to the press.*

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have talked Celtic or Sclavonian to them, as Astronomy; and they would have understood me full as well: so I resolved to do better than speak to the purpose, and to please, instead of informing them. I gave them, therefore, only an historical account of calendars, from the Egyptian down to the Gregorian, amusing them now and then with little epithets; but I was particularly attentive to the choice of my words, to the harmony and roundness of my periods, to my elocution, to my action. This succeeded, and ever will succeed; they thought I informed, because I pleased them; and many of them said, that I had made the whole very clear to them, when, God knows, I had not even attempted it. Lord Macclesfield, who had the greatest share in forming the bill, and who is one of the greatest mathematicians and astronomers in Europe, spoke afterwards, with infinite knowledge, and all the clearness that so intricate a matter would admit of; but as his words, his periods, and his utterance, were not near so good as mine, the preference was most unanimously, tho' most unjustly, given to me. This will ever be the case; every numerous assembly is *mob*, let the individuals who compose it be what they will. Mere reason and good sense is never to be talked to a mob; their passions, their sentiments, their senses, and their seeming interests, are alone to be applied to. Understanding they have collectively none; but they have ears and eyes, which must be flattered and seduced; and this can only be done by eloquence, tuneful periods, graceful action, and all the various parts of oratory.

"When you come into the House of Commons, if you imagine that speaking plain and unadorned sense and reason will do your business, you will find yourself most grossly mistaken. As a speaker, you will be ranked only according to your eloquence, and by no means according to your matter; every body knows the matter almost alike, but few can adorn it. I was early convinced of the importance and powers of eloquence; and from that moment I applied myself to it. I resolved not to utter one word, even in common conversation, that should not be the most expressive, and the most elegant, that the language could supply me with for that purpose; by which means I have acquired such a certain degree of habitual eloquence, that I must now really take some pains, if I would express myself very inelegantly. I want to inculcate this known truth into you, which you seem by no means to be convinced of yet, that ornaments are at present your only objects. Your sole business now is to shine, not to weigh. Weight without lustre is lead. You had better talk trifles elegantly, to the most trifling woman, than coarse inelegant sense, to the most solid man. You had better return a dropped fan gracefully, than give a thousand pound awkwardly: and you had better refuse a favour gracefully, than grant it clumsily. Manner is all, in every thing; it is by manner only that you can please, and consequently rise. All your Greek will never advance you from secretary to envoy, or from envoy to embassador; but your address, your manner, your air, if good, very probably may. Marcel can be of much more use to you than Aristotle. I would, upon my word, much rather that you had Lord Bolingbroke's stile and eloquence, in speaking and writing, than all the learning of the Academy of Sciences, the Royal Society, and the two universities united."

Our readers will, by this time, be ready to conclude, that Lord C's passion for pleasing had entirely taken possession of the whole man, and they will not be mistaken. He did not, indeed, make any secret of his extreme devotion to *les bienséances*. In his forty-first letter he has, himself, curiously and frankly developed this principal part of his character.

"As I open myself, without the least reserve, whenever I think that my doing so can be of any use to you, I will give you a short account of myself. When I first came into the world, (which was at the age you are of now, so that (by the way) you have got the start of me in that important article by two or three years at least) at nineteen, I left the university of Cambridge, where I was an absolute pedant; when I talked my best, I quoted Horace; when I aimed at being facetious, I quoted Martial; and when I had a mind to be a fine gentleman, I talked Ovid. I was convinced that none but the ancients had common sense; that the classics contained every thing that was either necessary, useful, or ornamental to men; and I was not without thoughts of wearing the *toga virilis* of the Romans, instead of the vulgar and illiberal dress of the moderns. With these excellent notions, I went first to the Hague, where, by the help of several letters of recommendation, I was soon introduced into all the best company, and where I very soon discovered, that I was totally mistaken in almost every one notion I had entertained. Fortunately, I had a strong desire to please, (the mixed result of good-nature, and a vanity by no means blameable) and was sensible that I had nothing but the desire. I therefore resolved, if possible, to acquire the means too. I studied attentively and minutely the dress, the air, the manner, the address, and the turn of conversation of all those whom I found to be the people in fashion, and most generally allowed to please. I imitated them as well as I could: if I heard that one man was reckoned remarkably genteel, I carefully watched his dress, motions, and attitudes, and formed my own upon them. When I heard of another, whose conversation was agreeable and engaging, I listened and attended to the turn of it. I addressed myself, the *de très mauvaise grace*, to all the most fashionable fine ladies; confessed, and laughed with them at my own awkwardness and rawness, recommending myself as an object for them

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them to try their skill in forming. By these means, and with a passionate desire of pleasing every body, I came by degrees to please some; and I can assure you, that what little figure I have made in the world, has been much more owing to that passionate desire I had of pleasing universally, than to any intrinsic merit or sound knowledge I might ever have been master of. My passion for pleasing was so strong, (and I am very glad it was so) that I own to you fairly, I wished to make every woman I saw in love with me, and every man I met with, admire me. Without this passion for the object, I should never have been so attentive to the means; and I own I cannot conceive how it is possible for any man of good-nature and good sense to be without this passion. Does not good-nature incline us to please all those we converse with, of whatever rank or station they may be? And does not good sense, and common observation, shew of what infinite use it is to please? Oh! but one may please by the good qualities of the heart, and the knowledge of the head, without that fashionable air, address, and manner, which is mere tinsel. I deny it. A man may be esteemed and respected, but I defy him to please without them. Moreover, at your age, I would not have contented myself with barely pleasing; I wanted to shine and to distinguish myself in the world as a man of fashion and gallantry, as well as business. And that ambition or vanity (call it what you please) was a right one; it hurt nobody, and made me exert whatever talents I had. It is the spring of a thousand right and good things."

The following letter on the knowledge of men and books, is dated Bath, Oct. 4, 1746.

"Dear boy,

"Though I employ so much of my time in writing to you, I confess, I have often my doubts, whether it is to any purpose. I know how unwelcome advice generally is; I know that those who want it most, like it and follow it least; and I know too, that the advice of parents, more particularly, is ascribed to the moroseness, the impertinence, or the garrulity of old age. But then, on the other hand, I flatter myself, that as your own reason (though too young as yet to suggest much to you of it) is, however, strong enough to enable you, both to judge of, and receive plain truths; I flatter myself, I say, that your own reason, young as it is, must tell you, that I can have no interest but yours in the advice I give you; and that, consequently, you will at least weigh and consider it well; in which case some of it will, I hope, have its effect. Do not think that I mean to dictate as a parent; I only mean to advise as a friend, and an indulgent one too: And do not apprehend, that I mean to check your pleasures; of which, on the contrary, I only desire to be the guide, not the censor. Let my experience supply your want of it, and clear your way in the progress of your youth; of those thorns and briars, which scratched and disfigured me in the course of mine. I do not, therefore, so much as hint to you, how absolutely dependant you are upon me; that you neither have, nor can have, a shilling in the world but from me; and that, as I have no womanish weakness for your person, your merit must, and will, be the only measure of my kindness. I say, I do not hint these things to you, because I am convinced that you will act right upon more noble and generous principles: I mean for the sake of doing right, and out of affection and gratitude to me.

"I have so often recommended to you attention and application to whatever you learn, that I do not mention them now as duties; but I point them out to you, as conducive, nay absolutely necessary to your pleasures; for can there be a greater pleasure than to be universally allowed to excel those of one's own age and manner of life? And consequently, can there be any thing more mortifying than to be excelled by them. In this latter case, your shame and regret must be greater than any body's, because every body knows the uncommon care which has been taken of your education, and the opportunities you have had of knowing more than others of your age. I do not confine the application which I recommend, singly to the view and emulation of excelling others, (though that is a very sensible pleasure, and a very warrantable pride) but I mean likewise to excel in the thing itself: For, in my mind, one may as well not know a thing at all, as know it but imperfectly. To know a little of any thing gives neither satisfaction nor credit, but often brings disgrace or ridicule.

Mr. Pope says, very truly,

"A little knowledge is a dangerous thing,
"Drink deep, or taste not the Castalian spring."

And what is called a "smattering" of every thing infallibly constitutes a coxcomb. I have often, of late, reflected what an unhappy man I must now have been, if I had not acquired in my youth some tund and taste of learning. What could I have done with myself at this age without them? I must, as many ignorant people do, have destroyed my health and faculties by sotting away the evenings; or, by watting them frivolously in the tattle of women's company, must have exposed myself to the ridicule and contempt of those very women; or lastly, I must have hanged myself, as a man once did, for weariness of putting on and pulling off his shoes and stockings every day. My books, and only my books are now left me; and I daily find what Cicero says of learning to be true: *Hæc studia, (says he) adolescentiam alunt, senectutem oblectant, secundas res ornant, adversis perfugium ac solatium præbent, delectant domi, non impediunt foris, pernoctant nobiscum, peregrinantur, rusticantur.*

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"I do not mean by this, to exclude converſation out of the pleaſures of an advanced age; on the contrary, it is a very great and a very rational pleaſure at all ages; but the converſation of the ignorant is no converſation, and gives even them no pleaſure: They tire of their own ſterility, and have not matter enough to furniſh them with words to keep up a converſation.

"Let me, therefore, moſt earneſtly recommend to you, to hoard up, while you can, a great ſtock of knowledge; for though, during the diſſipation of your youth, you may not have occaſion to ſpend much of it: yet, you may depend upon it, that a time will come, when you will want it to maintain you. Public granaries are filled in plentiful years; not that it is known that the next, or the ſecond, or third year will prove a ſcarce one; but becauſe it is known, that, ſooner or later ſuch a year will come, in which the grain will be wanted.

"I will ſay no more to you upon this ſubject; you have Mr. Harte with you to enforce it; you have reaſon to aſſent to the truth of it; ſo that, in ſhort, 'you have Moſes and the prophets; if you will not believe them, neither will you believe, tho' one roſe from the dead.'—Do not imagine that the knowledge, which I ſo much recommend to you, is confined to books, pleaſing, uſeful, and neceſſary as that knowledge is. But I comprehend in it the great knowledge of the world, ſtill more neceſſary than that of books. In truth, they aſſiſt one another reciprocally; and no man will have either perfectly, who hath not both. The knowledge of the world is only to be acquired in the world, and not in a cloſet. Books alone will never teach it to you; but they will ſuggeſt many things to your obſervation, which might otherwiſe eſcape you; and your own obſervations upon mankind, when compared with that which you will find in books, will help you to fix the true point.

"To know mankind well requires full as much attention and application as to know books, and, it may be, more ſagacity and diſcernment. I am, at this time, acquainted with many elderly people, who have all paſſed their whole lives in the great world, but with ſuch levity and inattention, that they know no more of it now, than they did at fifteen. Do not flatter yourſelf therefore, with the thoughts that you can acquire this knowledge in the frivolous chit-chat of idle companies: No, you muſt go much deeper than that. You muſt look into people, as well as at them. Almoſt all people are born with all the paſſions, to a certain degree; but almoſt every man has one prevailing one, to which the others are ſubordinate. Search every one for that ruling paſſion; pry into the receſſes of his heart, and obſerve the different workings of the ſame paſſion in different people. And, when you have found out the prevailing paſſion of any man, remember never to truſt him, where that paſſion is concerned. Work upon him by it, if you pleaſe; but be upon your guard yourſelf againſt it, whatever profeſſions he may make you."

2. *Sketches of the Hiſtory of Man.* 2 *Vols.* 4*to.* 1*l.* 16*s. Boards. Cadell.*

WITHOUT poſſeſſing the acute diſcernment of Protagoras, every reader of taſte will immediately diſcover that the Sketches before us flow from the pencil of an Apelles. Deeply ſkilled in human nature, this writer paſſes mankind in review before him, diſcriminating whole nations and individuals from their moſt ſavage condition, to the higheſt ſtages of culture, civilization, and luxury, by nice characteriſtical touches which had eſcaped preceding moraliſts. Lord Kaymes, of the Court of Seſſion in Scotland, in his ingenious Elements of Criticiſm, had ſo clearly expoſed to view all the human paſſions and faculties, as could not fail to excite an appetite in the public for every thing proceeding from the hands of ſo great a maſter in philoſophy. Nor has he in theſe volumes altogether diſappointed expectation.

"The following work, (ſays he, in his preface) is the ſubſtance of various ſpeculations, that occaſionally amuſed the author, and enlivened his leiſure hours. It is not intended for the learned, they are above it, nor for the vulgar, they are below it; it is intended for men, who, equally removed from the corruption of opulence, and from the depreſſion of bodily labour, are bent on uſeful knowledge; who, even in the delirium of youth, feel the dawn of patriotiſm, and who in riper years enjoy its meridian warmth. To ſuch men this work is dedicated; and that they may profit by it, is the author's ardent wiſh, and probably will be while any ſpirit remains in him to form a wiſh.

"May not he hope, that this work, child of his grey hairs, will ſurvive, and bear teſtimony for him to good men, that even a laborious calling, which left him not many leiſure-hours, never baniſhed from his mind, that he would little deſerve to be of the human ſpecies, were he indifferent about his fellow-creatures:

Homo ſum: humani nihil a me alienum puto.

"Moſt of the ſubjects handled in the following ſheets, admit but of probable reaſoning; which is not a little ſlippery, as with reſpect to many reaſonings of that kind, it is difficult to pronounce, what degree of conviction they ought to produce. It is eaſy to form plauſible arguments; but to form ſuch as will ſtand the teſt of time, is not always eaſy. I could amuſe the reader with numerous examples of conjectural arguments, which, fair at a diſtant view, vaniſh like a cloud on a near approach. In the firſt ſketch of this book, not to go farther, he will find recorded more than one example. The dread

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dread of being miſled by ſuch arguments, filled the Author with anxiety; and after his utmoſt attention, he can but faintly hope, that he has not often wandered far from truth.

"Above thirty years ago, he began to collect materials for a natural hiſtory of man; and in the vigour of youth, did not think the undertaking too bold, even for a ſingle hand. He has diſcovered of late that his utmoſt abilities are ſcarce ſufficient for executing a few imperfect ſketches."

Our Author divides his work into three books, the firſt of which is introduced with the curious enquiry, "whether there be different races of men, or whether all men be of one race, without any difference but what proceeds from climate or other accidental cauſes;" his lordſhip concluding, in oppoſition to Ray, Monteſquieu, Buffon, and even the ſacred writings themſelves, that men are of different races, fitted by nature for the different climates, ſituations, and circumſtances in which they are placed. He refutes with humour and ſharpneſs that artificial rule propoſed by Mr. Ray, and adopted by Monſ. Buffon, for diſtinguiſhing the different ſpecies of animals, viz. "That animals which procreate together, and whoſe iſſue can alſo procreate, are of the ſame ſpecies." He treats with ridicule the diviſion of animals given by Linnæus, the celebrated Swediſh naturaliſt. Monteſquieu himſelf, that illuſtrious and profound writer and philoſopher, eſcapes not with impunity, becauſe he too had adopted the vulgar opinion, that all men are ſprung from one original ſtock, deriving from climate, food, and other accidents, all thoſe varieties which diſcriminate nations.

After combating with keen weapons the above theory, our learned author ventures to propoſe a theory of his own, which he explains in the following manner:

"Plants, ſays he, were created of different kinds to fit them for different climates, and ſo were brute animals. Certain it is, that all men are not fitted equally for every climate. There is ſcarce a climate but what is natural to ſome men, where they proſper and flouriſh; and there is not a climate but where ſome men degenerate. Doth not then analogy lead us to conclude, that as there are different climates on the face of this globe, ſo there are different races of men fitted for theſe different climates?"

"But the argument I chiefly rely on is, That were all men of one ſpecies, there never could have exiſted, without a miracle, different kinds, ſuch as exiſt at preſent.

"There is another argument that appears alſo to have weight: Horſes, with reſpect to ſize, ſhape, and ſpirit, differ widely in different climates. But let a male and a female of whatever climate be carried to a country where horſes are in perfection, their progeny will improve gradually, and will acquire in time the perfection of their kind. Is not this a proof, that all horſes are of one kind? If ſo, men are not all of one kind; for if a White mix with a Black in whatever climate, or a Hottentot with a Samoiede, the reſult will not be either an improvement of the kind, or the contrary; but a mongrel breed differing from both parents. It is thus aſcertained beyond any rational doubt, that there are different races or kinds of men, and that theſe races or kinds are naturally fitted for different climates: whence we have reaſon to conclude, that originally each kind was placed in its proper climate, whatever change may have happened in later times by war or commerce.

"There is a remarkable fact that confirms the foregoing conjectures. As far back as hiſtory goes, or tradition is kept alive by hiſtory, the earth was inhabited by ſavages divided into many ſmall tribes, each tribe having a language peculiar to itſelf. Is it not natural to ſuppoſe, that theſe original tribes were different races of men, placed in proper climates, and left to form their own language?

"Upon ſumming up the whole particulars mentioned above, would one heſitate a moment to adopt the following opinion, were there no counterbalancing evidence, viz. 'That God created many pairs of the human race, differing from each other both externally and internally: that he fitted theſe pairs for different climates, and placed each pair in its proper climate; that the peculiarities of the original pairs were preſerved entire in their deſcendants; who, having no aſſiſtance but their natural talents, were left to gather knowledge from experience, and in particular were left (each tribe) to form a language for itſelf; that ſigns were ſufficient for the original pairs, without any language but what nature ſuggeſts; and that a language was formed gradually, as a tribe increaſed in numbers and in different occupations to make ſpeech neceſſary?' But this opinion, however plauſible, we are not permitted to adopt, being taught a different leſſon by revelation, viz. That God created but a ſingle pair of the human ſpecies. Though we cannot doubt of the authority of Moſes, yet his account of the creation of man is not a little puzzling, as it ſeems to contradict every one of the facts mentioned above. According to that account, different races of men were not formed, nor were men formed originally for different climates. All men muſt have ſpoken the ſame language, viz. that of our firſt parents. And what of all ſeems the moſt contradictory to that account is the ſavage ſtate: Adam, as Moſes informs us, was endued by his Maker with an eminent degree of knowledge; and he certainly was an excellent preceptor to his children and their progeny, among whom he lived many generations. Whence then the degeneracy of all men unto the ſavage ſtate? To account for that diſmal cataſtrophe, mankind muſt have ſuffered ſome terrible convulſion.

us

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"That terrible convulsion is revealed to us in the history of the tower of Babel, contained in the 11th chapter of Genesis, which is, 'That for many centuries after the deluge, the earth was of one language and one speech: that they united to build a city on a plain in the land of Shinar, with a tower whose top might reach unto heaven; that the Lord beholding the people to be one, and to have all one language, and that nothing would be restrained from them which they imagined to do, confounded their language that they might not understand one another; and scattered them abroad upon the face of all the earth.' Here light breaks forth in the midst of darkness. By confounding the language of men, and scattering them abroad upon the face of all the earth, they were rendered savages. And to harden them for their new habitations, it was necessary to divide them into different kinds, fitted for different climates. Without an immediate change of constitution, the builders of Babel could not possibly have subsisted in the burning region of Guinea, nor in the frozen region of Lapland, houses not being prepared, nor any other convenience to protect them against a destructive climate. Against this history it has indeed been urged, "that the circumstances mentioned evince it to be purely an allegory; that men never were so frantic as to think of building a tower whose top might reach to heaven; and that it is grossly absurd, taking the matter literally, that the Almighty was afraid of men, and reduced to the necessity of saving himself by a miracle." But that this is a real history, must necessarily be admitted, as the confusion of Babel is the only known fact that can reconcile sacred and profane history."

"And this leads us to consider the diversity of languages. If the common language of men had not been confounded upon their attempt at the tower of Babel, I assert, that there never could have been but one language. Antiquaries constantly suppose a migrating spirit in the original inhabitants of this earth; not only without evidence, but contrary to all probability. Men never desert their connections nor their country without necessity: fear of enemies and wild beasts, as well as the attraction of society, are more than sufficient to restrain them from wandering, not to mention that savages are peculiarly fond of their natal soil. The first migrations were probably occasioned by factions and civil wars; the next by commerce. Greece affords instances of the former, Phœnicia of the latter. Unless upon such occasions, members of a family or of a tribe will never retire farther from their fellows than is necessary for food; and by retiring gradually, they lose neither their connections nor their manners, far less their language, which is in constant exercise. As far back as history carries us, tribes without number are discovered, each having a language peculiar to itself. Strabo reports, that the Albanians were divided into several tribes, differing in external appearance, and in language. Cæsar found in Gaul several such tribes; and Tacitus records the names of many tribes in Germany. There are a multitude of American tribes that to this day continue distinct from each other, and have each a different language. The mother-tongues at present, though numerous, bear no proportion to what formerly existed. We find original tribes gradually enlarging; by conquest frequently, and more frequently by the union of weak tribes for mutual defence. Such events promote one language instead of many. The celtic tongue once extended over at present confined to the Highlands, recluded to Wales, to Britany, and to part of Ireland. In a few centuries, it will share the fate of many other original tongues: it will be totally forgotten.

"If men had not been scattered everywhere upon the confusion of Babel another particular must have occurred, differing not less from what has really happened than that now mentioned. As paradise is conjectured to have been situated in the heart of Asia, the surrounding regions, for the reason above given, must have been first peopled; and the civilization and improvements of the mother-country were undoubtedly carried along to every new settlement. In particular, the colonies planted in America, the South-Sea islands, and the *Terra Australis incognita*, must have been highly polished; because, being at the greatest distance, they were probably the latest. And yet, these and other remote people, the Mexicans and Peruvians excepted, remain to this day in the original savage state of hunting and fishing.

"Thus, had not men wildly attempted to build a tower whose top might reach unto heaven, all men would not only have spoken the same language, but would have made the same progress toward maturity of knowledge and civilization. That deplorable event reversed all nature: by scattering men over the face of all the earth, it deprived them of society, and rendered them savages. From that state of degeneracy, they have been emerging gradually. Some nations, stimulated by their own nature, or by their climate, have made a rapid progress; some have proceeded more slowly; and some continue savages. To trace out that progress toward maturity in different nations, is the subject of the present undertaking."

Lord Kaymes proceeds in his second *Sketch* to treat of the progress of men with respect to food and population, from the first savage state of hunters, through the progressive stages of herdsmen, husbandmen, artisans, to the greatest refinements of political society; and the most striking observation we meet with on this subject is, that "*Cookery depopulates like a pestilence*; because, when it becomes an art, it brings within the compass of one stomach what is sufficient for ten in days of tem-

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temperance; and is so far worse than a pestilence, that the people never recruit again."

The subject of the third *Sketch*, which is a very short one, is the *progress of men with respect to property*. And here our Author observes, that among the senses inherent in the nature of man, the sense of property is eminent. By this sense wild animals, caught by labour or art, are perceived to belong to the hunter or fisher; they become his *property*; it is the foundation of *meum et tuum*, a distinction of which no human being is ignorant.

"The gradual progress, continues he, of this sense, from its infancy among savages to its maturity among polished nations, is one of the most entertaining articles that belong to the present undertaking. But as that article makes a part of Historical Law-Tracts, nothing remains for me but a few gleanings."

In the fourth *Sketch* he treats of the origin and progress of commerce, and his chief view in it is, to examine how far industry and commerce are affected by the quantity of circulating coin. In the course of what he advances upon this subject, he gives us his sentiments upon the following question, —Whether a Bank be upon the whole beneficial or hurtful to commerce?

"It is undoubtedly, says he, a spur to industry, like a new influx of money: but then, like such influx, it raises the price of labour and of manufactures. Weighing these two facts in a just balance, the result seems to be, that in a country where money is scarce, a bank properly constituted is a great blessing, as it in effect multiplies the specie, and promotes industry and manufactures; but that in a country which possesses money sufficient for an extensive trade, the only bank that will not hurt foreign commerce, is what is erected for supplying the merchant with ready money by discounting bills. At the same time, much caution and circumspection is necessary with respect to banks of both kinds. A bank erected for discounting bills, ought to be confined to bills really granted in the course of commerce; and ought to avoid, as much as possible, the being imposed on by fictitious bills drawn merely in order to procure a loan of money. And with respect to a bank purposely erected for lending money, there is great danger of extending credit too far, not only with respect to the bank itself and to its numerous debtors, but with respect to the country in general, by raising the price of labour and of manufactures, which is the never-failing result of too great plenty of money, whether coin or paper."

The fifth *Sketch* is divided into two sections, the first of which is a very entertaining one; the subject of it is—*the origin and progress of useful arts*. The following extract from it cannot fail of being acceptable to our readers.

"When Cæsar invaded Britain, agriculture was unknown in the inner parts: the inhabitants fed upon milk and flesh, and were cloathed with skins. Hollinshed, cotemporary with Elizabeth of England, ascribes the rudeness of the preceding generation in the arts of life: "There were very few chimneys even in capital towns: the fire was laid to the wall, and the smoke issued out at the roof, or door, or window. The houses were wattled and plaistered over with clay; and all the furniture and utensils were of wood. The people slept on straw-pallets, with a log of wood for a pillow." Henry II. of France, at the marriage of the Duchess of Savoy, wore the first silk stockings that were made in France. Queen Elizabeth, the third year of her reign, received in a present a pair of black silk knit stockings; and Dr. Howel reports, that she never wore cloth hose any more. Before the conquest there was a timber bridge upon the Thames between London and Southwark, which was repaired by King William Rufus, and was burnt by accident in the reign of Henry II. anno 1176. At that time a stone bridge in place of it was projected, but it was not finished till the year 1212. The bridge Notre-Dame over the Seine in Paris was first of wood. It fell down anno 1499; and as there was not in France a man who would undertake to rebuild it of stone, an Italian cordelier was employed, whose name was *Jocunde*, the same upon whom Sanzarius made the following pun:

Jocundus geminum jam fuit tibi, Sequana, pontem;
Hunc tu jure potes dicere pontificem.

The art of making glass was imported from France into England ann. 674, for the use of monasteries. Glass windows in private houses were rare even in the twelfth century, and held to be great luxury. King Edward III. invited three clockmakers of Delft in Holland to settle in England. In the former part of the reign of Henry VIII. there did not grow in England cabbage, carrot, turnip, or other edible root; and it has been noted, that even Queen Catharine herself could not command a sallad for dinner, till the King brought over a gardener from the Netherlands. About the same time, the artichoke, the apricot, the damask rose, made their first appearance in England. Turkeys, carps, and hops, were first known there in the year 1524. The currant-shrub was brought from the island of Zant, ann. 1533; and in the year 1540, cherry-trees from Flanders were first planted in Kent. It was in the year 1563, that knives were first made in England. Pocket-watches were brought there from Germany ann. 1577. About the year 1580, coaches were introduced: before which time Queen Elizabeth on public occasions rode behind her chamberlain. A saw-mill was erected near London ann. 1633, but afterward demolished, that it might not deprive the labouring poor of employment. How crude was the science of politics even in that late age?

"People

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"People who are ignorant of weights and measures fall upon odd shifts to supply the defect. Howel Dha, Prince of Wales, who died in the year 948, was their capital lawgiver. One of his laws is, "If any one kill or steal the cat that guards the Prince's granary, he forfeits a milch ewe with her lamb; or as much wheat as will cover the cat when suspended by the tail, the head touching the ground." By the same lawgiver a fine of twelve cows is enacted for a rape committed upon a maid, and eighteen for a rape upon a matron. If the fact be proved after being denied, the criminal for his falsity pays as many shillings as will cover the woman's posteriors."—*Crit. and M. Rev.*

[*To be continued.*]

3. *An Address to Protestant Dissenters, on the subject of giving the Lord's Supper to Children. By Joseph Priestly, LL. D. F. R. S.* 1s.

Dr. Priestly tells us, that the subject of his address was almost as new to himself, as it can be to any persons who meet with his publication. But having been more conversant with the ancient Christian writers, and also having met with Dr. Peirce's Essay on the subject, he says, he is now "on mature consideration, fully satisfied, that *infant communion*, as well as *infant baptism*, was the most antient custom in the christian church, and therefore that the practice is of apostolical and consequently of divine authority."

After endeavouring to shew that this was the antient and early practice of the church, he enquires how it came to be laid aside; and he concludes, that the denial of the cup to the laity, and refusing the Lord's Supper to infants, "had their rise from the same cause, and took place about the same time, and not till the doctrine of transubstantiation was fully established, which was about the twelfth century."

As children are early brought by considerate and serious parents or governors to attend public worship, by which means their minds are betimes impressed with a notion of its obligation and importance, their future attendance is secured, and their *rational* and *voluntary* attachment to it accelerated; the same advantages the Doctor apprehends, must arise, if they were early brought to the Lord's Supper: Children, he supposes, would by this means become more the objects of attention both to their parents and the governors of churches; and young persons would probably be more established in the belief of christianity: "Having been from their infancy constantly accustomed to bear their part in all the rights of it, they would be more firmly attached to it, and less easily desert it.—When the practice of every thing *external* belonging to christianity is become habitual, the obligation, says he, to what is *internal*, will be more constantly and more sensibly felt."—*Monthly Review.*

4. *The Cave of Morar, the Man of Sorrows. A Legendary Tale. In two Parts.* 4to. 2s.

THERE is no small share of fancy and poetry in this tale, as the reader will perceive by the following analysis of it.——Edgar having married Emma, leaves her at the Cave of Morar, while he goes to fight against the Scots. Morar, who was then absent, finding Emma at his return in his cell, she relates to him at his request the story of her love to Edgar, as follows:

One day, she said, I stray'd along
The flow'ry banks of Rona's flood,
Charm'd by sweet Philomela's song,
That echo'd from a neighb'ring wood.

The chearful shepherd tun'd his reed,
The sportive flocks rejoic'd around,
And from the flow'r-bespangled mead
Issu'd at once the pleasing sound.

Each rural object sweetly smil'd,
All nature wore the face of joy;
And long I roam'd thro' prospects wild,
Where strangers us'd not to annoy.

But Ratcliffe's son, who long had tried
To gain my youthful heart in vain,
Swift from the mountain's summit hied,
And met me on the lonely plain.

He warmly press'd me to be kind,
He strove to clasp me in his arms,
But keen resentment fill'd my mind,
I told him I despis'd his charms.

Yet still he breath'd his lawless flame,
And still I heard his vows with scorn;
When Edgar from the mountain came,
Edgar, whom Nature's charms adorn.

To him I freely told my tale,
I told the arts which Ratcliffe us'd,
How he attack'd me on the dale,
And modest Virtue's laws abus'd.

Brave Edgar heard, he curs'd the swain,
In my defence his spear he drew;
But ah! he drew his spear in vain,
For thro' the plain base Ratcliffe flew.

Yet Edgar swore he'd check his pride,
He swore he'd have a just revenge,
And oft would watch on Woreham's side,
Where worthless Ratcliffe us'd to range.

And if he met the dastard youth,
He swore his treacherous heart should feel
The safeguard of the hero's truth,
The point of his avenging steel.

I thank'd him for his friendly aid,
I lov'd him for his dauntless soul,
And while we wander'd thro' the shade,
The sigh oft from my bosom stole.

To Maresham's hall we bent our way,
Where oft my honour'd Sire resorts,
In calm content to pass the day,
Or share the huntsman's manly sports.

Edgar at his request remain'd
Three summer days in Maresham's vales,
By feats of arms my Sire he gain'd,
He won me by his artless tales.

My

My father bleſs'd the riſing flame,
At Hymen's ſhrine he join'd our hands;
And told the youth he then might claim
His wealth, his far-extended lands.
But Edgar, with expreſſive ſmile,
Refus'd the gift my Sire deſign'd;
Be mine, he ſaid, the Warrior's ſpoil,
Be mine the joy thy foes to bind;
When the rough Scots, with lawleſs might,
Often victorious, threat the brave,
In thy defence let Edgar fight,
A higher boon he ne'er ſhall crave.
My father granted his requeſt,
He prais'd him for his matchleſs zeal,
And warmly preſs'd him to his breaſt,
When he remov'd from Mareſham's vale.

A Pilgrim appears at the Cave, who informs Emma, that Edgar, deſerted by his friends, had fallen in the field of battle, and had left him this command:

Go, Pilgrim, go, to Morar's cell,
And give this ſword to Emma's hand:
Tell her when pale diſtreſs ſhall ſeize,
When ſhe demands relief in vain,
This truſty blade will give her eaſe,
And baniſh ſorrow, grief and pain.—

Emma then ſeizes the ſword, and is going to ſtab herſelf, but Edgar himſelf ruſhing in prevents her; and convincing her that the pretended pilgrim's tale was falſe, he purſues the offender and kills him, who with his dying breath confeſſes himſelf to be Ratcliffe's ſon.

In the ſecond part, old Morar relates to his gueſts his mournful ſtory, which he concludes with acquainting them, that he had long loſt his only ſon Edwin, whom he had entruſted to the care of his friend Alford, from whom he ſuddenly diſappeared; upon which Edgar ſuddenly exclaims:

You ſee him now, brave Edgar cried,
I am that ſon ſo much belov'd,
For Alford's care my wants ſupplied,
When youthful joys my boſom mov'd.
From him I learn'd the arts of peace,
He ſhew'd me nature's rural charms,
But I deſpis'd a life of eaſe,
And ſought the fame acquir'd by arms.
I left his cot, I chang'd my name,
I fought to ſave my native land,
At laſt fair Emma bleſs'd my flame,
And crown'd my wiſhes with her hand.—

The poem concludes with the following ejaculation of Morar:

With wild ſurprize the Hermit heard,
And thus to heaven addreſs'd a pray'r:
'Yes, yes, ye pow'rs, ye will reward
'The man who triumphs over care!
'I thank you for my ſorrows paſt,
'I thank you for my preſent joy;
'And while my days of trial laſt,
'Let me my voice in praiſe employ.'
Then in his arms he fondly preſs'd
The happy pair he lov'd ſo well,
While many a tender look expreſs'd
The heart-felt joy which none can tell.

5. *The Works of George Lord Lyttelton; formerly printed ſeparately, and now firſt collected together: with ſome other pieces never before printed. Publiſhed by George Edward Ayſcough, Eſq. 1 vol. 4to.*

THIS volume contains his Lordſhip's obſervations on the Life of Cicero. Obſervations on the ſtate of our affairs at home and abroad. Letters from a Perſian in England to his friend at Iſpahan. Obſervations on the converſion and apoſtleſhip of St. Paul. Dialogues of the Dead. Four Speeches in Parliament. Poems. Letters to Sir Tho. Lyttelton. And an account of a Journey into Wales.

Among the pieces never before printed are his Letters to his Father Sir Tho. Lyttelton, from which the following are ſelected.

LETTER IV.

"Dear Sir, Luneville, June 8, 1728.

"I heartily congratulate you upon my ſiſter's marriage, and wiſh you may diſpoſe of all your children as much to your ſatisfaction and their own. Would to God Mr. P—— had a fortune equal to his brother's, that he might make a preſent of it to my pretty little M——! but unhappily they have neither of them any portion but an uncommon ſhare of merit, which the world will not think them much the richer for. I condole with poor Mrs. —— upon the abrupt departure of her intended huſband: to be ſure ſhe takes it much to heart; for the loſs of an only lover, when a Lady is paſt three and twenty, is as afflicting as the loſs of an only child after fifty-five.

You tell me my mother deſires a particular journal of my travels, and the remarks I have made upon them, after the manner of the ſage Mr. Bromley. Alas! I am utterly unfit for ſo great a work; my genius is light and ſuperficial; and lets ſlip a thouſand obſervations which would make a figure in his book. It requires much induſtry and application, as well as a prodigious memory, to know how many houſes there are in Paris; how many veſtments in a proceſſion; how many ſaints in the Romiſh calendar, and how many miracles to each Saint: and yet to ſuch a pitch of exactneſs the curious Travellers muſt arrive, who would imitate Mr. Bromley. Not to mention the pains he muſt be at in examining all the tombs in a great church, and faithfully tranſcribing the inſcriptions, though they had no better author than the ſexton or curate of the pariſh. For my part, I was ſo ſhamefully negligent as not to ſet down how many croſſes are in the road from Calais to Luneville; nay I did not ſo much as take an inventory of the relicks in the churches I went to ſee. You may judge by this what a poor account I ſhall give you of my travels, and how ill the money is beſtowed that you ſpend upon them. But, however, if my dear mother inſiſts upon it, I ſhall have ſo much complaiſance for the curioſity natural to her ſex, as to write her

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a ſhort particular of what rareties I have ſeen; but of all ordinary ſpectacles, ſuch as miracles, rarée-ſhows, and the like, I beg her permiſſion to be ſilent. I am, dear Sir, your dutiful ſon, &c. G. L."

LETTER V.

"Dear Sir, Luneville, July 21.

"I thank you for ſo kindly forgiving the piece of negligence I acquainted you of in my laſt. Young fellows are often guilty of voluntary forgetfulneſs in thoſe affairs; but, I aſſure you, mine was quite accidental. Mr. D—— tells you true, that I am weary of loſing money at cards; but it is no leſs certain, that without them I ſhall ſoon be weary of Lorrain. The ſpirit of quadrille has poſſeſt the land; from morning till midnight there is nothing elſe in every houſe in town.

The Court is fond of ſtrangers, but with a proviſo that ſtrangers love quadrille. Would you win the hearts of the Maids of Honour, you muſt loſe your money at quadrille; would you be thought a well-bred man, you muſt play genteelly at quadrille; would you get a reputation of good ſenſe, ſhew judgment at quadrille: however, in ſummer, one may contrive to paſs a day without quadrille; becauſe there are agreeable promenades, and little parties out of doors; but in the winter you are reduced to play at it, or ſleep like a fly 'till the return of ſpring. Indeed in the morning the Duke hunts; but my malicious ſtars have ſo contrived it, that I am no more a ſportſman than a gameſter. There are no men of learning in the whole country; on the contrary, it is a character they deſpiſe. A man of quality caught me the other day reading a Latin author, and aſked me, with an air of contempt, whether I was deſigned for the church. All this would be tolerable, if I was not doomed to converſe with a ſet of Engliſh who are ſtill more ignorant than the French; and from whom, with my utmoſt endeavours, I cannot be abſent ſix hours in the day. Lord —— is the only one among them who has common ſenſe; and he is ſo ſcandalouſly debauched in his principles, as well as practice, that his converſation is equally ſhocking to my morals and my reaſon.

My only improvement here is in the company of the Duke and Prince Craon, and in the exerciſe of the academy. I have been abſent from the laſt near three weeks, by reaſon of a ſprain I got in the ſinews of my leg, which is not yet quite recovered. My duty to my dear mother; I hope you and ſhe continue well. I am, Sir, your dutiful ſon, G. L."

LETTER VIII.

Soiſſons, Oct. 28.

"I thank you, my dear Sir, for complying ſo much with my inclinations, as to let me ſtay ſome time at Soiſſons; but, as you have not fixed how long, I wait for further orders. One of my chief reaſons for diſliking Luneville, was the multitude of Engliſh there, who moſt of them were ſuch worthleſs fellows, that they were a diſhonour to the name and nation. With theſe I was obliged to dine and ſup, and paſs a great part of my time.

"You may be ſure I avoided it as much as poſſible; but *malgré moi*, I ſuffered a great deal. To prevent any comfort from other people, they had made a law among themſelves not to admit any foreigner into their company; ſo that there was nothing but Engliſh talked from June to January. On the contrary, my countrymen at Soiſſons are men of virtue and good ſenſe; they mix perpetually with the French, and converſe for the moſt part in that language. I will trouble you no more upon this ſubject; but give me leave to ſay, that, however capricious I may have been in other things, my ſentiments in this particular are the ſureſt proofs I ever gave you of my ſtrong and hereditary averſion to vice and folly. Mr. Stanhope is always at Fontainbleau. I went with Mr. Poyntz to Paris for four days, when the Colonel was there to meet him: he received me with great civility and kindneſs. We have done expecting Mr. Walpole, who is obliged to keep ſtrict guard over the Cardinal, for fear the German miniſters ſhould take him from us: they pull and haul the poor old gentleman ſo many ways, that he does not know where to turn, or into whoſe arms to throw himſelf.

Ripperda's eſcape to England will very much embroil affairs, which did not ſeem to want another obſtacle to hinder them from coming to an accommodation. If the devil is not very much wanting to his own intereſts in this buſineſs, it is impoſſible that the good work of peace ſhould go on much longer. After all, moſt young fellows are of his party, and wiſh he may bring matters to a war; for they make but ill miniſters at a congreſs, but would make good ſoldiers in a campaign.

No news from —— and her beloved huſband: their unreaſonable fondneſs for each other can never laſt; they will ſoon grow as cold to one another as the town to the Beggar's Opera. Pray heaven I may prove a falſe prophet! but married love, and Engliſh muſic, are too domeſtic to continue long in favour.

My duty to my dear mother; I am glad ſhe has no complaint. You ſay nothing relating to your own health, which makes me hope you are well. I as fondly love my brothers and ſiſters as if I was their parent.

There is no need of my concluding with a handſome period; you are above forced efforts of the head. I ſhall therefore end this letter with a plain truth of the heart, that I am,

Your moſt affectionate and dutiful ſon,

G. L."

6. *Dr.*

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6. *Dr. Andrews's Hiſtory of the Revolutions of Denmark. 2 vols. 8vo. 12s.*

IN the appendix to this hiſtory, many intereſting particulars are related of the Daniſh code of juriſprudence. The laws, we are informed, are remarkable for their plainneſs and brevity, and expreſſed with ſo much preciſion as to be eaſily underſtood. It is ſo common for individuals to tranſact their own private affairs, that for fifteen years there was only one notary public in all Copenhagen. One of the moſt remarkable Daniſh laws is that which reſpects the framing of teſtaments.

"The benevolent principles of the Daniſh laws, (ſays our author) have put it out of the power of men to injure each other by injudicious and arbitrary legacies. Whatever a man acquires or inherits, he has full power to enjoy perſonally, in the manner he pleaſes; but he is obliged, on his demiſe, to leave the diſtribution of it to the wiſdom of his country.

"Numerous are the benefits reſulting from this method of proceeding. It cannot certainly be ſuppoſed, that every individual ſhould be endowed with a ſhare of ſagacity, ſufficient to enable him to act an irreprehenſible part in ſo nice and delicate an affair, as the making of a juſt and proper will. To prevent, therefore, thoſe many errors, which perſons of the beſt intentions, and even of the beſt underſtandings, are liable to commit, the judgment and experience of the public are, in a manner, brought to their aſſiſtance; and direct them how to avoid miſtakes, and overcome difficulties. Thus an individual has the ſatisfaction of knowing, that ſhould his deceaſe happen before his affairs have been ſettled, ſtill his poſſeſſions will fall into proper hands. This is not always the caſe, when the eſtates of ſuch as die inteſtate, are given to what is denominated an heir at law. The ſpirit of the Daniſh laws approves not of this cruel monopoly; and induſtriouſly ſearches out for as many inheritors as nature has appointed.

"In the mean time, to remove any complaint of the rigour and arbitrarineſs of the law, in ſuch caſes, the teſtator is indulged with a gratification of his particular wiſhes and inclinations, and even of his foibles, within certain limits. Thus every end is anſwered; juſtice is ſtrictly done to all to whom it is due; peculiar connections are conſidered; even partiality is not wholly diſappointed; and in this manner all parties are pleaſed.

"It may not be amiſs to elucidate theſe general reflexions by ſome particular inſtances:

"In Denmark the poſſeſſions of married people compoſe one common fund between them; of which it is not in their power to make any other partition, either among themſelves, or their children, than that ordained by the law. Conjugal affection is indeed ſo far encouraged and reſpected, as to allow a huſband to behave with generoſity to his wife, either by preſenting her with a genteel ſum of money, by way of nuptial gift, or by ſubſequent donations. But his generoſity is bounded by the law, and cannot exceed a ſtated proportion; and even this is not allowable, till all debts and incumbrances on his eſtate are entirely cleared.

"In conformity to this principle of the community of poſſeſſions in the married ſtate, whoever ſurvives inherits the half during life. The other goes to their children. Out of their ſhare, nevertheleſs, a certain proportion is deducted, which devolves to the ſurviving parent. The intent of this diminution of their inheritance, is very wiſe and conſiderate; it becomes a ſecurity to the children for the attachment of their parent, who forfeits it to them, on contracting another marriage.

"Married perſons without iſſue, having no ties to reſtrain their reciprocal partiality, are allowed to indulge it in a very extenſive degree. They may ſettle the whole of their eſtate on each other, during the ſurvivance of either; and are even permitted to bequeath the one half of it to each other, and their reſpective heirs for ever.

"In caſe of no iſſue, widowers and widows are alſo allowed to give away the half of their inheritance according to their own diſcretion; and the whole of it, if they pleaſe, in pious and charitable legacies; ſo favourable is the Daniſh law to a ſpirit of piety and munificence.

"When there is a conſiderable diſproportion in the ſeparate fortunes of individuals, on their engaging in wedlock, the legiſlature permits, on their having no children, that, beſides the uſual portion decreed by the law, a fourth part of the original eſtate of the richeſt devolve to the other party, on the demiſe of the former. This practice never fails to take place, where people have lived in love and union; and is indeed looked upon as an honourable teſtimony of the departed in favour of the ſurvivor.

"The ſentence of the law is deciſive in the diſtribution of eſtates among children; and no deviations of any ſort are connived at; they inherit the fortune of both parents. The only advantage enjoyed by the males, is, that the ſhare of a ſon is double to that of a daughter, and that ſuch manors as have any peculiar privileges annexed to them, are aſſigned to the former. A preference which carries with it no injuſtice; as the maxim, that "uxor fulgit radiis mariti, a wife receives dignity from her huſband," prevails in Denmark, as in all other countries.

"The death of a child, previous to that of a parent, makes no alteration in the manner of ſucceſſion to the fortune of the latter; the grand-children claim the ſhare of their parents, as being his repreſentatives; and in caſe of their own deceaſe, the ſame right devolves to their poſterity.

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"On the other hand, children who die without iſſue, are ſucceeded by their father, who enters alone into the poſſeſſion of what they leave. The reaſon of paying this compliment to the male ſex, is, that it ſhould always be ſuppoſed the education and qualifications of children are owing to the care and ſolicitude of the father; whoſe knowledge of the world enables him to train them up to buſineſs and induſtry; and who is, at the ſame time, conſidered as the fitteſt adminiſtrator of a fortune, which, in fact, reverts to his other children.

"But if the father be dead, the mother, together with the brothers and ſiſters of the deceaſed, inherit in equal proportions; not forgetting the repreſentatives of the latter, in caſe of death, and their deſcendants.

"Such is the general ſpirit of ſucceſſion to eſtates in Denmark. The only exceptions are in favour of ſuch families as poſſeſs great property in lands, and immoveable eſtates. All owners of land are permitted to leave a double ſhare to one of their children; and they whoſe poſſeſſions amount to a certain fixed value, have the privilege, provided all debts, incumbrances, demands, and pretenſions on them are diſcharged, to make ſuch a ſettlement of them as they think proper. This, no doubt, is a wide deviation from the general tenor of the law; but then we ſhould reflect, that Denmark contains even now a pretty numerous body of nobility and gentry, who have enjoyed this right from time immemorial; whom the court is not willing to offend, by ſtripping them of all their immunities; and whom, indeed, according to the ideas prevalent in all European monarchies, it may well be underſtood to view in the light of neceſſary intermediators between the crown and the people; and as the ſureſt ſupporters of royalty, while they are allowed to partake of thoſe honorary diſtinctions and benefits that remove them from the vulgar, and approach them nearer to the Sovereign."

Another inſtance of the benignity of the Daniſh laws, is the tenderneſs ſhewn to the innocent offspring of illicit connections.

"The cries of nature are heard in Denmark; and the voice of compaſſion has pleaded ſo loudly and ſo ſucceſsfully in favour of theſe tender objects, that the guilt of their parents only is remembered; and the unnatural prejudices which conſign them, as it were, to neglect, and conſider them as outcaſts of the community, give way to milder ſentiments.

"Natural children, when publicly acknowledged, according to the forms preſcribed in ſuch caſes, are, by the Daniſh law, received and reputed as legal members of a family, and claim a ſhare in the fortunes of their father, in conjunction with his other children born in lawful wedlock.

"But in the mean time, that no encouragement may be given to debauchery and licentiouſneſs of living, and in order to lay as much reſtraint on the diſorderly inclinations and paſſions of men, as is conſiſtent with humanity, illegitimacy of birth deprives individuals of a portion equal to that of a lawful child. They are entitled to half only. Thus mercy is tempered with juſtice, and a due reverence is preſerved for the majeſty of the laws.

"But this penalty is diſpenſed with if their father has no lawful iſſue. They are then entitled to inherit in the ſame manner, as if they were legitimate.

"The benignity of the law is ſtill greater in reſpect of the natural ties that ſubſiſt between a mother and her child. The unlawfulneſs of the connection ſhe has indulged, cannot be ſuppoſed to make any difference in the affection ſhe feels for a progeny ſhe bluſhes to own; and ought, indeed, to render it the dearer on that very account; as the leſs ſhe dares claim the public aſſiſtance and countenance of her friends, in its favour, the more it is incumbent on her to exert herſelf in its behalf. Swayed by this conſideration, and by the certainty, that, whatever doubts her character may occaſion concerning the reality of the father, ſtill ſhe is the indubitable mother; convinced, at the ſame time, that the welfare of illegitimate iſſue is, in general, chiefly to be derived from the care and ſolicitude of thoſe who bore them, the Daniſh law allows maternal tenderneſs its full ſcope, and places them on the ſame level as their mother's legitimate offspring, with whom they claim an equal right of full inheritance.

"This regulation, ſtrange as it may ſeem to nations that may pretend to a far ſuperior degree of politeneſs and refinement than what is found in Denmark, is undoubtedly attended with the happieſt conſequences to ſociety."

7. *Infancy; a poem. Book the Firſt. By Hugh Downman, M. D.* 1s.

THIS little poem relates to the management of Children; and the author writes as a judicious phyſician, a good poet, and an excellent moraliſt; for his medical directions, and poetical talents, ſeem to be all devoted to the ſervice of humanity and virtue: We therefore recommend the following to the ſerious peruſal of the ladies:

HEALTH is the greateſt bleſſing man receives
From bounteous Heaven, by her the ſmiling hours
Are wing'd with tranſport; ſhe too gives the ſoul
Of firmneſs; without her the hand of toil
Would languid ſink; the eye of reaſon fade.

To this then bend thy care, O parent Mind;
Array thy child in health; a nobler dreſs
Not gorgeous majeſty can boaſt; the thanks
Of future gratitude thou wilt receive,
More than if in his lap thou then ſhould'ſt pour, Profuſely

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Profusely pour thy gold; or give him all
Thy herds, and bleating flocks, tho' thousands range [hills.
Thy spacious meads, or cloath thy ample
Would'st thou thy children bless? Attend the call
Of beckoning Nature, follow where she leads,
Unerring guide! No labyrinth is here;
No clue of Ariadne wilt thou need,
To Theseus given: Fair is her open path,
And strong the steady light she throws around,
Instinctive light, the surest safest guide.
Thy child is born. See where the treacherous nurse,
Or she who o'er Lucina's rights presides,
Prepares the poisonous drench: Forewarn'd, beware:
Within the fatal drug lurks death; by this
Thousands from yet untasted life retire,
Thousands of infant souls; yet, sanctified
By custom, other causes are assign'd,
And nature is accus'd of impious deeds
She ne'er committed. Nature will preserve
Whate'er she frames: Is physic needful then?
She has remark'd it well, and taught the child
To seek its remedy: e'er yet the sun
Hath from its birth encircled half the sphere,
It asks, plain as expressive signs can ask,
The mother's breast: Without a moment's pause
Hear the mute voice of instinct, and obey.
Know the first efflux from each milky fount
Is nature's chymic mixture, which the attempts
Of bungling art cannot supply, this flows
Gently deterfive, purifying, bland;
This each internal obstacle removes,
And sets in motion the young springs of life.
Hence too the mother is secure: The streams,
Health giving to her infant, flow to her
Salubrious; otherwise confin'd, or driven
Back on the blood, what hath she not to fear?
The raging fever, from the fatal cause
Holding its name, obstructions fierce, dire pangs
Of torture, future cancers by the juice
Of boasted hemlock not to be remov'd.

O Mother, (let me by that tenderest name
Conjure thee) still pursue the task begun;
Nor unless urg'd by strong necessity,
Some fated, some peculiar circumstance,
By which thy health may suffer, or thy child
Suck in disease, or that the genial food
Too scanty flows, give to an Alien's care
Thy orphan babe. O, if by choice thou dost—
What shall I call thee? Woman? No,—though fair
Thy face as one of the angelic choir, [line,
Though sweetness seem pourtray'd in every
And smiles which might become a Hebe, rise
At will, crisping thy rosy cheeks, tho' all
That's lovely, kind, attractive, elegant,
Dwell in thy outward shape, and catch the eye
Of gazing rapture, all is but deceit; [The form of woman's thine; but not the heart;
Dress in hypocrisy, and studied guile,
This act detects thee, shews thee to have lost
Each tender feeling, every gentler grace,
And virtue more humane, more finely drawn,
And set by yielding Nature in the breast
Of female softness, to have driven forth these
By force, to have unsex'd thy mind, become
The seat of torpid dull stupidity,
Cold, and insensible to the warm touch
Of generous emotions, lock'd up close
To shut out pity's entrance, who retreats
Repining from her heaven-destin'd seat,
Usurp'd by cruelty, the worst of fiends.
Hadst thou been treated thus, thou ne'er perhaps
Hadst liv'd, so barbarously from thy sight
To send a child of thine. O unblown flow'r!
Soft bud of Spring! Planted in foreign soil
How wilt thou prosper! Brush'd by other winds
In a new clime; and fed by other dews
Than suit thy nature! From a stranger hand
Ah, what can infancy expect, when she
Who bore thee in her womb so long, whose life,
Whose soul thou didst participate, neglects
Herself in thee, and breaks the strongest seal
Which Nature stamp'd in vain upon her heart.

O luckless babe, born in an evil hour,
Who shall with watchful eye thy thousand wants
Attend? Explore with care the latent cause
Giving uneasiness? Thy slumbers guard?
And when awake, with nice sedulity
Observe thy every turn? A parent might.
A venal hireling cannot if she would:
Though willing to perform her duty well,
She feels not in her soul th' impulsive goad
Of instinct, all the fond the fearful thoughts
Awakening: Say at length that habit's power
Can something like maternal kindness give,
Yet e'er that time may the poor nurseling die.

A Catalogue of New PUBLICATIONS, *not noticed in our Review.*

REMARKS on the history of Scotland. By Sir David Dalrymple. 3s. 6d.

A Treatise on Child-bed Fevers, and the method of preventing them. To which are prefixed, Two Dissertations, the one on the brain and nerves; the other on the sympathy of the nerves, and of different kinds of irritability. By Tho. Kirkland, M. D. 3s.

Experiments and observations on different kinds of air. By Joseph Priestly, LL. D. F. R. S. 5s.

A Speech intended to have been spoken on the bill for altering the charters of the colony of Massachusets Bay. 1s.

A review of the present administration. 1s.

The Liberty of the Press considered. 1s.

An Elegy on the approaching dissolution of parliament. 1s.

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A paſtoral ballad, in four parts: Admiration, Hope, Diſappointment, Succeſs. 1s.

The Depopulated Vale; a poem. 2s.

The Ides of June. A poem to the fair ſex. 6d.

Perjury; a ſatire. By Geo. Wallis. 2s.

The Naval Review. A poem. Inſcribed to the Right Hon. Sir Charles Saunders. By the Rev. Robert Engliſh. 2d edit. 1s. 6d.

Reſignation; or, majeſty in the dumps. An ode. Addreſſed to G. Colman, Eſq. 1s.

The Druid's monument. A tribute to the memory of Dr. Goldſmith. By the author of the Cave of Morar. 6d.

Poems on ſeveral occaſions. By John Bennett, a journeyman ſhoemaker. 2s. 6d.

Peace. A poem. 1s.

The common Engliſh tranſlation of the 45th pſalm, carefully corrected according to the true meaning of the Hebrew original; with a paraphraſe and notes. By Thomas Crane, 2d grammar maſter at Cheſter. 1s.

Obſervations on Dr. Williams's treatiſe on the gout. By Mr. Daniel Smith. 1s.

An excurſion to the lakes in Weſtmoreland and Cumberland. 3s. 6d.

The French teacher's aſſiſtant; or, a new and eaſy method to learn children to ſpell, read, and ſpeak French with propriety and elegance. By Nicholas Salomon, 1s. 6d.

The evidence in the trial between the Earl of Sandwich, and John Miller, before Lord Mansfield, and a ſpecial jury, in the court of King's-Bench, July 8, 1773. 1s.

The Man of Sorrows. 2s.

Catulli, Tibulli, Propertii Opera. 3s.

The martyrdom of Ignatius; a tragedy. Written in the year 1740. By the late John Gambold, miniſter of Stanton Harcourt, Oxfordſhire. To which is prefixed, the life of Ignatius. 2s.

The two Engliſh gentlemen; or, the ſham funeral. A comedy. By Js. Stewart. 1s. 6d.

A ſhort view of the hiſtory of the Colony of Maſſachuſet's Bay, with reſpect to their charters and conſtitution. By Iſrael Mauduit. The ſecond edition. With the original charter granted to that province. 1s. 6d.

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A Plan to reconcile Great-Britain and her Colonies. 1s.

Additional Preface to a pamphlet, entitled, An appeal to the public, on the ſubject of the national debt; containing obſervations on the preſent ſtate of the kingdom, with reſpect to its trade, debts, taxes, and paper credit. 6d.

A Diſcuſſion of ſome important and uncertain points in Chronology, in a ſeries of letters addreſſed to the Rev. Dr. Blair, prebendary of Weſtminſter. By J. Kennedy. 1s.

Four introductory lectures in Natural Philoſophy. 2s.

A Treatiſe of Maritime Surveying, in two parts. By Murdoch Mackenzie, ſen. 6s.

A collection of Letters and Eſſays in favour of public liberty, firſt publiſhed in the news-papers, in the years 1764, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, and 1770. 3 vols. 9s.

Two chapters of the laſt book of Chronicles; ſix letters to the good people of England; and ſeveral other pieces, relative to the diſpute between Engliſhmen in Europe and in America. By an Old Engliſh Merchant. 1s.

The report of the Lords Committees, appointed by the Houſe of Lords to enquire into the ſeveral proceedings in the colony of Maſſachuſets Bay; and alſo what paſſed in this Houſe relative thereto, from the 1ſt day of January, 1764. 2s.

The ſubſtance of the evidence delivered to a Committee of the Hon. Houſe of Commons by the merchants and traders of London, concerned in the trade to Germany and Holland, and of the dealers in foreign linens, as ſummed up by Mr. Glover. 1s. 6d.

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Religious Intolerance no part of the general plan either of the Moſaic or Chriſtian diſpenſation. Proved by ſcriptural inferences and deductions. On a plan entirely new. By Joſ. Tucker, D. D. Dean of Glocester. 1s.

A brief and diſpaſſionate view of the difficulties attending the Trinitarian, Arian, and Socinian ſyſtems. By Joſ. Tucker, D.D. 3d.

Reflections on the law of arreſts in civil actions; wherein is particularly conſidered the caſe of Lieut. Gen. Ganſel. 1s.

For the MONTHLY MISCELLANY.

The faſhionable DRESS for JULY, as eſtabliſhed at *St. James's* and *Bath.*

THE LADIES have made little Variation in their Dreſs from that given in our Miſcellany for June.——In FULL DRESS, they wear Chintz or Iriſh work'd Muſlin Negligees, lin'd with colour'd Silk, trimm'd with Mignionette or Gauze, ornamented with Taſſels and Flowers to match the Linings.—Silks, as given in the Dreſs for June.—The Hair dreſſed far back at the Top, with drop Curls at the Sides, and not ſo low behind as for ſome Time paſt.—Lappets in Fancy, with Pearl Pins and Flowers;—ſmall drop Ear-rings;—Ruffs for the Neck;—colour'd Shoes, with white Heels and Straps, and ſmall Roſe Buckles.

The Genteel UNDRESS.——Slight Luteſtring French Jackets, with Hoops, and tight Sleeves, four Flaps at the Bottom of the Waiſt, cloſe Back, and no Plaits; the Coat and Jacket trimm'd with Gauze and Ribbon;—Chip Hats or Calaſhes.

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FLOWERS

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Truth and Falshood.

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FLOWERS OF PARNASSUS.

For the MONTHLY MISCELLANY.

TRUTH and FALSHOOD. A Fable.

[*With an elegant* ENGRAVING.]

SOON as the iron age on earth began,
And vice found eafy entrance into man,
Forth from her cave infernal Falſhood came,
Falſhood, the hate of gods, of men the ſhame:
A ſilken robe ſhe wore of various hue,
Its colour changing with each different view:
Studious to cheat, and eager to beguile,
She mimick'd Truth, and ap'd her heav'nly ſmile;
But mimick'd Truth in vain; the varying veſt,
To ev'ry ſearching eye the fiend confeſt.
At length ſhe ſaw celeſtial Truth appear;
Serene her brow, and chearful was her air;
Her ſilver locks with ſhining fillets bound,
With laurel wreaths her peaceful temples crown'd;
A lily robe was girded round her waiſt,
And o'er her arms a radiant mantle caſt;
With decent negligence it hung behind,
And looſely flowing wanton'd in the wind.
Thus Truth advanc'd, unknowing of deceit,
And Falſhood, bowing low, began the cheat:
"Hail, charming maid, bright as the morning ſtar,
Daughter of Jove, and heav'n's peculiar care!
'Tis thine to weigh the world in equal ſcales,
And chide the conſcious ſoul when vice prevails;
Diſpenſing juſtice with impartial hand,
The mightieſt powers ſubmit to thy command:
E'en gods themſelves, tho' in their actions free,
Conſult, reſolve, and act as you decree.
Great ſov'reign Jove, the firſt etherial name,
Advis'd with thee to form the heav'nly frame:
As Truth approv'd he bade the fabric riſe,
And ſpread the azure mantle of the ſkies;
Plac'd every planet in its proper ſphere,
Nor rolls this orb too wide, nor that too near.
But why thus walk we, mindleſs of our eaſe,
Expos'd beneath the ſun's meridian blaze?
Better retire, and ſhun the ſcorching ray,
'Till fanning zephyrs cool our ev'ning way.
Hear how yon limpid brook runs murm'ring by,
And tuneful birds their ſylvan notes apply;
See fragrant ſhrubs along the borders grow,
And waving ſhades beneath the poplar bough:
All theſe invite us to the river's ſide,
To bathe our limbs, and ſport within the tide;
So cool the ſtream, the flow'ry bank ſo ſweet,
Diana's ſelf might covet the retreat:
Nor can a ſhort diverſion check your haſte;
Freſh ſtrength will ſoon ſucceed ſuch welcome reſt:
As rapid currents held awhile at bay,
With ſwifter force purſue their liquid way."

So ſpake the Phantom, and, with friendly look, [brook:
Supporting what ſhe ſaid, approach'd the
Truth follow'd, artleſs, unſuſpicious maid!
And in an evil hour the voice obey'd.
Both at the chryſtal ſtream arriv'd, unbound
Their different robes, both caſt them to the ground;
The Fiend upon the margin ling'ring ſtood;
The naked Goddeſs leap'd into the flood:
Sporting, ſhe ſwims the liquid ſurface o'er,
Unmindful of the matchleſs robe ſhe wore.
Not Falſhood ſo——ſhe haſty ſeiz'd the veſt,
And with the beauteous ſpoils herſelf ſhe dreſt; [wind;
Then, wing'd with joy, out-flew the ſwifteſt
Her own infernal robe ſhe left behind.
Strait ſhe aſpires above her former ſtate,
And gains admittance to the rich and great:
Nay, ſuch her daring pride, that ſome report,
When thus equipp'd ſhe boldly went to court;
There ſpake and look'd with ſuch a graceful air,
Miſtaken Fame pronounc'd her wiſe and fair.
She fill'd the wanton's tongue with ſpecious names, [flames;
To deal in wounds, and deaths, in darts and
She preſac'd all her lewd attempts with love,
And Fraud prevail'd where Reaſon could not move.
At length ſhe mingled with a learned throng,
And tun'd the Muſe's mercenary ſong.
In all the labyrinths of logic ſkill'd,
She taught the ſubtle reas'ner not to yield;
Inſtructed how to puzzle each diſpute,
And boldly baffle men, tho' not confute.
Now, at a bar, ſhe play'd the lawyer's part,
And ſhap'd out right and wrong by rules of art.
Now, in the ſenate, rais'd her pompous tone,
Talk'd much of public good, but meant her OWN.
Oft to the Olympian field ſhe turn'd her eyes,
And taught the racers how to gain the prize.
In ſchools and temples too ſhe claim'd a ſhare, [there.
While Falſhood's ſelf admir'd her influence

Deluded Truth obſerv'd the fraud too late,
Nor knew ſhe to repair a loſs ſo great:
In vain her heav'nly robes ſhe ſighing ſeeks;
In vain the humid pearls bedew her cheeks;
In vain ſhe tears the laurel from her hair,
While Nature ſeems to ſympathize her care:
The glowing flow'rs that crown th' enamel'd meads [ing heads.
Weep fragrant dews, and hang their droop-

The

The ſylvan choirs, as conſcious of her pains,
Deplore her loſs in melancholy ſtrains.
Thus, penſive, and uncloath'd, upon the ſhore, [wore:
She ſtands, and ſees the robe which Falſhood
Deteſted ſight! Nor longer now ſhe mourns,
But grief to rage transform'd, with anger burns;
Into the ſtream the helliſh robe ſhe toſt,
And ſcorn'd a habit ſo unlike the loſt.
Hence Truth now naked roves, as in diſgrace,
None but the wiſe and virtuous ſee her face:
From cities far ſhe modeſtly retreats,
From buſy ſcenes of life to peaceful ſeats;
Is chiefly found in lonely fields and cells,
Where ſilence reigns, and contemplation dwells.
Hence Falſhood cheats us in the fair diſguiſe,
And ſeems Truth's ſelf to all unwary eyes;
Triumphs and thrives in pow'r, and wealth, and fame,
And builds her glory on her rival's name:
With ſafety dares to flatter, fawn, and ſooth,
For who knows Falſhood when array'd like Truth?

For the MONTHLY MISCELLANY.

To an OLD LADY,

Very much afraid of the SMALL-POX.

WORN down with age, oppreſs'd with years,
Dame C******** the Small-pox fears,
Such groundleſs fears why cheriſh?
Avails it aught, I prithee ſay,
By what miſchance we're ſwept away,
By what diſeaſe we periſh!
Hence then with all this childiſh dread,
By Folly nurs'd, by Fancy bred;—
To all the time's allotted:
E'en wiſely place in heav'n your truſt,
Nor heed, when mixing with the duſt,
Whether your Face be SPOTTED.

For the MONTHLY MISCELLANY.

The following STANZAS were made in the Praiſe of Miſs —— ——.

ADIEU, ye ſtreams that ſmoothly flow,
Ye vernal airs that ſoftly blow,
Ye plains by blooming ſpring array'd,
Ye birds that warble thro' the ſhade.
Unhurt from you my ſoul could fly,
Nor drop one tear, nor heave one ſigh;
Fut forc'd from Celia's charms to part,
All joy deſerts my drooping heart.
O! fairer than the roſy morn,
When flowers the dewy fields adorn;
Unſullied as the genial ray,
That warms the balmy breeze of May;
Thy charms divinely bright appear,
And add new ſplendor to the year;
Improve the day with freſh delight,
And gild with joy the dreary night.

For the MONTHLY MISCELLANY.

To MIRA, *on her deſiring me to try the Influence of* BRIDE-CAKE.

AH Mira! would you then revive
Within my boſom anxious care;
Bid hope awhile in fancy live,
To plunge me deeper in deſpair?
Fondly I once within your eye
Saw love in every motion play;
Reſign'd my heart without a ſigh,
And thought your flame could ne'er decay.
Too ſoon, alas! the viſion's loſt,
The airy phantom mocks my ſight;
On love's tumultuous ocean toſt,
I long to ſink in ſhades of night.
Yet e'er I go, this wiſh receive,
This, all an hopeleſs lover can;
O may you never know to grieve,
But long enjoy the happy man.
May ye thro' life together go,
In mutual love, in mutual joy;
Then drop the curtain here below,
And riſe to bliſs which ne'er can cloy.

STREPHON.

For the MONTHLY MISCELLANY.

A NEW SONG;

Written by a LADY, *on leaving the Town for the Summer Seaſon.*

WELCOME fun, and ſouthern ſhow'rs,
Harbingers of buds and flow'rs;
Welcome grots and cooling ſhades,
Farewell balls and maſquerades.
Blooming May approaches near,
Lowing of the herds we hear;
Fatling lambs around us bleat,
Daiſies ſpring beneath their feet;
Birds are pirch'd on every ſpray,
Warbling notes to praiſe the day;
Thouſand herbs their fragrance yield,
Cowſlips cover all the field.
Sure 'tis time that now we flee,
London! from thy ſmoke and thee;
Welcome joys more pure and true,
Drums, and routs, adieu! adieu!

For the MONTHLY MISCELLANY.

ELEGIAC BALLAD.

THO' Nancy, unfortunate fair,
Affects to be calm by degrees;
Yet, O! do her actions declare,
That her boſom's one moment at eaſe?
To the winds will the mourner complain,
Or ſeek out ſome ſorrowful ſhade;
And eternally talk of the ſwain,
By whom ſhe was baſely betray'd.
From a night loſt to ſleep does ſhe riſe,
With a breaſt only fraught with her fears;
And the ſun never breaks on her eyes,
But to ſee them diſſolved in tears.

What

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What comfort, alas! can she find,
For the wound she is doom'd to endure;
When her grief 's the disease of the mind,
Which no arguments ever can cure.
Her woes the fond wretch may relate,
Whom so fatal a flame can enslave;
Yet find no physician but Fate,
And no other relief but the Grave.

VERSES *on the Nuptials of the Duke of* DEVONSHIRE, *with Lady* GEORGINA SPENCER.

WHERE now are all your numbers pour'd along, [song?
Ye sacred Nine! where rais'd your joyous
Where now do all your vot'ries swell the lay,
T' immortalise this welcome, glorious day?
This day, that gives to noble William's breast
His lov'd Georgina; this that makes her blest.
No matter where, the tidings all peruse,
(Fame holds them high) and ev'ry heart's a Muse.
Each heart rejoic'd, its tribute onward brings;
Each heart rejoic'd, congratulating sings.
Bless'd pair! for whom propitious Hymen wove
His softest band with tenderness and love:
Bless'd pair! on whom consenting Graces pour
Their loveliest attributes, their fairest store.
Whom all the Loves and all the Virtues fire,
Whom mutual honour, mutual flame inspire.
O! may the soul-drawn union lasting prove,
And time increase (if more it can) thy love.
May days revolving bring thee new delights,
And crouding joys fill all thy circling nights.
Soon may a smiling offspring grace thy side,
Thy mutual comfort, and thy country's pride.
In blooming sweetness may they rise, and shew
The mother's soft, the father's patriot glow:
May still, O Cavendish, the loudest fame
And latest time bear high thy honour'd name.

To Lady BETTY HAMILTON, *on her Marriage with Lord* STANLEY.

SWEET Lady *Betty*, pride of Scotia's land,
Fortune and love go rarely hand in hand;
Had inclination reign'd, and not your *Mater*,*
A Lord you h'd wed—without a *fête champêtre*.
It is not feasts, pomp, baubles, stars & strings,
The gifts of fortune, and the pride of kings,
Which give a relish to the human heart,
Or turn or fix love's genuine virtuous dart.
Not all the gaudy baubles of the East,
The lordly jewels, and the royal feast,
Can please your soul, or charm your longing eye,
Like love, a hut, and sweet simplicity.
Live, Lady *Betty*, live! The Gods will send
A comfort! Virtue never wants a friend.

* *The Duchess.*

FAVOURITE SONGS
Sung at the *Fête Champêtre*.

SONG, by Mrs. BARTHELEMON.

SWEET Nightingale, queen of the spray,
Whose note is disturb'd by our song,
Ah! stretch not thy pinions away,
Alarm'd at the numerous throng;
But try thy sweet warble again,
And challenge thy hearers to fine,
Tho' the Muses attend on their train,
To make such a concert as thine.

DUETTO, by a *Shepherd* and a *Shepherdess*.

She. Shepherd, why so lost in gazing?
These are maids of high degree;
Ill befall their arts of pleasing,
If they steal thy thoughts from me.

He. Yes, my fair one, here are faces
Which might make the proudest yield;
But against their dang'rous graces
Constancy shall hold the shield.

She. These fine youths are slaves to fashion,
Soon they loath what they pursue;

He. Ill they know the bliss of passion,
To be happy, I'll be true.

She. I'm contented one possessing;

He. One to me is ever new:

Both. Learn, fair strangers, learn the blessing;
To be happy, we are true.

VAUDEVILLE.

Ye fine-fangled folks, who from cities and courts,
By your presence enliven the fields,
Accept for your welcome our innocent sports,
And the fruits that our industry yields.
No temples we raise to the idol of Wealth,
No altar to Vanity smokes;
We ask but of Fortune kind seasons and health,
To prepare for the feast of the Oaks.

From the plain and the thicket, each usual haunt,
The villagers hasten away;
Your encouraging smile is the bounty they want
To compensate the toils of the day.
The milk-maid abandons her pail & her cow,
In the furrow the plowman unyokes;
From the meadow and valley all press to the brow,
To assist at the feast of the Oaks.

Here each youth to his cottage contentment endears;
Our girls have not learn'd to beguile;
Good humour resists the encroachment of years,
And age is still deck'd with a smile.
No serpent approaches with venomous tooth,
No raven with ominous croaks,
Nor rancorous slander, more fatal than both,
Shall be found at the feast of the Oaks.

See the star of the ev'ning in radiance display'd,
To labour—sweet sign of relief!
'Tis our favorite planet,—it rules o'er the shade,
And governs the heart of our chief;——
Oh! Venus, propitious, attend to his vow,
Thy grace from his soul he invokes;
With a garland of victory circle his brow,
And joy to the Lord of the Oaks.

COPY *of a* WILL, *written in Verse, and entered in the Commons in* 1737.

THE fifth day of May,
Being airy and gay,
And to hyp not inclin'd,
But of vigorous mind,
And my body in health,
I'll diſpoſe of my wealth,
And all I'm to leave,
On this ſide the grave,
To ſome one or other,
And I think to my brother,
Becauſe I foreſaw
That my brethren-in-law,
If I did not take care,
Wou'd come in for their ſhare,
Which I no wiſe intended,
'Till their manners are mended,
And of that, God knows, there's no ſign;
I do therefore enjoin,
And do ſtrictly command,
As witneſs my hand,
That nought I have got
Shall go into hotch-pot;
But I give and deviſe,
As much as in me lies,
To the ſon of my mother,
My own dear brother,
To have and to hold,
All my ſilver and gold,
As the affectionate pledges
Of his brother

JOHN HEDGES.

☞ The teſtator died in 1737. This extraordinary will paſſed a very conſiderable perſonal eſtate; and may be ſeen verbatim as above, in the regiſter at the Prerogative-office; where it appears, that adminiſtration with the will annexed was granted to Paul Whichcote, Eſq; and another perſon.

On EARLY RISING.

[Suppoſed to be written in Autumn.]

Nempe hoc aſſiduè? Jam clarum mane feneſtras
Intrat, & anguſtas extendit lumine rimas.
Perſ. Sat. 3.

AWAKE, Amander! ſee the beauteous morn, [horn.
And hear the huntſman blow the ſwelling
Bluſh to be found on feathers laid ſupine,
While orient ſun-beams thro' the window ſhine!
Amander, wake! and ſeize the prime of day;
Nor loſe the gifts of nature by delay,
Pregnant of future bane, delay conſumes
Whate'er in life with faireſt proſpect blooms:
She ſteals from man the momentary prize;
No colours paint it, and no treaſure buys.
Amander, wake! what num'rous ſouls are fled,
Since Phœbus haſten'd to his wat'ry bed?
Were ghoſts departed call'd from realms below,
How would they ſnatch the moments as they flow?

Oh wake, Amander! Nature calls aloud:
Her buſy offſpring into action croud.
The faithful cock, with creſt and voice erect,
The watchful dogs, who ſleeping domes protect,
The cattle lowing round the farmer's gate,
The bleating flocks, confin'd in narrow ſtate,
The rural ſongſters, plum'd with various dyes,
Raiſing their notes in rapture to the ſkies—
All yield inſtruction to the ſluggard man,
And one great truth in different meaſures ſcan,
Tho' mean the teachers,—yet the moral good,
Or taught in plains, or echoed from the wood.
Behold that orb of light, in ſplendor roll'd,
Glazing the Eaſt with rays of burniſh'd gold,
Not ſleeping there;—that maſſy globe of fire,
Nor dares to halt, nor ever knew to tire.
But why that lamp ordain'd—ordain'd ſo bright,
Why pour ſo early the revolving light,
Why thus invade the manſion mortals raiſe,
And pierce the curtains with a dazzling blaze,
If man, by licence, innocently ſnores,
A lawful ſpendthriſt of his Maker's ſtores?
Rouſe, rouſe, Amander! every ſolar ray
Engraves a ſatire on thy long delay.
The night for ſlumber, Nature, kind, intends;
Grateful of that, pervert not Nature's ends;
Whoe'er perverts will ſoon or late repent
Her ſyſtem thwarted, and a life miſ-ſpent.

Behold the fields, in verdure freſh and gay!
The fairy ſcenes allure thy ſteps away.
No ſcorching heat has yet oppreſs'd the ground;
But dewy coldneſs breathes her ſpices round;
The fanning zephyrs dance along the trees;
And every woodland hails the morning breeze.
Ten thouſand dew-drops twinkle in the graſs,
While every ſhepherd ſports it with his laſs:
Sweet love and innocence are here combin'd,
And perfect Nature opens to the mind.
Then flee confinement;—to the fields repair,
And taſte with ſwains the pleaſures of the air.
Delightful hours! to view the reaping train,
Immers'd in corn, collect the ripen'd grain!
Part uſe the ſickle, part amaſs the ſheaves;
Some glean the relics; earth with harveſt heaves.

Once more, I ſound the trumpet in thy ear:
Amander, wake! the voice of Health is here,
Health, blooming Goddeſs, loves the matin hour,
On early votaries her gifts to pour.
Then haſte to worſhip, at her morning ſhrine,
With due libations, and the rights divine.
In open lawns, gay woods, or flow'ry mead,
Walk forth ſerene, or mount the fiery ſteed.
No ſmoaky clouds their winding ſheets condenſe.
Or ſhow'rs of death on poiſon'd man diſpenſe;
Nocturnal ſalts enrich the balmy ſoil;
The nerves are brac'd, and fit for manly toil.
The crimſon current rolls along the veins,
And ev'ry limb elaſtic vigour gains.
Nor leſs the mind expands by early dawn;
From grov'ling care, and vainer toys withdrawn:

With

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With rising larks, she mounts the airy clime,
And soars aloft on vent'rous wing sublime:
Her pow'rs ennobl'd, and her will refin'd,
To highest deeds, and purest thoughts inclin'd.
But noxious vapours, bred by morning sleep,
O'er all the brain in cumb'rous armies creep:
Unstring the nerves, contaminate the whole,
And damp the ardours of the prison'd soul.

I ask, Amander, what to live avails?
Is slumber living, weigh'd in Reason's scales?
Or time so ling'ring, so diffuse the span,
That active hours are enemies to man?
Go, ask thy Conscience, then explore thy Creed!
A future Judgment is in both decreed.—
Thy Conscience stifle, and thy Creed destroy;
Sceptic, for once, a future state deny:——
Ambition's pride may teach thee soon to rise;
So Newton's glory reach'd the distant skies.
But sleeping drones, in vain, prefer their claim
To laurel'd honours of immortal fame.

[*Univ. Mag.*]

The BRAES of BALLANDINE.

A favourite *Scotch* SONG.

BENEATH a green shade a lovely young Swain,
One ev'ning reclin'd to discover his pain.
So sad, yet so sweetly he warbled his woe,
The winds ceas'd to breathe, and the fountains to flow;
Rude winds with compassion could hear him complain,
Yet Chloe, less gentle, was deaf to his strain.

How happy (he cried) my moments once flew,
E'er Chloe's bright charms first flash'd to my view!
Those eyes then with pleasure the dawn could survey,
Nor smil'd the fair morning more chearful than they!
Now scenes of distress please only my sight,
I'm tortur'd in pleasure, and languish in light!

Thro' changes in vain relief I pursue;
All, all but conspire my griefs to renew.
From sunshine to zephyrs and shades we repair,
To sunshine we fly from too piercing an air;
But love's ardent fever burns always the same,
No winter can cool it, no summer inflame.

But see the pale moon all clouded retire!
The breezes grow cool--not Strephon's desire.
I fly from the dangers of tempest and wind,
Yet nourish the madness that preys on the mind.
Ah, wretch, how can life be worthy thy care?
To lengthen its moments but lengthens despair!

[*London Mag.*]

SONG by Dr. GOLDSMITH.

Intended to have been sung in the Character of *Miss Hardcastle*,* in *She stoops to conquer*.

AH me! when shall I marry me?
Lovers are plenty, but fail to relieve me.
He, fond youth, that could carry me,
Offers to love, but means to deceive me.
But I will rally and combat the ruiner:
Not a look, not a smile, shall my passion discover.
She that gives all to the false one pursuing her,
Makes but a penitent, loses a lover.

* *Mrs. Bulkeley (who play'd the part) does not sing.*

On the PURSUIT after GOLD.

'TIS Gold, the bane of man, that shining ore,
That fills him with disquietude and care,
Makes him in actions speak himself the knave,
To purchase what? A gilded bait for fools.
Ambition's votaries, compar'd to those,
Who make the love of Gold their only good,
Are few indeed. This love's contagion,
That infects all from Princes to the Clown.
What means this bustle? Why this anxious care,
That sits predominant on every brow? [care,
'Tis after Gold, the God of fallen man.
To purchase this the monarch shifts the scene
And plays the tyrant; for this the statesman sells
His friends or country to enrich himself;
The Judge, when smells a fee, or int'rest bribes,
Will honourably acquit, tho' justice calls;
The Doctor next, whose soul with av'rice burns,
Will keep his patient ling'ring in a state
Of wretchedness, or send him to the shades
Of gloomy Tartarus, months before his time;
For this the Priest, the shepherd of the flock,
Will play the ravenous wolf, and fleece his sheep.
The Lover sighs to obtain his mistress' wealth,
And with his feigned arts of flattery
Deceives and captivates the lovely fair;
For this the Female Wretch, devoid of thought,
To prostitution gives herself and honour;
The Thief, adventurous, to obtain this pelf,
Will rob and murder, though his life's the forfeit;
The Soldier, son of Mars, inspir'd by this,
With fortitude will meet the coming foe,
Nor shrinks at danger for the golden prize;
The Poet feels its force, and gives his lays
To varnish crimes. Thus prostitutes his song.
The truth is clear, nor can admit dispute,
That Av'rice is the fiend that damns the man:
And shall this av'rice reign in Britain's sons?
Shall souls immortal make no other choice?
For shame exert yourselves; let Reason guide.
Hark! the divinity now calls within
To emulate. Pursue her dictates, then,
And nobly dare to act what she inspires.

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For the MONTHLY MISCELLANY.

A Translation of PHILIPS's ODE,

To HENRY SAINT JOHN, *Esq.*

O Thou, who with benignant smile,
Did it me my every care beguile,
With taper tube and India's fragrant weed,
Whilst all to genial mirth combine,
The early wit, and generous wine,
Which milder climes and warmer regions breed,

How shall a bard with want oppreſt,
With nought of earthly bleſſings bleſt,
Thy favours great, a mighty debt, repay?
Aſſiſt my muſe, the verſe inſpire,
Strike the ſweetly-ſounding lyre, [lay,
And ſwell with grateful thoughts the pleaſing

Fain thro' realms remote I'd ſtray,
Where ſkilful Flaccus led the way,
Up-borne with well-plum'd pinions thro' the ſky;
With equal aid my ſoul would dare
To cut the earth-encircling air,
And wing'd like him to diſtant worlds would fly.

Whether in high exalted vein,
He boldly pour'd the manly ſtrain,
Or trilled to blithſome mirth the ſprightlier air,
When to indulge the ſocial night,
The generous good Etruſcan Knight
Would to his happy rural ſeat repair.

Tho' he to Bacchus ſtrikes the ſtrings,
And much of juice nectarean ſings,
Not nobler wines than your's the bard could boaſt,
Tho' brought from Falern's ſunny hill,
Or where th' inviting cluſters ſwell,
On far-fam'd Grecian Chios' ſultry coaſt.

Not e'en Mecænas, name divine,
Was dearer to the tuneful Nine,
Nor more belov'd by all the learned race,
Than you, who, with benignant hand,
Leads Science to her honour'd ſtand,
In all her natural dignity and grace.

How does the thought my ſoul inſpire,
How glows my grateful breaſt with fire,
To your illuſtrious name the verſe to raiſe;
In happy daring flight to ſoar
To heights unknown by bards of yore,
Diſplay your wond'rous worth, and ſing your laſty praiſe.

But oh! a vain, an empty thought
Of one to death's dark regions brought,
By ſharpeſt pains and ſad acuteſt woe!
E'er from the fatal couch he'll riſe,
E'er lift his ſunk, his languid eyes,
Nor the bleſt dawn of roſy health ſhall know;

Unleſs, your friendly hand diſpenſe
The ſparkling wine's ſweet influence,
Which can freſh vigour to the ſoul impart,
New ardours in the frame inſpire,
Kindle a-new the latent fire,
Whilſt generous currents warm the droop-ing heart.

Then when the genial tapers ſhine,
With me the ſocial board ſhall join,
And to your health the ampleſt goblet drain;
Wiſhing that long your tend'reſt part
With gentle ſmiles may ſooth your heart,
Oppreſt with public cares for Anna's glorious reign.

Hail greatly bleſt! whoſe ſoul can move
To nuptial joys and ſofteſt love,
Fanny the young, the blooming, and the fair,
Whoſe ſnowy breaſt with ringlets ſpread,
Which looſely curl a-down her head,
Of Venus ſelf the boaſt, of every Grace the care.

What rapt'rous tranſports muſt you know,
For whom her ſofteſt wiſhes glow,
In cloſe embrace to join the kindling kiſs;
But me a hapleſs flame deſtroys,
Debar'd from love's exalted joys,
Denied the charming ſmile, and e'en the hope of bliſs.

Tho' Molly, nymph that ſtrikes my mind,
Still views her ſwain with look unkind,
Laid proſtrate low with many a piteous ſigh,
Yet ne'ertheleſs the virgin train
To wound my heart ſtrive all in vain,
She is my only wiſh, for her alone I die.

Tho' all endeavours fruitleſs prove
To warm the maid to mutual love,
Her image ſtill diſturbs my troubled breaſt;
Nor all that you beſtow benign,
Tobacco bland, and generous wine,
Can ſooth my ſoul and lull my cares to reſt.

S. P.

An EPISTLE to Dr. PRIESTLEY,

In Imitation of
Horace's "Integer Vitæ," *&c.*

THE Man whoſe noble heart diſdains
A ſordid education's chains,
And, free from Superſtition's load,
Obeys, and ſtill enjoys his God,
Needs neither Pope's nor Biſhop's Bleſſing
To fix that peace his heart's at reſt in;
And aſks Divinity alone
To teach him what to do, or ſhun.

Whether abroad the ample page
Of Public Life his thoughts engage;
Or Social Duties aſk his care;
Or meagre want prefers its pray'r;
Or deep Diſtreſs with downcaſt eyes,
Or Guilt, as low in duſt it lies,
Excite the pity of his breaſt;
Thro' *all*, with Heaven and Love poſſeſt,
He acts the part his God deſign'd,
And ſhews his image on his mind.

As late I took the ev'ning air,
And meditation ſooth'd my care,
Huſh'd were my griefs, and all was free,
To Love, to Liberty, and THEE;
A Bigot paſs'd, whoſe every feature
Declar'd the rancour of his nature,
A frowning, ſcowling, bitter creature.
His brow not gentle love could clear,
But dark *Anathema* ſat there.

He

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He look'd to Heav'n—but 'twas to ſee
His furious God that hated me;
Then turn'd precipitate away,
As if 'twas hell itſelf to ſtay
With one, who could not think that God
Delighted in his Creature's blood,
And had *elected* him thro' favour,
And *reprobated* me for ever.
A Bigot, ſir!—but let him reſt,
Wrapt in the gloom that ſuits him beſt;
And (as 'twill ſerve the point as well)
Figure him by a parallel.
Geneva, that with fire and faggot
Burnt poor Servetus for a maggot:
Paris, or Liſbon, or Madrid,
Where you and I ſhould riſque a head
'Midſt holy wars for holy bread,
Will furniſh you with inſtances
Enough to let you know who 'tis.

But why for ſamples ſhould I roam,
When we may find them nearer home?
And need not move one ſtep beyond us,
To ſee poor Diſmals in the jaundice:
That jaundice of Theology,
Which gives to objects its *own* dye;
And makes them think that God loves none
But thoſe whom *they* have fix'd upon:—
Men who have ſquar'd their lives and notions
By Calvin's laws and *inſtitutions*.

Place me amongſt the ſons of thunder,
Who roar to make the Vulgar wonder;
And ſtare, and ſtamp, and damn in nonſenſe,
To wake the Devil in the conſcience.
Or thoſe ſoft ſons of conſolation,
Who *whine* out tidings of ſalvation,
And lull their auditors aſleep,
By telling them that Grace is cheap,
And may be had without much trouble,
For *Works* are all an empty bubble:
But *ſplendid ſins* are beſt, to cover
A heart by nature foul all over.

Place me with men *eccleſiaſtic*,
Who to the church for living faſt ſtick,
And think us fools who will not eat
The ready-cook'd and carved meat,
Which Queen Eliza, that She-Biſhop,
Took ſo much pains to dreſs and diſh up.

Place me with thoſe who cover ſin
In any of the *Brethren*,
But think damnation is the due
Of every fault in me or you.
Place me with Churchmen or Fanatics,
And the full flock of wild Erratics,
Whoſe fiery and eccentric fancies
Lead them religious morice-dances.

With any or with all theſe fix me,
Tho' impudence and nonſenſe v.x me,
Yet ſtill I hope to keep my temper,
The Man—the Chriſtian, *idem ſemper*—
Nor ever ſwerve from truth or love,
Nor in the Serpent loſe the Dove;
Nor fear to ſay to *this* or *th' other*—
"I'm Dr. PRIESTLEY's Friend and Brother."

CHARISTIDES.

For the MONTHLY MISCELLANY.

Be content with thy Lot.

HOW truly bleſt that virtuous ſwain,
Who can his paſſion's force reſtrain;
Who ſees, unmov'd, the rich, the great,
Nor mourns his wayward partial fate;
Free from wild noiſe, and party ſtrife,
He calmly treads the ſtage of life;
Contentment, balm of every care,
Still guards his ſoul from fell deſpair;
Within his breaſt he ſtill can find,
Heav'n's nobleſt gift:—a peaceful mind!

For the MONTHLY MISCELLANY.

EPIGRAMS.

TWO diſtant ranks of men, in knowledge near
Each other ſtand—the Beggar and the Peer.
The firſt too mean to learn; t'other too great;
Both equi-diſtant from the proper ſtate.
One cares for nothing but his daily meſs,
The other thinks of little but his dreſs:
Hence ſilken bands we ſee the waiſt bedeck,
Inſtead of hempen ones around the neck.

WORTH ſhould determine every man his due,
Whether a halter, or a ribband blue;
But Fortune ſteps between, and by her grope,
Blindly miſtakes a ribband for a rope:
Hence ſilken bands we ſee the waiſt bedeck,
Inſtead of hempen ones around the neck.

SAYS Ap Shenkin to Morgan one day on the green, [lean:
"Cot pleſs hur, dear honey! hur looks very
Has pale ſickneſs oppreſt hur, or does hur deſign
To get a ſmall ſhape, and ſo look very fine?"
'O, no,—by St. David!'—"me ſuſpect now the matter, [foul water."
Hur has been playing the fool in ſome very
'Cot ſplutter a nails! cries Morgan, with heat, [nothing to eat."
Hur is lean, you d---d dog,—'cauſe her has

To a very pretty LADY *fond of* PATCHES.

YOUNG Chloe, form'd by Nature's happieſt care,
With patches ſtrives to ſhine more killing fair;
But hold, bright nymph, nor dare to be ſo ſimple, [a pimple.
The beaux may think each patch conceals

On the Banks and Paper Credit in Scotland.

TO tell us why banks thus in *Scotland* obtain,
Requires not the head of a *Newton* or *Napier*.
Without calculation, the matter's quite plain:
Where there's plenty of *rags*, you'll have plenty of *paper*.

MARTIAL, Book XII. Ep. 30.

NED is a ſober fellow, they pretend——
So would I have my coachman, not my friend.

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Marriages, Deaths, Preferments, Prices of Corn, Stocks, &c.

MARRIED.

THE Hon. Thomas Lyon, Esq; brother to Lord Strathmore, to Miss Wren, daughter of Farrer Wren, Esq; of Binchester in Durham.

At Dublin, Captain Lancelot Hill, to Miss Perry, sister to the Right Hon. Edmund Sexton Perry, speaker of the House of Commons of Ireland.

The Hon. John Beresford, to Miss Montgomery, daughter to Sir Wm. Montgomery, and sister to Viscountess Townshend.

Stephen Rain, Esq; a member in the Irish Parliament, to the Hon. Lady Charlotte Stopford, sister to the Earl of Courtown.

The Rev. Mr. Milton, vicar of Heckfield, Hants, to Miss Gresley, only daughter of Mr. Gresley, apothecary, of Bristol.

The Rev. Mr. Edwards, rector of Stampford Courtenay in Devonshire, to Miss Jane Edwards, of York-street, Cavendish-square.

The Rev. Dr. Ford, vicar of Melton Mowbray, in Leicestershire, to Miss Sage, daughter to **** Sage, Esq; of Great Stanmore.

Henry Prescot Blencowe, Esq; of Thoby hall, Essex, to Miss Barber, of Wandsworth.

Archibald Crawford, Esq; to Miss Kennedy, daughter of Mr. Robert Kennedy, merchant, in Liverpool.

The Rev. Mr. James, rector of Spetchley and Himbledon, in Worcestershire, to Miss Hurdman, of Kempsey.

John Dalton, Esq; of Thurnham in Leicestershire, to Miss Gage, daughter of Sir Tho. Gage, Bart.

M Price, surgeon and apothecary, to Miss Alexander, both of Marlborough.

At Warrington, the Rev. Mr. Barhauld, to Miss Anna Letitia Aikin.

Mr. Andrews, of Brentford, to Miss Bird, of Reading.

Mr. Turberville, surgeon, of Worcester, to Miss Carver, of the same place.

Mr. John Croft, wine-merchant, of York, to Miss Bacon, daughter of Mr. Ald. Bacon.

The Rev. Mr. Meadow, of Cocking in Sussex, to Miss Sally Marshall, of Havant, Hants.

At Edinburgh, Wm. Elphinstone, Esq; son of Lord Elphinstone, and Captain of a ship in the East-India Company, to Miss Fullerton of Carstairs.

John Dalrymple, Esq; merchant in Edinburgh, to Miss Anne Young Pringle, daughter of the deceased Walter Pringle, Esq; merchant in St. Christopher's.

Henry Lisle, Esq; of Bristol, merchant, to Miss Mercer, of Poland-street.

Philip Champion Crespigny, Esq; King's proctor, to Miss Clarissa Brooke, youngest daughter of James Brooke, Esq; of Rathbone-place.

Arthur Farwell, gent. town clerk of Totnes, to Miss Taylor, an agreeable young lady, with a fortune of 5000l.

At Basingstoke, Mr. Brudenell, son of the late Dr. Exton, to Miss Elizabeth Bishop.

At Walcot church, Richard Newdic, Esq; to Miss Christian Weldon, daughter of Mr. Weldon, in Bath.

Robert Procter Anderdon, Esq; of Henlade, Somerset, to Miss Callard, widow of the late Amos Callard, Esq; of Ford, near Axminster, Devon.

Mr. Thomas Gleed, mercer, of Reading, to Miss Round, of Phillis Court, near Henly.

Capt. Nicholas Bradley, of Newcastle, to Mrs. Van Tromp.

At Bruton, Caleb Davis, to Sarah Carrier.—Their ages together make 139.

DIED.

His Serene Highness the Elector of Mentz, of a dropsy in his breast.

The Right Hon. Henry Fox, Lord Holland, Baron of Foxley, in Wilts, clerk of the pells in Ireland for life, and also for the lives of his two sons. His Lordship is succeeded in title and estate by his eldest son Stephen Fox, Esq; now Lord Holland, which vacates his seat in Parliament for Salisbury.

The very pious, exemplary, and learned prelate Zachary Pearce, D. D. Lord Bishop of Rochester, aged 84.

At Clifton, in her 89th year, Lady Williams, relict of Sir John Williams, Bart.

The Right Hon. Francis Andrews, provost of the University of Dublin, member of Parliament for Londonderry, and one of his Majesty's privy council in Ireland.

At Edinburgh, Lady Elliot, widow of Sir Gilbert Elliot, of Minto, Bart.

At Edgbaston, Sir Henry Gough, Bart.

Lady Goring, wife of Sir Harry Goring, of Highden in Sussex.

Sir Charles Towley, Knight, Garter Principal King at Arms.

The Right Hon. Lady Caroline Dewar.

At Charles-Town, in South Carolina, Faithful Adrian Forteſcue, Esq; lieut. of his Majesty's ship Glasgow, on that station.

At Doncaster, Richard Kent, Esq; alderman, and late mayor of that corporation.

The Lady of Robert Ballard, Esq; one of the aldermen of Southampton.

At Prior's Court, Berks, Mrs. Barton, widow of the late Rev. Dr. Barton, canon of Christ-church, Oxon.

Mr. John Clarke, of Doctor's-Commons.

At Hemington Abbots, (Huntingdonshire) Mrs. Mary Dickens, aged 88 years, relict of the Rev. Mr. Samuel Dickens, 36 years rector of that place.

George Wingfield, Esq; of the Inner Temple.

At Bath, the Hon. Mrs. Wright, wife of Alexander Wright, Esq; and eldest daughter of John Lord Chedworth.

At Bath, Mrs. Gwyn, only daughter of the late General Fuller.

Aged 86, the Rev. Mr. Nicholas Tindall, the celebrated translator of Rapin's History of England.

The Rev. Tho. Gurney, minister of Whitstable and vicar of Seasalter, near Canterbury, and rector of Charlton near Dover.

At Burton Overy in Leicestershire, the Rev. Mr. John Farmer, formerly of Emanuel college, Cambridge.

The Rev. Benjamin Piddington, A. B. a minor canon in Hereford cathedral.

The Rev. Dr. Amory, minister of a dissenting meeting-house in the Old Jewry.

Of an apoplectic fit, after performing pastoral duty in the afternoon, the Rev. Mr. John Dering, rector of Hilgay in Norfolk.

The Rev. Mr. William Morgan, rector of Wasing in Berks.

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The Rev. Mr. Baynon, minister of Wegmore, in Herefordshire.
The Hon. John Nixon, Esq; one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of Judicature, in Jamaica.
At Newport, Wm. White, Esq; one of his Majesty's justices of the peace for Hants.
William Kelynge, Esq; one of his Majesty's Justices for Middlesex.
At Neath in Glamorganshire, aged 92, Mrs. Pralph, relict of the late David Pralph, Esq; and grand-daughter to the late Dr. Pocock.
At Paittlewell in Essex, Mrs. Martha Gibbons, a widow woman, aged 107: she was at church the morning before she died.
At Lewes in Sussex, Mrs. Taylor, widow, daughter of Dr. Moreton, formerly Bishop of Meath in Ireland, and half sister of Sir William Moreton.
At Turkdean, Glocestershire, John Churchill Wicksted, Esq; a relation to Ld. Wenman.
The Lady of Alexander Trapaud, Esq; Governor of Fort Augustus.
Mr. Samuel Bates, common council for Aldersgate Within, upwards of 30 years.
Lieutenant Francis Moore, of the Hon. East-India Company's artillery in Calcutta.
Edward Cooke, Esq; of Sonninghill, formerly a captain in the East-India service.
Capt. Forrester, formerly a commander in the navy.
John Horsley, Esq; an officer in the train of artillery.
George Turnpenny Symes, Esq; of the third regiment of foot guards.
At Kew, Joshua Kirby, Esq; F. R. S. and A. S. a well known author in perspective.
Suddenly, John Roberts, Esq; a gentleman of Glocestershire.
Mr. Williams, in partnership with Messrs. Raymond and Vere, bankers, in London.
Benjamin Hill, Esq; receiver-general for Northamptonshire.
Suddenly, Mrs. Whitchurch, wife of Mr. Whitchurch, mayor of Reading.
Mr. George Gandy, Wine-merchant, of Reading, Berks.
At Cork, William Busteed, Esq; alderman and water-bailiff of that city.
At Charing Cross, Mr. Guy, mathematical instrument maker.
By a fall from his horse, on Epping forest, Mr. Ingrove, distiller, near East Smithfield.
At his seat in Hertfordshire, **** Channellor, Esq; aged 76 years.
Mr. Vaughan, attorney, of Furnival's Inn.
At Manchester, Mr. Brownell, attorney.
Samuel Brooke, Esq; barrister at law, of the Inner Temple.
At Stubbington, near Portsmouth, George Ridge, Esq.
Mr. John Jones, wine-merchant, on Portsmouth Common.
Mr. Daniel Angus, at Esher in Surry, the famous strong man.
In the 102d year of his age, Mr. Harrop, weaver, in Spitalfields.
James Martindale, Esq; of Wraxall, Somerset.
Mr. Richard Clarke, an eminent surgeon and apothecary, of Ansford, Somerset.
Mr. Davenport, head-porter at the Queen's palace.
At Aston in Shropshire, the Rev. Mr. Wm. Lloyd.

ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

Rev. Edmund Gibson, son of the late Bishop of London, to the consolidated rectories of St. Bene't and St. Peter's, London, with the vicarage of Bishop's Stortford, Herts.
Rev. Robert Bathurst, M. A. to hold the rectory of West Tudderly, together with the rectory of Broughton in Hants, worth upwards of 500l. per annum.
Rev. Mr. Domett, of Ilchester, to the living of Hawkchurch, Dorset.
Rev. Mr. Arthur Onslow, to be chaplain to the House of Commons.
Rev. Mr. Birch, fellow of Magdalen college, Oxford, to the vicarage of Ashbury, Berks.
Rev. James Weller, to the united rectories of St. Mary and St. Trinity in Guildford.
The Rev. Mr. Courtney, rector of Lee, near Blackheath in Kent, to the valuable living of St. George, Hanover-square.
Rev. Mr. Morgan, master of the grammar-school in Bath, to the rectory of Glooston, in Leicestershire.
Rev. John Sibley, M. A. to the rectory of Walcot, near Bath.
Rev. George Batson, B. A. to the vicarage of Wootton in Wilts.
Rev. Dr. Apthorpe, fellow of Eton college, to the rectory of Worplesdown in Surry.
Rev. John Marsden, M. A. to the rectory of Bolton Piercy in Yorkshire.
Rev. John Ravenhill, M. A. to the rectory of Strensham in Worcestershire.
Rev. David Jones, clerk, to the vicarage of Longhope in Glocestershire.
Rev. John Pitman, clerk, A. M. to the rectory of Fretherne in Glocestershire.
Rev. Mr. Davis, to the vicarage of Sutton Benger, Wilts.
Rev. Joseph Davie, A. M. to be fellow of Trinity college, Oxon, and Messrs. Griffin, Jones, and Smerdon, to be scholars.
Rev. Joseph Ferris, to the rectory of Crede in Devon.
Rev. John Bostock, to the vicarage of New-Windsor, Berks.
Rev. John Harrison, M. A. to hold the rectory of Faulkbourn, with the rectory of East Hanningfield in Essex.
James King, D. D. to a canonry or prebend in the collegiate church or free chapel of St. George in Windsor.
Richard Hennah, clerk, to the vicarage of St. Austel and St. Blazy in Cornwall.
Rev. Mr. Richard Drake, to the rectory of Little Farnsham in Norfolk.
Rev. Robert Harding, to the rectory of Alderton in Northamptonshire.
Rev. Henry Watkins, M. A. to the vicarage of Conisbrough in Yorkshire.
Rev. Mr. Evans, rector of Londesbrough, to the vicarage of Felixkerk near Thirsk.
Rev. Mr. Watson, master of a private boarding school in Bury St. Edmund's to the rectory or fine-cure of Llangwin, Denbighshire.
Robert Pye, D. D. rector of Whitburne in Durham, to a prebend of Rochester.
Rev. Mr. John Ord, to the consolidated rectories of Burgh St. Mary, and Burgh St. Margaret in Norfolk.
Rev. Mr. Walker, M. A. fellow of Oriel col. Oxon, to the living of Swinswick, Somerset.
Rev. Mr. Hornby, to the living of Dalton in Durham.

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CIVIL and MILITARY PROMOTIONS.

His Grace the Duke of Grafton, to be comptroller of the Green Wax office, and receiver and comptroller of the Profits of the Seals in the King's Bench and Common Pleas; in the room of the late Duke of Cleveland.

Right Hon. John Hely Hutchinſon, D. L. his Majeſty's prime ſerjeant, to the office of provoſt of Trinity college, Dublin.

Dr. Burney, and Mr. Saiſon, to be muſicians in ordinary to his Majeſty.

Major Digby, of the 45th regiment of foot, to ſucceed Lord Allen in the firſt regiment of foot guards, who retires.

Thomas Oliver, Eſq; to be lieutenant-governor of the Province of Maſſachuſets Bay.

Thomas Baker, Eſq; to be Attorney-general, and Aſhton Warner Byam, Eſq; to be ſolicitor-general of Grenada, the Grenadines, St. Vincent, and Tobago iſlands.

Walter Robertſon, Eſq; to be chief juſtice of the iſland of Tobago.

Thomas Hinton Burleigh, Eſq; to be ſub ſecretary to the Council in Bengal.

4th reg. of dragoons, George Wentworth Thompſon, gent. to be cornet.

11th reg. of dragoons, Cornet Carr Ibbetſon, to be lieut. John Carnegie, gent. cornet.

15th reg. of light dragoons, Lewis Majendie, gent. to be cornet.

2d troop horſe guards. John Tempeſt, adjutant and lieutenant. Thomas Alſton, ſub brigadier and cornet.

1ſt reg. foot guards, George Parker, enſign. Lieutenant-Col. John Leland, capt. Tho. Milles Riddell, enſign.

Coldſtream reg. of foot guards, Lieut. Colonel Wm. Schutz, Major Chapell Norton, to be capt. Capt. Tho. Biſhop, capt. lieut. Enſign John Duroure, lieut. Ld Cantalupe, enſign.

3d reg. foot, Edward Scott, lieut. Richard Weld, enſign.

6th reg. foot, Enſign Ed. Pole, to be adjutant.

7th reg. of foot, Lieut. James Wm. Baillie, to be captain. Enſign Colin Campbell, lieut.

13th reg. of foot, Enſign John Elliott, lieut.

18th reg. of foot, Wm. Slater, enſign. Cha. Hoar, enſign.

19th reg. foot, Æneas M'Intoſh, lieutenant.

29th reg. foot, John Malloroy, enſign.

30th reg. foot, James Lee, lieutenant. Joſeph Peacock, enſign.

32d reg. of foot, Lieut. Leeds Booth, to be adjutant. Enſign Edward Williams, lieut. Tho. Gape, enſign. John Carter, lieut.

36th reg. foot, Benj. Anderſon, adjutant.

51ſt reg. of foot, Enſign George Don, to be lieut. Wm. Hepburn, to be enſign.

Royal American reg. 2d battalion, Charles Southby, to be enſign.

64th reg. of foot, Enſign Wm. Snow, to be lieut. Denis Kelly, to be enſign,

65th reg. of foot, Lieut. Archibald Kinloch Gordon, captain. John Weſtropp, lieutenant. Robert Baynes, enſign.

66th reg. of foot, Enſign Charles Arbuthnott, to be lieut. James Sinclair, to be enſign.

67th reg. foot, James Neſbett, captain. Wm. Maſſey, captain-lieutenant. James Fleming, lieut. John Echlin, enſign.

Lieut. Edward Abbott, of the royal reg. of artillery, to be lieut. gov. of Fort Detroit.

George Watts, chaplain to the garriſon of Dominica.

From the London Gazette, July 2.

AVERAGE PRICES of CORN,

From June 20, to June 25, 1774.

By the Standard Wincheſter Buſhel of 8 Gall.

	Wheat.		Rye.		Barley.		Oats.		Beans.	
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
London	5	11	3	6	3	4	2	3	3	6
COUNTIES INLAND.										
Middleſex	6	7			3	6	2	3	3	10
Surry	6	7	4	0	3	9	2	5	4	5
Hertford	6	7			3	10	2	6	4	3
Bedford	6	5	4	6			2	5	3	11
Cambridge	5	11	3	3			2	3	2	1
Huntingdon	6	3			3	9	2	3	3	8
Northampt.	7	2	5	3	4	4	2	4	3	11
Rutland	7	3			4	9	2	4	4	0
Leiceſter	7	4			4	9	2	3	4	2
Nottingham	6	9	4	11	4	6	2	4	4	1
Derby	7	5					2	7	4	5
Stafford	7	6	5	0	4	7	2	9	4	7
Salop	7	4	5	10	4	3	2	7	5	3
Hereford	8	0								
Worceſter	7	5	4	10	4	10	2	10	4	8
Warwick	7	2			4	1	2	6	4	11
Gloceſter	7	2			3	9	2	5	4	7
Wiltſhire	6	9			3	0	2	3	4	5
Berks	6	6			3	5	2	6	3	10
Oxford	7	1			3	8	2	7	4	9
Bucks	6	10			4	0	2	9	4	0
COUNTIES upon the COAST.										
Eſſex	6	1	3	4	3	5	2	3	3	6
Suffolk	5	11	3	1	3	3	2	3	3	2
Norfolk	6	0	2	11	3	0	2	3		
Lincoln	6	9	4	2	3	9	2	2	3	8
York	6	9	5	0	3	9	2	5	3	7
Durham	6	5			3	3	2	4	3	10
Northum.	6	0	4	2	3	2	2	4	3	7
Cumberland	6	9	4	5	3	7	2	7	4	1
Weſtmorel.	8	1	5	0	4	0	2	5	4	0
Lancaſhire	7	9			3	3	2	7	3	8
Cheſhire	7	8	6	4	4	10	2	6		
Monmouth	7	5			4	1	2	1		
Somerſet	6	10					2	3	3	11
Devon	5	9			3	0	1	7		
Cornwall	5	9			3	0	1	8		
Dorſet	6	9			2	9	2	3	4	6
Hampſhire	6	2			3	4	2	3	4	0
Suſſex	5	10			2	10	2	3	3	8
Kent	6	0			3	9	2	3	3	3

From June 13, to June 18, 1774.

WALES.

North Wales	6	8	5	4	3	10	2	0	4	3
South Wales	6	5	5	3	3	6	1	10	3	0

Part of SCOTLAND.

Wheat.		Rye.		Barley.		Oats.		Beans.		Big.	
5	9	4	4	2	11	2	4	3	0	2	7

Publiſhed by Authority of Parliament,

W. COOKE.

PRICE of STOCKS, *June 6.*

Bank ſtock, 148⅜. India ditto, —. South ſea, —. Ditto Old Ann. —. Ditto New Ann. —. 3 per cent. Bank Ann. red. 87¾⅝. Ditto Conſ. 88⅝. Ditto 1726, —. Ditto 1751, —. Ditto India Ann. 80. ⅜ 1-half per cent. 1758, —. 4 per cent. conſ. 91⅞. India Bonds, 43 pr. Navy and Vict. Bills, 4½. dif. Long Ann. —. Tickets, 13l. os. 6d.

BRANSCOMBE and Co. *Stock-Brokers, At their Lottery-Office, No. 5, Holborne.*

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THE MONTHLY MISCELLANY, FOR AUGUST, 1774.

The SCRIBBLER, Number IX.

Darkneſs, and ſolitude, and ſighs, and tears,
And all th' inſeparable train of grief
Attend my ſteps for ever. DRYDEN.

To the SCRIBBLER.

SIR,

IF what the world ſays be true, you are endeavouring to effect a reformation in the minds of men, and to bring about a total change of manners in the nation. Depend upon it, Sir, you have begun a difficult taſk. The world is daily growing worſe; and while you are aiming to amend one part of them, the reſt, I fear, are growing rotten and decayed. The catalogue of vices increaſes with uncommon haſte, and a general corruption of morals is ſo much complained of, that by and by we ſhall ſcarcely have a man of real principle among us.

I have, in my time, Sir, ſuffered much from the villainy of mankind. My father died when I was very young, and left my mother a fortune full ſufficient to maintain herſelf and me genteelly. A friend of his was appointed guardian to me, and for ſome years diſcharged his truſt with fidelity; but avarice at length got poſſeſſion of his heart, and his only object then was to deprive me of my right. He found out means to deceive my mother, and by artifices which I was then unacquainted with, brought her in conſiderably his debtor for the care he had taken of me. Women, Mr. Scribbler, are generally the objects marked out by theſe deſigning villains. My mother was a calm, good-natured woman, and knowing that much was to be feared from the intricacy of the law, gave the wretch his full demand.

At fourteen years of age I was put out to buſineſs, and this careful Guardian of mine again prevailed upon my mother to depoſit the apprentice fee, which had before been reſerved for him to pay; but pretending only to *borrow* the money of her, he gained his purpoſe; and thus he tricked her out of 80l. When I came of age, he was to pay me near 300l. left by my father, by way of aſſiſting me to begin buſineſs for myſelf; but before that time, he took care to abſcond, and went over to France, leaving his creditors to take 3s. 4d. in the pound. Small difficulties, however, did not frighten me; and as I had health and a good conſtitution on my ſide, I got into a haberdaſher's ſhop in London, where, as a journeyman, I ſaved a little money, which was increaſed by preſents occaſionally made me. Mr. Tape, my maſter, approved of my aſſiduity, and at the end of about four years took me into partnerſhip.

Soon after this a young fellow, juſt entering into buſineſs, perſuaded me to lend him 300l. He gave me his bond; but finding his affairs go the wrong way, gave

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a judgment bond to another, and I received only 65l. for my 300l. This being lent on my own account, was a great inconvenience to me: but the profits of business that year being tolerably good, I soon forgot it; and just as I had begun to think well of the world again, I was applied to by an ironmonger in my own street to be his security for 1280l. Mr. Bright made a very good appearance in the world; was denominated a *good man* in the city---and I therefore gave my bond for the sum. In six months I felt the consequence: Mr. Bright had been speculating in matters not belonging to his own trade, and turning out a bankrupt on the world, I was obliged to pay the 1280l.

Having thus smarted for my easiness of ~~disposition, I determined to meddle no~~ more with the affairs of other people, but leave themselves to pay the debts they might contract in future; I doubled my assiduity in business, and had no reason to be dissatisfied with my condition, but was thankful to the Almighty for having prospered my endeavours. The business increased every year, and my life was all serenity and content, till my heart fell a sacrifice to Love.

A young lady, of the name of DOWNES, frequently visited at Mr. TAPE's; and as I lived in the same house, I partook of all their amusements. Miss Downes was gay and sprightly, had a manner extremely engaging, and was as sensible as most of her sex. I soon entertained a partiality for this lady, and failed not to declare my sentiments to her. She approved of my addresses, and in a few months we were married.

If I was before *content*, I was now more than doubly *happy*. My Eliza was the source of daily happiness, and with her I experienced every bliss my heart could wish. Five years passed of this delightful life, and then, as if I had been raised but to increase my fall, I sunk into the very depth of misery.

My wife, it seems, had a brother who was a Lieutenant in a regiment of foot abroad, and a brother officer of his coming to England on selling his commission, Capt. Downes took the opportunity of sending by him some letters to his friends. I had known Capt. Downes before he went abroad, and was much pleased at hearing of him from one of his intimate companions. I received Mr. Archer as my brother's friend, and treated him as genteelly as my circumstances would admit of. But alas! Mr. Scribbles, I did not know that I was cherishing a viper in my bosom, and that the peace of myself and family were going to be sacrificed to the villainy of this abandoned wretch.

It was not long ere he noticed the accomplishments of my dear Eliza. He was assiduous to please her, and tried every art of which he was master, to be thought well of by her. Oft would he entertain her with the adventures of her brother, and by commending *him*, lie stole insensibly, as it were, into *her* favour. My business at that time obliged me to take a journey into Somersetshire; and he, well versed in the arts of intrigue and fraud, went to his friends in the country a few days before my departure; hence I could have no suspicion; and when my business was finished, I returned to London full of hope, ~~and of ideal pleasure. But when I~~ came home---Good Heaven! what were ~~my feelings~~! I found the wretch had taken advantage of my absence, and after long and vain intreaties, had found means to effect that by violence, which artifice could not procure.

But not to dwell on the dreadful scene, I shall only tell you that I found my wife distracted with agony, with grief, and shame. I would that instant have pursued the infamous villain, and dragged him to the punishment his crime deserved; but I was unable to tear myself from the dear object of my affections: I hung over her bed---I wept, I sobbed, and groaned by turns, and day after day passed in sleepless agony,---in sorrow for myself, and compassion for my unhappy wife. Her senses had almost wholly left her; she knew me not but for a moment, and then relapsed into a delirium again,---calling upon heaven---on me---and her undoer.

Nature at length was wearied out---and the Almighty, sparing her a serious, reflecting moment, she died resigned and penitent. I immediately made over my business to another, and determined to seek the villain who had injured me,---who, as I was soon informed, set sail for Holland some days before. I followed him directly, and trusted to the justice of my cause for bringing him to punishment. From Holland I traced him to Flanders, and thence to Spain; where I found him waiting at Cadiz for a vessel to some other port. It was evening when I saw him, and he observed me ere I reached him; he prepared himself therefore to meet me, and when I approached him, he suddenly drew a pistol from his pocket, and wounded me in the breast. I fell to the ground, and before I could call out, the fellow escaped,

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escaped, and I saw him no more. He had lodged a brace of balls just under my shoulder, and my wounds preventing me from following him any farther, I made what haste home I could, where I took a small retreat in the country, and resolved to have no further intercourse with a world, where no man is free from perfidy, deceit, and fraud.

I am, SIR,
Your humble servant,
INFELIX.

[That the world is generally corrupt, no man will deny: every day's experience convinces us of its wickedness. Whoever reads the story of this unhappy gentleman, will, if possessed of any sensibility, sincerely sympathize in those afflictions which seem to have fallen upon him with united force. But what foresight can guard against them, or who can say that he is safe from the depredations of the wicked? There will ever be a class of villains in the world, who prey on the weakness or good-nature of others, and who live by infamy and deceit. Reason to such men is as words to the wind; but Justice will one day summon them to her tribunal; or, should they close their dissolute lives unpunished, there yet remains a time when they will receive the punishment due to their profligate and abandoned crimes.

For the MISCELLANY.

AN ESSAY ON

The ILLIBERALITY of ridiculing NATURAL IMPERFECTIONS.

Happy the man, who, taught by others woe,
Avoids the rock from whence their sorrows flow;
Nor with untimely jests insults the fool,
Or holds his weakness forth to ridicule.

THE uncommon illiberal reception which natural intellectual weaknesses receive from mankind, at the same time that an artificial inconsistency of behaviour, however glaring, however hurtful to society, receives encouragement and approbation—altho' the former may arise from an utter impossibility in the party to act more rational, and the latter is entirely dependent on the whim of the possessor, has been frequent matter of serious consideration to me; nor could I *reflect* on, much less *behold*, the behaviour of conceited superiority towards humble merit, without shedding a tear of pity for the latter, at the same time that I vented sentiments full of contempt, full of disgust, towards the former; who probably having found the weak side of the object of his ridicule, was insulting a man, in every other accomplishment greatly his superior.

Taking a walk sometime since towards Hampstead, I passed one of that class of the human species, of whom it is difficult to say whether they are happy or miserable; possessed of but weak intellects, she gave way to the gew-gaws of superfluous finery, in the choice of which she was so inconsistent, as to excite the particular attention of numerous beholders. Amongst the giddy wretches who laughed at and ridiculed her, a gay, fluttering fop, whose whole attention had been *seemingly* expended in the etiquette of his dress, tossed up his nose, unconscious of the mirror before his eyes, exclaiming, "What an awkward piece of affectation; it almost spoils my stomach for dress!" Pity but reflection had sunk deep enough into his heart to produce such a resolution in good earnest: but a giggling piece of coquetry by his side soon defaced the slight impression, with a significant shrug and self-important air, pointing out "the *perdigious* weakness of that mind, which could be fed and supported by such egregious inconsistencies." A wit endeavouring at an indirect rally on her preposterous taste, she stopped his mouth, by advising him "to retrench the wild and superfluous shoots of fancy, which too frequently held him forth a pupil of Indiscretion and Inconsistency." I could not but smile at the justness of the remark, which on my return home influenced the following reflections:

How much more rationally doth such a striking appearance of *ideatism* fill the mind with serious than gay sensations? On taking a view of mankind, we shall see that this woman's inconsistency of dress is more forcible in this only point, than it is more singular than those of others.

The star and garter, unaccompanied by real merit, is no less so! and where is the

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consistency of a full-bottom wig covering a shallow pate and weak judgment.—— Whilst *Pedantry* delights in the gaudy scraps of learning, neglecting other necessary accomplishments——the Coxcomb fixes his whole attention on his *dear* person, careless of the cultivating in his mind an useful knowledge,

Attend mankind thro' the various pursuits of the day; now prostrate at the throne of grace; and giving due adoration to their divine parent—now entering a stew, and in licentious conversation defying his omnipotence; this moment paying the last penny on principles of humanity,---and the next moment destroying the peace and reputation of an harmless, inconscious innocent, merely to gratify a predominant passion; this hour bawling for freedom in the senate,---the next hour exercising every species of tyranny over his domestics; to-day building charities for *one* kind of objects,---to-morrow proving base instruments for *other* charitable institutions; some, whilst their hand is giving relief towards bodily infirmities, ---with their tongue prodigally load an innocent reputation with the severest, incancellable blemishes.

These, and a thousand other instances, may be produced, to shew the inconsistency of mankind in general, and that their minds are more frequently won by the *shewy gew-gaws*, than more substantial ornaments of virtue; at the same time it may be easily proved, that, from the many injurious effects of their indiscretions, they are, many of them, more deserving of contempt, than this poor ideot was of ridicule. *Wisdom* and *Folly* are estimated in a much nicer balance than mankind are in general aware of; the former consists not so much in the *strength* as *management* of our mental faculties; and the latter is more frequently an abuse than weakness thereof.

SUPERCILIUS finished his education at one of the Universities, and then entered on the world in a respectable profession; his mental powers are such, as by a proper use might have raised him to the highest esteem in the breasts of his acquaintance; but the advantages which he should have gained from a liberal education, are lost in a narrowness of sentiment; hence, whilst his proud, haughty, imperious temper is continually breaking out, and exposing him, a dogmatic air of consequence renders him odious to all who know him. He never starts a subject, but merely to prove his superior abilities, or to baffle and expose the weakness of some individual; and he takes more delight in rendering a man the sport of his acquaintance, than giving him friendly aid.

HILARIS is free, open, and of a generous sentiment; easy of access, and ready to serve those who need his assistance.--- He cultivates that share of understanding which heaven has bestowed on him, by a due attention to men and manners; sensible of his own defects, he strives rather to hide than expose the weakness of others, and with modest good-nature assists the conversation of such as are at a loss to deliver their sentiments; 'tis true he cannot boast so liberal an education as the former; his conversation is not on that account less agreeable, tho' more confined, since his elucidations of any topic are more concise, and as he uses only words whose meaning he is properly acquainted with, nor lets his conversation exceed the bounds of his knowledge, his company is courted, and himself respected by all who know him.

BENEVOLUS.

Chapter Coffee-house, London.

The FOUNDATION of CONTENT;

A Beautiful ALLEGORY.

OMAR, the hermit of the mountain Aubukabis, which rises on the east of Mecca, and overlooks the city, found one evening a man sitting pensive and alone, within a few paces of his cell.--- Omar regarded him with attention, and perceived that his looks were wild and haggard, and that his body was feeble and emaciated: the man also seemed to gaze stedfastly on Omar; but such was the abstraction of his mind, that his eye did not immediately take cognizance of its object. In the moment of recollection he started as from a dream; he covered his face in confusion, and bowed himself to the ground: "Son of affliction, (said Omar) who art thou, and what is thy distress?" 'My name (replied the stranger) is Hassan, and I am a native of this city: the angel of adversity has laid his hand upon me, and the wretch whom thine eye compassionates thou canst not deliver.' "To deliver

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thee (said Omar) belongs to Him only, from whom we should receive with humility both good and evil: yet hide not thy life from me; for the burthen which I cannot remove, I may at least enable thee to sustain." Hassan fixed his eyes upon the ground, and remained some time silent; then fetching a deep sigh, he looked up at the hermit, and thus complied with his request:

"It is now six years since our mighty lord the Caliph Almalic (whose memory be blessed) first came privately to worship in the temple of the holy city. The blessing which he petitioned of the prophet, as the prophet's vicegerent, he was diligent to dispense: in the intervals of his devotion, therefore, he went about the city, relieving distress, and restraining oppression: the widow smiled under his protection, and the weakness of age and infancy was sustained by his bounty. I, who dreaded no evil but sickness, and expected no good beyond the reward of my labour, was singing at my work, when Almalic entered my dwelling. He looked round with a smile of complacency; perceiving that though it was mean it was neat, and that though I was poor, I appeared to be content. As his habit was that of a pilgrim, I hastened to receive him with such hospitality as was in my power; and my chearfulness was rather increased than restrained by his presence. After he had accepted some coffee, he asked me many questions; and though by my answers I always endeavoured to excite him to mirth, yet I perceived that he grew thoughtful, and eyed me with a placid but fixed attention. I suspected that he had some knowledge of me, and therefore enquired his country and his name. — 'Hassan (said he) I have raised thy curiosity, and it shall be satisfied; he who now talks with thee is Almalic, the sovereign of the faithful, whose seat is the throne of Medina, and whose commission is from above.' These words struck me dumb with astonishment, though I had some doubt of their truth: but Almalic, throwing back his garment, discovered the peculiarity of his vest, and put the signet upon his finger. I then started up, and was about to prostrate myself before him, but he prevented me: 'Hassan (said he) forbear; thou art greater than I, and from thee I have at once derived humility and wisdom.' I answered, 'Mock not thy servant, who is as a worm before thee: life and death are in thy hand, and happiness and misery are the daughters of thy will.' 'Hassan, (he replied) I can no otherwise give life and happiness, than by not taking them away: thou art thyself beyond the reach of my bounty, and possessed of felicity which I can neither communicate nor obtain. My influence over others fills my bosom with perpetual solicitude and anxiety; and yet my influence over others extends only to their vices; whether I would reward or punish. By the bowstring, I can repress violence and fraud; and by the delegation of power, I can transfer the insatiable wishes of avarice and ambition from one object to another; but with respect to virtue, I am impotent: if I could reward it, I would reward it in thee. Thou art content, and hast therefore neither avarice nor ambition: to exalt thee, would destroy the simplicity of thy life, and diminish that happiness which I have no power either to increase or to continue.'

He then rose up, and commanding me not to disclose his secret, departed.

As soon as I recovered from the confusion and astonishment in which the Caliph left me, I began to regret that my behaviour had intercepted his bounty; and accused that chearfulness of folly, which was the concomitant of poverty and labour. I now repined at the obscurity of my station, that my former insensibility had perpetuated: I neglected my labour, because I despised the reward; I spent the day in idleness, forming romantic projects to recover the advantages which I had lost; and at night, instead of losing myself in that sweet and refreshing sleep, from which I used to rise with new health, chearfulness, and vigour, I dreamt of splendid habits and a numerous retinue, of gardens, palaces, eunuchs, and women, and waked only to regret the illusions that had vanished. My health was at length impaired by the inquietude of my mind; I sold all my moveables for subsistence; and reserved only a mattrass, upon which I sometimes lay from one night to another.

In the first moon of the following year, the Caliph came again to Mecca, with the same secrecy, and for the same purposes. He was willing once more to see the man, whom he considered as deriving felicity from himself. But he found me, not singing at my work, ruddy with health, and vivid with chearfulness; but pale and dejected, sitting on the ground, and chewing opium, which contributed to substitute the phantoms of imagination for the realities of greatness. He entered with a kind of joyful impatience in his countenance,

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tenance, which, the moment he beheld me, was changed to a mixture of wonder and pity. I had often wished for another opportunity to address the Caliph; yet I was confounded at his presence, and throwing myself at his feet, I laid my hand upon my head, and was speechless. 'Hassan (said he) what canst thou have lost, whose wealth was the labour of thine own hand; and what can have made thee sad, the spring of whose joy was in thy own bosom? What evil hath befallen thee? Speak, and if I can remove it, thou art happy.' I was now encouraged to look up, and I replied, "Let my lord forgive the presumption of his servant, who rather than utter a falsehood, would be dumb for ever. I am become wretched by the loss of that which I never possessed: thou hast raised wishes, which indeed I am not worthy thou shouldest satisfy; but why should it be thought, that he who was happy in obscurity and indigence, would not have been rendered more happy by eminence and wealth?"

When I had finished this speech, Almalic stood some moments in suspense, and I continued prostrate before him. 'Hassan (said he) I perceive, not with indignation, but regret, that I mistook thy character; I now discover avarice and ambition in thy heart, which lay torpid only because their objects were too remote to rouze them. I cannot therefore invest thee with authority, because I would not subject my people to oppression, and because I would not be compelled to punish thee for crimes which I first enabled thee to commit. But as I have taken from thee that which I cannot restore, I will at least gratify the wishes that I excited, lest thy heart accuse me of injustice, and thou continue still a stranger to thyself. Arise, therefore, and follow me.'

I sprung from the ground as it were with the wings of an eagle; I kissed the hem of his garment in an extasy of gratitude and joy; and when I went out of my house, my heart leaped as if I had escaped from the den of a lion. I followed Almalic to the caravansera in which he lodged; and after he had fulfilled his vows, he took me with him to Medina.---He gave me an apartment in the Seraglio; I was attended by his own servants; my provisions were sent from his own table; I received every week a sum from his treasury, which exceeded the most romantic of my expectations. But I soon discovered, that no dainty was so tasteful as the food to which labour procured an appetite; no slumbers so sweet, as those which weariness invited; and no time so well enjoyed, as that in which diligence is expecting its reward. I remembered these enjoyments with regret; and while I was sighing in the midst of superfluities, which, tho' they encumbered life, yet I could not give up, they were suddenly taken away.

Almalic, in the midst of the glory of his kingdom, and in the full vigour of his life, expired suddenly in the bath: such, thou knowest, was the destiny which the Almighty had written upon his head.

His son Abubekir, who succeeded to the throne, was incensed against me, by some who regarded me at once with contempt and envy; he suddenly withdrew my pension, and commanded that I should be expelled the palace; a command which my enemies executed with so much rigour, that within twelve hours I found myself in the streets of Medina, indigent and friendless, exposed to hunger and derision, with all the habits of luxury, and sensibility of pride. O! let not thy heart despise me, thou whom experience has not taught, that it is misery to lose that which it is not happiness to possess. O! that for me, this lesson had not been written on the tablets of Providence! I have travelled from Medina to Mecca; but I cannot fly from myself. How different are the states in which I have been placed! The remembrance of both is bitter; for the pleasures of neither can return."------Hassan having thus ended his story, smote his hands together; and looking upward, burst into tears.

Omar, having waited till this agony was past, went to him, and taking him by the hand, "My son, (said he) more is yet in thy power than Almalic could give, or Abubekir take away. The lesson of thy life the prophet has in mercy appointed me to explain.

"Thou wast once content with poverty and labour, only because they were become habitual to thee, and ease and affluence were placed beyond thy hope; for when ease and affluence approached thee, thou wast content with poverty and labour no more. That which then became the object, was also the bound of thine hope; and he, whose utmost hope is disappointed, must inevitably be wretched. If thy supreme desire had been the delights of paradise, thou wouldest not have regretted that less was not offered. The content which was once enjoyed, was but the lethargy of the soul; and the distress which is now suffered, will but quicken it to action. Depart, therefore, and

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and be thankful for all things; put thy trust in him, who alone can gratify the wish of reason, and satisfy thy soul with good: fix thy hope upon that portion, in comparison of which the world is as the drop of the bucket, and the dust of the balance.—Return, my son, to thy labour; thy food shall again be tasteful, and thy rest shall be sweet: to thy content also will be added stability, when it depends not upon that which is possessed upon earth, but upon that which is expected in heaven."——Hassan, upon whose mind the Angel of Instruction impressed the counsel of Omar, hastened to prostrate himself in the temple of the prophet. Peace dawned upon his mind like the radiance of the morning; he returned to his labour with chearfulness; his devotion became fervent and habitual; and the latter days of Hassan were happier than the first.

For the MISCELLANY.

AN ESSAY ON THE ADVANTAGES of DEBATING SOCIETIES, When kept under proper REGULATIONS.

THE almost universal inattention with which elocution is treated by the natives of this Isle is a matter of surprise, seeing an elegant flow of language and propriety of expressing our thoughts, should be the first aim of every man, being the greatest ornament amongst the various acquirements that man is capable of attaining.

That avidity with which Englishmen form themselves into Societies has been imputed by foreigners to a good-natured disposition and a love of science; but, setting aside Debating Societies, or such as are open for free and candid enquiries, I fear the generality of Societies will, on a retrospect of the behaviour and conversation of the members, appear to be not only destitute of every foundation necessary to make them instructive, but they will prove mere receptacles for the idle and dissolute part of mankind, who, in the stead of modesty and useful knowledge, introduce obscenity, gambling, and every species of debauchery.

Debating Societies, while under a proper regulation, at the same time that they give no opportunity for the introduction of these enormities in behaviour, "open a field for instruction as well as entertainment." Amongst these the Robin Hood stands first on the list of antiquity; and pity but it could boast that purity which it enjoyed in its infancy! But alas! it has lost of its primitive lustre! and from a collection of rational beings meeting together for their mutual improvement as well as pleasure, we find the Society is dwindled down to an heterogeneous mixture of infidelity and immorality, whose incoherent jargon must damp the most lively genius, or grate the soul of the most perfect philanthropist.—From a concise history of this famous Society, I will endeavour to trace the causes of this unhappy change, by which this once valuable institution is become so deserving our contempt; and thus hold out a beacon to similar establishments.

As far back as the year 1613, a party of gentlemen of fortune and reputation (among whom were Sir Hugh Middleton, to whose skill, ingenuity, and munificence the city of London is indebted for a free supply of that necessary article of life—water, by the New River) lamenting the vast obstruction to human knowledge, from trivial subjects only gaining admission into polite companies, while useful and weighty ones lay neglected, agreed to unite in a select body, and meet at each other's house once in every week. The name of the Society was formed from the purport of it, namely, "A Society for free and candid Enquiry." Articles were deemed necessary to bind them mutually; the principal of which were meant to limit the number of members, and to put a negative on questions favouring of religion or politics: the one being fixed by Divine Authority, and settled in the established liturgy; the other being of no concern to men whose aim was an improvement in useful learning.

With these views they set out in splendor, and the prudent management which they used in their debates, and choice of subjects, at the same time that it improved their understandings, gained them so great esteem, that men of rank and ability were candidates for admission among

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mong them. But the number of members being limited, prevented many worthy candidates from attaining their wishes, any farther than to be admitted occasionally as visitors.

The following anecdote will more forcibly point out its deserved esteem, than any flowers of panegyric which I am able to display:

The Society began to attract the public attention in a very particular manner, and so universal was the applause, that Majesty itself was excited to pay it a visit; and that facetious Monarch, Charles the Second, was, in the year 1660, introduced by Sir Hugh Middleton, disguised as his distant relation from the country, who was desirous of hearing those debates of which the world talked so loudly; and so well pleased was he with his evening's entertainment, that he came three times more; and expressed himself greatly satisfied with an institution, which he declared had so great a tendency to enlarge the mind, and to refine the taste.

But in the year 1667, the original establishers being all dead, the succeeding members altered the plan, by making the number of members unlimited; in consequence of which, the Society, before carried on at the members' houses in rotation, was now assembled to a public-house, and the Esex-Head in Essex-street was fixed on for the future meetings. The expence of the entertainments, which was before defrayed by the person at whose house the meeting was the night held, was now to be defrayed by the company in general; for which purpose 6d. was collected from every person by the landlord, on his entering the room; and in consideration of this, he furnished them with porter and lemonade during the debate. The room was not only open to any person who chose to pay his 6d. but Religious and Political Subjects, instead of being rejected, were expressly articled for; at the same time their being signed by fictitious names, was a cloak to every the most fatal consequence.

Here was the fatal wound to the Society; and this period closed its reputation: the gates are thrown open, and the motley herd enter; each fired with emulation, strives to attain superior perfection by various means. The Feather'd Coxcomb endeavours to attract the attention of the company, to an admiration of his *dear person*; the Man of Volubility displays his oratorical talents; and the sagacious Critic waits for subjects, to mangle when he retires to his garret. The Christian Religion, which in the infancy of this Society was declared to be of Divine origin, pure and holy, and therefore no object of debate to a philosophical mind studious of scrutinizing vague and futile tenets, and directing men to the investigating the truth, was now bandied about with the most unwarrantable levity; its received maxims were overthrown, and the very foundation sapped to support that fame, which can alone stand by a strict adherence to its divine institutions and commands; atheistical tenets were therefore used with freedom, as an easy flow of language supplied the place of sound reasoning; men of reputation and principle gradually forsook the Society, and left behind them Deists, Freethinkers, and Atheists.

Political Questions were collected with equal avidity, and productive of equally fatal consequences; and while their minds were continually harrassed in laborious researches to support Political Hypotheses, they neglected the acquisition of useful knowledge; one moment ridiculously endeavoured to explain mysteries, and reconcile paradoxes; and the next debated on subjects which would not admit of the least doubt; and frequently with bold indecency agitated matters very improper for loyal subjects, and of no other consequence than lessening the dignity of Majesty; thus, with the admission of Political Subjects, their ideas of unbounded liberty took place, and scarce an action of government but received censure from these puny Orators. They inculcated the following principles in each others breast, "That it was necessary every one who had his country's good in view, should scrutinize into, and examine the measures of state pilots in the management of, and steering the politicel vessel; that whoever had abilities, was bound by the laws of nature to use them, in fathoming the depths of government, and pointing out the dangerous shoals on which statesmen often split; and as links of one great chain, they were interested in the fate of each other, and bound by the most solemn ties of doing the utmost to support the community."---These, and many other reasons, equally *cogent*, were advanced; which had such influence among them, that the Society carried these favourite topics to such extremity, as to debate very few subjects, but what were either Religious or Political.

Many other societies have been since formed of this kind in the North; but how

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how far they answer the laudable designs of such institutions, I cannot affirm, as I know not the method by which they are conducted;—yet thus far I will venture to say—the nearer they approach to the purity of the Robin Hood in its infancy, the more certain are they of a lasting reputation.—On this ground there is one forming in the western part of the kingdom, of which I cannot give a more perfect model, than sending you a speech made by the president at their first meeting.

GENTLEMEN,

THE purport of this meeting, as the summonses mention, is. that a plan of the improvement of our society, as drawn up by the committee appointed for that business, may receive due sanction from your concurrence and assent; I shall therefore presently lay before you the papers which contain these regulations.

But before I proceed to the business of the evening, indulge me a few minutes in expatiating on the many advantages which will arise from our plan being carried into execution.

Societies are daily increasing through the kingdom; yet, sorry am I to say it, few, except such as are formed on some charitable principle, or to relieve the members or their connections from the accidents or infirmities of life, deserve so exalted a title as Society; their chief design being to collect the votaries of Epicurism, or waste the members' time in submitting the fate of their fortunes to the influence of mere chance.---An improvement of their minds in rational knowledge is quite neglected, and they look on the day well ended, if they have offered free libations at the shrine of the Rosy God, or proved their superior skill in the conduct of the four aces.

Leaving therefore the common path which leads to inebriety, licentiousness, gambling, and frequently bloodshed, I flatter myself that our plan will open a field for improvement as well as entertainment. But the reputation of the society will depend on our endeavours to establish and support it by a constant and regular attendance, an activity in the debates, and a care that no religious or political questions gain admission amongst us. For although I am well persuaded, from the lives of the present members, that no atheistical or treasonable expressions will escape their lips, yet it is best to guard against any the least danger, and the common bane of most debating societies has been the admission of such questions, which has induced some men, actuated by vanity to display superior abilities, wantonly to cavil at the actions of government, or advance irreligious tenets to support the weaker side of a question, which although at first they knew to be vague and futile, yet, by a constant use, have worked themselves to a belief, that they were true and incontrovertible. And let me here pledge myself to this society,---they shall find in me a firm advocate for religion and morality, nor shall an expression which can redden the face of modesty escape uncensured while I have the honour to preside.

I cannot enter the practical part of our society,—the debates,—without drawing some conclusions, disagreeable in reflection, from the unhappy state of oratory in this land.

A general inability to public speaking, (to our shame be it said) cannot but be allowed to prevail in this kingdom, altho' it is the emporium of public harangue. What nation can boast so many and valuable guardians to this sublime power in man as this isle? where is there that freedom of debate which Britain can produce? The powers of eloquence with us have their full sway, and alas! like the uncontrouled mind in other instances, so here, that which, were we debarred of it, we should devoutly wish for, we now spurn and neglect.

Again, the genius and temper of the nation are most exactly suited for public disputations, seeing we possess the happy medium between the empty volatility of one nation, and the plodding temper of another; the one rendering its possessors incapable of a thought beyond commerce and its sordid appendage, gain; the other depriving man of the least power of thinking, and thus rendering him unfit to enter deep enough into the researches necessary to investigate the real principles on which any position stands.

And yet that there is an inability, the pulpit, bar, and senate are evidently melancholy proofs; that it is not natural, but acquired from an improper education, may easily be proved. What then must be the opinion of other nations concerning our genius, when they are told that a *foreigner* stands first on the list of English orators.

Too long have we carelessly buried our mental powers in oblivion; let us now rouze from the lethargy, which holds its baleful influence over us, and exert those faculties nature has bestowed on us. Who knows what orators may arise from this

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ſociety, who, but for its genial ray, had ſlept out their days in dull forgetfulneſs, and been conſigned to the grave unprofitable poſſeſſors of the firſt of talents.

Though with cautious and trembling ſteps I ſhall enter the rich vale of ſcience, and explore its mazy round, yet I hope in my reſearches, to open ſome new ſource both of profit and pleaſure. To attain which, the following eſſentials I am well ſatisfied muſt be attended to.

The moſt convincing arguments and allowed poſitions oft loſe their force by being merely *ſaid*. The end of public ſpeaking is perſuaſion; to ſpeak, therefore, is not merely to utter certain ſounds, but to deliver our thoughts with eaſe and elegance. Giving our words due articulation, pronunciation, emphaſis, accent, tone and pauſe for the voice, requires equal management in oratory as in muſic, and whoever would excel in either muſt copy nature.

A conſcious inability of delivering their thoughts with that eaſe and volubility which they deſire, has influenced many from publickly giving their ſentiments, which, had they been delivered, might have opened new lights on the ſubject in debate. To ſuch, if there be any amongſt us, let me recommend the hiſtory of the famous Grecian orator; he had many obſtacles to ſurmount ere he could fix his ſeat in the temple of fame, but an unwearied aſſiduity made him at length conqueror. Let his example fire us, and let his ſucceſs fix in our minds a reſolution to perſevere. Our conceptions will be more perfect, and our ideas more extenſive from uſe; by a conſtant exerciſe of our minds in the fields of ſcience, nature will be more clearly inveſtigated and familiarized to us, and, by a uſe of free debate, our ſpeech will be more correct, an eaſy flow of language will become familiar to us, and even our common converſation will be leſs ſtiff and affected.

An endeavour at a perfect panegyric on ſo noble a ſcience as elocution from ſo young a profeſſor, would argue a vanity more deſerving your cenſure than applauſe; at the ſame time it would require more time than we can at preſent ſpare. I ſhall therefore wave entering farther into the ſubject, than to point out where the moſt convincing proofs of its real value are to be found. Look into hiſtory---When were the various ſtates which have compoſed this globe at their height of glory? When eloquence was moſt attended to. Of this poſition Greece, even in her aſhes, ſtands forth a *living witneſs*.

The BOOK-WORM, an OCCASIONAL PAPER; NUMBER II.

To the EDITORS *of the* MONTHLY MISCELLANY.

WHENCE comes it, my good Sirs, that among the number of thoſe perſons, who unite in the ſacred bond of matrimony, ſo few ſhould be content with their ſituation? We are told, that matrimony is an holy inſtitution, and that if its duties are obſerved, it ſeldom fails to produce a laſting happineſs; yet---I know not how it happens---when the month of novelty is over, this ſame matrimony becomes a matter of diſguſt, and men and women equally complain of it.---A word or two may help to ſolve the myſtery.

When matrimony, (as a facetious friend of mine obſerves) is made a *matter of money*, and young perſons of oppoſite inclinations are united to promote the intereſt, or gratify the ambition of a family, it will be no wonder if diſparity of ſentiment prevents their being happy, and blaſts thoſe enjoyments which mutual love produces.

Again,---when a deſigning villain pleads his paſſion for a girl, and ſwears that he loves *her*, when it is her *money* he is aiming at; when a girl under ſuch circumſtances, is prevailed upon to marry a man of this ſtamp, and gives up her own *real* fortune in exchange for his *ideal* conſtancy and attachment, her ruin will inevitably follow, and while ſhe is fondly hoping to enter into a ſtate of bliſs and happineſs, ſhe plunges into the moſt abject miſery.

Various other cauſes maybe aſſigned for matrimonial diſcontent;--- the petulance of the one party, and the indolence of another;---the love of pleaſure,---the love of power,---and in ſhort, the ſatisfaction of every wiſh beyond mediocrity, are never-failing ſources of diſquiet; but as the nuptial knot is indiſſoluble, and complaint at beſt is uſeleſs, it ſhould be the endeavour of each miſtaken man or woman to bear, with what contentment they

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are able, the state in which they have entered, and if they cannot be wholly *happy*, they should at least be *patient*.---

Reflections like these occurred to me, on reading Mr. Franklin's Sermons on the relative Duties, where he points out, in the most agreeable and pleasing manner, the necessity of our submitting ourselves to whatever station we are placed in, and the danger of increasing by our own behaviour those little ills of life which *we* call MISERIES.

A man may be deceived, in spite of all his sagacity, in the choice of his partner; and so may the ladies also---as both sexes too often draw the veil over their own imperfections, till matrimony has made them more familiarly acquainted, and ceremony is thrown aside.---They both appear then in their natural colours---and both too often are displeased.---They would do well to take those pains in forgetting each other's failings, as they had formerly done in concealing their own, and instead of accusations, their employment should be to assist their mutual wants---Disappointment should never sit upon their brows, but if content was wanting, serenity and gentleness should fill her seat.

"Example, say the moralists, is the sweetner of rigid precepts." I shall therefore lay before your reader, the pictures of a GOOD HUSBAND and a GOOD WIFE, as drawn by Mr. *Franklin*, who took them, I am told, from real life.

CHARACTER of a GOOD HUSBAND.

THE Good Husband is one, who, wedded not by interest but by choice, is constant as well from inclination as from principle: he treats his wife with delicacy as a woman, with tenderness as a friend: he attributes her follies to her weakness, her imprudence to her inadvertency; he passes them over therefore with good-nature, and pardons them with indulgence: all his care and industry are employed for her welfare; all his strength and power are exerted for her support and protection; he is more anxious to preserve his own character and reputation, because her's is blended with it: lastly, the good husband is pious and religious, that he may animate her faith by his practice, and enforce the precepts of christianity by his own example: that, as they join to promote each other's happiness in this world, they may unite to ensure eternal joy and felicity in that which is to come.

CHARACTER of a GOOD WIFE.

THE Good Wife is one, who, ever mindful of the solemn contract which she hath entered into, is strictly and conscientiously virtuous, constant, and faithful to her husband; chaste, pure, and unblemished in every thought, word and deed: she is humble and modest from reason and conviction, submissive from choice, and obedient from inclination: what she acquires by love and tenderness, she preserves by prudence and discretion: she makes it her business to serve, and her pleasure to oblige her husband; as conscious, that every thing which promotes his happiness, must in the end, contribute to her own: her tenderness relieves his cares, her affection softens his distress, her good humour and complacency lessen and subdue his afflictions, *she openeth her mouth*, as Solomon says, *with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness: she looketh well to the ways of her husband, and eateth not the bread of idleness: her children rise up and call her blessed: her husband also, and he praiseth her.* Lastly, as a good and pious christian, she looks up with an eye of gratitude to the Great Dispenser and Disposer of all things, to the husband of the widow, and father of the fatherless, intreating his divine favour and assistance in this and every other moral and religious duty, well satisfied, that if she duly and punctually discharges her several offices and relations in this life, she shall be blessed and rewarded for it in another.

For the MISCELLANY.

AN ESSAY ON THE

ADVANTAGES of PHILOSOPHY to MANKIND.

THE contemplation and study of the works of nature, the tracing its phœnomena, and investigating its laws, is one of the noblest sciences in which the human mind can possibly be engaged: It is a study the most delightful, and at the same time attended with the most beneficial consequences to mankind. It has been observed, that the advances men have made in natural knowledge, have

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always been by slow and regular steps; and we have great reason to believe that there were but few, in the early ages of the world, that were acquainted with the laws, whereby the material universe is governed; and it is almost universally allowed that Philosophy never shone forth in its meridian glory before the days of our immortal *Newton*.

Nature and nature's laws lay hid in night;
God said let Newton be, and all was light.
POPE.

But great care ought to be taken, lest in this case we depreciate the ancients too much, and represent them as having made no proficiency in the school of natural philosophy. Some of them no doubt had a knowledge both of speculative and experimental philosophy, and applied it to the most valuable purposes, so that all around them felt its benign effects. The ancient *Egyptians* (if we may believe tradition) were indebted to philosophy, particularly to that part called *Geometry*, for the recovery of their lands after the inundations of the *Nile*. For the annual overflowing of this river, which happens about the beginning of the summer, made some art of measuring their lands necessary, that when the water returned to its usual channel, which it did about autumn, each person might have his own lands again; as all those bounds, landmarks and fixtures, used in other countries, on account of the depth of the water, and the quantity of mud it brought with and left behind it, were of no service in *Egypt*: so that hereby each person was obliged to distinguish his own land by its particular figure, and to call in the aid of Geometry to measure its quantity, and to plot it out again in it's just dimensions and proportion.*——The Syracusian philosopher *Archimedes* too was well read in the book of nature, was no novice in Philosophy. That he understood Mechanics, even in their most comprehensive sense, is evident from that well known saying of his, Δος που στω την γην κινεσω, i, e, *give me where to stand and I will move the earth*; nor was he ignorant of Hydrostatics or Optics. No one can read the history of the siege of *Syracuse*, without seeing to what valuable purposes philosophy may be applied. There it will appear that *Archimedes* was equal to an army, and that his machines constructed by philosophic aid, were a greater terror to the Romans, and a better defence to the city, than all the inhabitants of *Syracuse*.

But we need not go into ancient history for materials to compose a panegyric on philosophy. Our own age and nation will produce numberless monuments of its very beneficial nature to society. Every art, every trade, has been wholly indebted to it for their improvements and perfection, nor is there an individual, however mean, but in some way or other partakes of the blessings that flow from this fountain. *Philosophia* (says Cicero) *est mater omnium bonarum artium.*——There is scarce a day that passes over our heads, which does not celebrate the praises of this science, either by publishing her new inventions and discoveries, or her improvements in what is already known. The numerous machines which we have amongst us, and which are found so useful, owe their rise to philosophy. Clocks, watches, mills, cranes, pumps, fire-engines, steam-engines, &c. are all the children of Philosophy, and their present perfection is to be accounted for from the application men of late years have made to the cultivation of natural knowledge. But it is absolutely impossible for me to paint all her charms, or to give her that tribute of praise, which is justly her due. Were she viewed in a proper light, all men must confess themselves enamoured of her, and presently become her ardent votaries. The time would fail us to recount all the advantages mankind reap from the various branches of Philosophy taken separately. It is impossible now to enumerate the blessings we receive from *Geometry*, *Trigonometry*, *Astronomy*, and *Magnetism*, by the help of which navigation is performed, commerce carried on through the world, and Great-Britain enriched; and equally impossible is it to recount all the advantages derived to mankind from *Mechanics*, *Hydrostatics*, *Hydraulics*, *Pneumatics*, *Optics*, *Chymistry*, *Electricity*, &c. &c.

Nor are these the only instances in which Philosophy has been serviceable to mankind. It has been a principal means of dispelling those clouds of darkness and ignorance, which once hovered over this country. Before the gladdening rays of philosophy shone upon us, superstition reigned in every breast, and men were terrified with groundless fears. Nothing was heard but stories of old hags selling themselves to the devil; of witches

* See *Herodotus* and *Diodorus Siculus*.

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witches ſpewing pins, and riding through the air on broomſticks, and, Proteus-like, aſſuming any ſhape at pleaſure in order to torment mankind. The Aſtrologer too, in thoſe dark ages, uſed to ſtep forth, whiſpering direful things in the ears of affrighted mortals, and pretending to ſolve the moſt trivial events into the poſitions of the heavenly bodies. Philoſophy has taught us the abſurdity of theſe things, and made them diſappear as darkneſs at noon-day.

As Phœbus to the world, is ſcience to the ſoul.
BEATTIE'S MINSTREL, B. II.

For what can be more abſurd than to imagine that theſe heavenly bodies which Philoſophy teaches us are at ſuch immenſe diſtances,---what, I ſay, can be more abſurd than to imagine that theſe ſhould be the cauſe of a man's having a corn upon his great toe, or a pimple on his noſe? Witches, wizards, necromancers, conjurers, aſtrologers, and all thoſe kind of locuſts that once infeſted this iſle bowed themſelves at the ſhrine of divine philoſophy; "they bowed, they fell; where they bowed, there they fell down dead."

Theſe are ſome of the advantages with which Philoſophy comes recommended;---advantages which beſpeak her ſuperior to every other human ſcience, and which muſt neceſſarily attract the admiration and regard of every reflecting mind. But nevertheleſs, what has been ſaid is only a very ſmall part of her praiſe, many advantages ſtill lie behind untouched. But theſe I ſhall leave to be diſplayed by more able pens, and ſhall only remark here, that Philoſophy is not only the ſource of abundant uſefulneſs, but alſo of abundant pleaſure. Not only has every uſeful art ſome connection with this ſcience, but, as Mr. *Maclaurin* obſerves, on account of the unexhauſted beauty and variety of things, it is ever agreeable, new and ſurpriſing.

Ringwood. G——.

PRIZE ESSAY;

On the NATURE of the EPIGRAM.

L'Epigramme——
N'eſt ſouvent qu'un Bon Mot de deux rimes orné.
BOILEAU.

ETYMOLOGY, though it diſcovers to us the original meaning of a word, yet it ſeldom gives us a true idea of the popular uſe of it. The word Epigram, however, in its preſent acceptation, differs but little from the ſenſe in which it was uſed by the ancient Greek writers. It ſignifies, properly, an *inſcription*; and was applied by them to thoſe ſhort, and frequently poetical inſcriptions, made uſe of upon tombs or ſtatues, temples, trophies, or other public ſtructures, ſacred to their Gods or to their Heroes. Brevity, therefore, and ſimplicity, were eſſential properties in theſe inſcriptions; not only on account of their public ſituation, but from a principle of convenience, on account of the hardneſs of the materials (braſs or marble) on which they were uſually engraved.

This ſimplicity is obſervable in many of the moſt ancient Greek epigrams, which are preſerved to us in their Anthologies, or collections made by the ancient grammarians: and appeared ſo inſipid to the French poet *Malherbe*, that, upon taſting ſome *ſoup maigre* at a nobleman's table, he whiſpered to a friend, who was a great admirer of the Greek ſimplicity: *Voilà la potage a la Greque s'il en fuit jamais!* "This is ſoup in the Geeek taſte with a vengeance!" which was afterwards applied proverbially, amongſt the French critics, to any taſteleſs performance, either in verſe or proſe.

But though the moderns have ſufficiently departed from this primitive ſimplicity in their compoſitions of this kind, yet this definition of a true Epigram will always be the ſame: "That it is a ſhort poem, exhibiting one ſingle view of any ſubject, expreſſed in a conciſe and concluded in a forcible manner." According to this definition, though ſome ſtriking thought or poignancy of expreſſion is neceſſary to conſtitute an Epigram, yet thoſe forced conceits, ſtudied points, or what are now called the epigrammatic turns,---ſeem by no means eſſential to it; nay, unleſs they ariſe naturally from the ſubject, they are conſidered by the beſt critics, as vicious excreſcences, or rather as ridiculous affectations.

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And indeed the rules that are laid down for good writing in general, are equally applicable to a complete performance of this kind. Truth is the basis of all wit: no thought can be beautiful that is not just. No ambiguity, therefore, jingle of words, forced conceit, or outrageous hyperbole, are, *strictly speaking*, any more compatible with this, than with any other species of Poetry; "truth must prevail and regulate our diction, in all we write; nay must give laws to fiction." The difficulty of writing a perfect epigram, indeed, appeared so considerable to a great wit of the last age, that he did not scruple to declare (ridiculously enough) "that it was as difficult a performance as an Epic Poem." All that could really be meant by such an assertion, however, is, that an Epigram must be as perfect in its kind as the *Iliad*, or the *Paradise Lost*. An Epic Poem contains but one entire action; an Epigram, but one principal thought: the same unity of design, the same regular disposition of parts, the same tendency to one point, are required in a complete Epigram, as in an Epic Poem.

But however, though there is, strictly speaking, but one species of true wit; and that must be esteemed of the most perfect kind of Epigrams, where simplicity and justness of thought prevail, yet it must be granted likewise that there are many (perhaps the greatest number both ancient and modern) which give us great pleasure upon less rigid principles. And unless the majority of readers could be supposed to consist of philosophers and critics, we shall never prevail upon every man that is capable of writing an Epigram, to confine himself to the severe rules established by Bouhours, Addison, H---d, or Boileau. Besides, it is in vain to argue against the sensations of mankind: a striking antithesis, an happy allusion, an humorous expression, or even a pleasant ambiguity, will strike us with an agreeable surprise, and extort a laugh from the most rigid advocate for propriety and truth. On a grave or moral subject, indeed, the least appearance of levity, or tendency to a pun or jingle, may be as offensive as the intrusion of an impertinent wag in the midst of a serious or friendly conversation: but on less solemn occasions that severity may admit of some relaxation.---

The modern critics * have been equally at a loss to account for Tully's approbation and Plutarch's censure of a celebrated witticism in an ancient Greek historian, who accounts for burning the temple of Diana on the night that Alexander was born, by supposing that the Goddess was engaged in her obstetric capacity, at the birth of so great an hero. This, Tully, as that kind of false wit was not entirely exploded in his age, applauds as an ingenious conceit. Plutarch, on the other hand, condemns it with the utmost severity: but what is remarkable, he has himself been guilty of a mere quibble, whilst he was ridiculing the historian's puerility; and says, that so *frigid* a conceit was enough of itself to *extinguish* the *fire* which he describes.

Now, all that can be said for Plutarch is, that in order to express his contempt of the author whom he censures, he treats him in his own way and gives him pun for pun. And this, I think, will explain, in what cases this species of false wit is allowable. When we would expose any folly, impertinence, or affectation, perhaps we cannot do it in too ludicrous terms, as the less studied our wit appears, the more expressive it is of our contempt: it is like treating a man with a horsewhip, whom we think beneath our resentment at the more serious weapons of the sword or pistol.

I speak this of the lowest kind of ambiguity, or false wit, which is but one remove from a pun or a quibble; but there is another species which I cannot think inconsistent with our notions of true wit: I mean, when a word is applied to two different things, in two different senses; in both of which it is true; that is, in the figurative and literal acceptation.

I might produce numberless examples from the modern poets; but shall take one even from a Greek Epigram, as a more venerable authority:

Εἰς ἰατρὸν κλέπτην.

Φαρμακίνοις Ῥόδων λείψας ἢ χοιράδας αἴρεις
Τἄλλα δὲ πάντ' αἴρει, ἢ δίχα φαρμακίων.

On a pilfering QUACK.

Celsus *takes off*, by dint of skill,
Each bodily disaster;
But *takes off* spoons without a pill,
Your plate without a plaister.

Now it may be as true in the literal sense, that such a doctor *takes off* spoons, as that his physic, in a figurative sense, *takes*

* Vide Pearce's Longinus, p. 18; and Cicero de Nat. Deor. l. 2.

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takes off a fever: and this forms an antitheſis, or oppoſition, which gives the reader both *delight* and *ſurpriſe*, agreeably to the definition of one ſpecies of wit. Nay, further, as this ſort of ambiguity will generally ſtand the teſt of Mr. Addiſon, of being tranſlated into different languages, I cannot but think it an happineſs of expreſſion in theſe more ludicrous performances; for no one can imagine I would plead for any indulgence of this kind, in any ſerious or tender compoſition, even of the leſſer branches of poetry. Yet a great French critic finds nothing to ſhock his underſtanding in the following compliment to Mary de Medicis:

Feed on my flocks, feed, void of care,
Tho' you ſhould eat the meadows bare:
Maria comes, and where ſhe treads,
Freſh flow'rs luxuriant paint the meads.

"According to the fabulous ſyſtem," ſays he, "flowers ſpring up beneath the feet of goddeſſes and heroines; and therefore though the fact be falſe, yet it is a falſhood ſo well eſtabliſhed, as to have the air of truth." But certainly, nothing can be more ridiculous than to argue thus from the figurative to the literal ſenſe of the words: and the poor flocks would be in bad plight, that ſhould have nothing to feed upon, but theſe ideal paſtures and metaphorical flowers.——In ſhort, in any ludicrous performance, this ſpecies of falſe wit may be conſidered as counters at cards, which ſerve well enough to play with, whilſt they are paſſed as ſuch; but a man that ſhould put off a counter in ſerious traffick, or a pun in ſerious diſcourſe, would be conſidered as a cheat in one caſe, and be thoroughly ridiculous in the other †.

There is another ſource of humour, upon which the whole merit of many modern Epigrams depends; which is their alluding either to ſome well-known proverb, or to ſome celebrated paſſage, either in hiſtory or ancient mythology; or, which is too common, even to ſome text of the Sacred Writings. Theſe ſorts of alluſions give the reader the ſame agreeable ſurpriſe as the lucky application of a motto from an ancient claſſic.

How far the laſt kind of alluſions is defenſible, I will not preſume to determine: however, where no religious opinion is ridiculed, or profanely applied, the mere antique phraſe, though it is often ſtupidly, yet may perhaps be innocently enough introduced.

Thus, for inſtance, when Mr. Pope, the moſt decent poet of any age, ſpeaks of thoſe wretched votaries of dulneſs, who for the precarious reward of literary fame, undergo the auſterities of martyrs and confeſſors, he ſays, in alluſion to one of the Beatitudes, "Who hunger and who thirſt---for ſcribbling ſake." Here, tho' he makes free with the Scripture expreſſion, yet he is ſo far from ridiculing the doctrines contained in it, that he rather ſuppoſes our obligation to do that for *righteouſneſs'* ſake, which theſe rhymers do for *ſcribbling* ſake ‖.

But, as a witty divine § has denounced "God's judgment againſt punning," as well as againſt profaneneſs, I would by no means plead for either; but only endeavour to account for the propenſity which many ſenſible and decent men have diſcovered to be pleaſed with levities of this ſort, by ſhewing that there are ſome kinds of them not inconſiſtent either with true wit or genuine piety.

As to the *length* of an Epigram, a great French critic ſeems to limit it to a diſtich, or two lines; as ſome Dutch poets have extended it to as many pages. The modern practice, however, for which the authority of Martial ‡ might in many Epigrams be pleaded, ſeems to have determined, that, provided one principal thought be uniformly purſued to a point through the whole, a poem of any reaſonable length may be conſidered as an Epigram.

A ſmoothneſs of verſification ſeems ſo neceſſary in theſe ſmaller compoſitions, that I am almoſt inclined to apply ſeriouſly Prior's ironical conceſſion, that

Rhyme with reaſon may diſpenſe,
And ſound has right to govern ſenſe.

At leaſt, the beſt ſenſe and moſt witty conceit in the world will give little pleaſure, if diſfigured by bad rhymes, or the diſſonance of unmuſical verſification. In larger

† See this point accurately diſcuſſed in Mr. Hurd's admirable notes on the Epiſt. to Auguſtus, v. 61.

‖ "The ridicule in a parody does not fall on the paſſage alluded to, but on the perſon to whom it is applied"; as is very ingeniouſly obſerved in a note on v. 405, b. 2, of the later editions of the Dunciad.

§ Swift.

‡ He has one upon the "Villa Fauſtini," of 42 lines, and many of 30 and upwards.

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larger works some little roughness or inequality may be more pardonable; but in these diminutive pieces, the least inaccuracy, like a flaw in a diamond, entirely destroys its value.

An essay upon Song-writing, published in the Guardian, makes the whole difference between a Song and an Epigram to consist in the subject only: that an Epigram is usually employed upon satyrical occasions; and that the business of the song is chiefly to express "Love's pleasing cares, and the free joys of wine." But if I might venture to differ from so distinguished a writer, I should rather say, that, whatever the subject be, *tenderness of sentiment* and an impassioned expression are essential to a song; as the usually narrative style of an Epigram seems incompatible with the soft raptures of musick. How ridiculous must it be to hear a Frenchman quavering out,

Tu parles mal par tout de moi,
Je dis du bien par tout de toi.
Thou speakest always ill of me,
I speak always well of thee.

Which translation of an Epigram from Buchanan * was a favourite Song in France: as, on the contrary, the tender sentiments and plaintive style of a lover appear inconsistent with the studied turns of an Epigram---for

Who can chuse but pity
A dying swain so miserably witty.

If we enquire at last, into the utility of the Epigram, I should think it sufficient to say of this as of poetry in general, that it is, at least, an innocent amusement to young people; and perhaps they might receive the same advantage to their style in writing, and to their manner of expressing themselves in conversation, from being accustomed to the force and conciseness peculiar to an Epigram, as it is allowed they generally do, to their way of thinking and reasoning, from the close method of argumentation essential to mathematical writings.

But, further, I think an Epigram may be considered, according to the most general division, either as a satyr in miniature or a panegyric in epitome; and may, like those more important branches of poetry, be employed to encourage the practice of virtue by applause, or deter from vice by censure and ridicule; and as many of them contain some precept of morality, recommended to the fancy by a concise spirited manner of expression, they are easily learned in our youth, and usually retained for life.

If we may judge however from the practice of Martial, and the best writers of Epigrams, it seems to be its chief province to regulate the "*petits mœurs*," the little decencies of behaviour; and to ridicule affectation, vanity, and impertinence and other offences against good sense, and good breeding. But we should always remember that both this and every other species of raillery ought itself to be regulated by the strictest rules of humanity and benevolence. No natural defect, or unavoidable infirmity ought, on any account, to be exposed; much less should any thing sacred, or truly laudable, be made the object of our ridicule: for every poet should be able to say with Mr. Pope,

Curs'd be the verse, how well soe'er it flow,
That tends to make one worthy man my foe;
Give virtue scandal; innocence a fear;
Or from the soft-eyed virgin steal a tear.

Yet we may, certainly, exempt from this general rule, such harmless sallies of wit upon those peculiarities of temper, or even upon those oddities of person, where the subject of our raillery may himself join in the laugh; as, I dare say, the plump gentleman did, who was pointed out in this well known distich:

When Tadloe treads the streets, the paviours cry---
"God bless you, Sir," and lay their rammers by.

W. J.

* Imitated from the Greek.

OBSERVATIONS on the MANNERS of the AGE.

THE times are changed, and our manners are changed with them; it is not strange, therefore, that things which would have seemed absurd two or three centuries ago, should now be common amongst us, as a celebrated French author has justly observed. Our court ladies, like low-thoughted women, delight in ornament and splendor; and they being a rule to other ladies, and likewise to the courtiers, elegance and richness of dress are become a merit at court.

The expence of furniture and the table runs much higher than threescore years ago,

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ago, and from the continual improvements in the arts adminiſtering to eaſe and luxury, they will continue to increaſe.—The bulk of the rich, in the want of diſtinguiſhing talents, ſtick at nothing to diſtinguiſh themſelves by monſtrous expences; a man of wealth is very often ſtupid enough to ſet himſelf above the man of virtue and abilities, with a ſlender fortune; living in a ſtately palace, amidſt ſilk and velvet, paintings, ſculptures, gold and ſilver, and gems, he of courſe muſt be a great deal ſuperior to a virtuous man, who has nothing of all this finery; this is the uſual judgment of the vulgar, and it is ſurpriſing what numbers of quality are vulgar in this point.

At the beginning of the laſt century, coaches came into faſhion; in France, and for ſome time in all Paris, they ſcarce amounted to a hundred, and were uſed only by ladies of diſtinction. As Paris in 1658 was not properly paved, and the dirt-carts not ſufficient for clearing the ſtreets, there was no going abroad but on horſe-back and booted, and the half-boots and gilded ſpurs were a long time uſed in common viſits: even they who had neither coach nor ſaddle-horſe, viſited in white half boots. The firſt coach with glaſs windows, and a glaſs in the front, was brought from Bruſſels in the year 1660, by the Prince of Condé; ſince which, many improvements have been made in them for eaſe and ornament. How theſe vehicles have heightened luxury and ſoftneſs, beſides the unhappy effects of them on the health and vigour, as diminiſhing the exerciſe of the body! it is this diminution of exerciſe, and the increaſe of feaſting, which have introduced thoſe complaints of vapours, weak nerves, vertigoes, and other kinds of indiſpoſition ſo common among the rich and indolent.

In the civil wars, every one wore a ſword, eſpecially officers and gentry; many citizens, likewiſe, in order to paſs for officers or gentlemen, or at leaſt for perſons above the commonalty, alſo ſtuck a ſword by their ſide, and have ſince kept it as an ornament; and now in profound peace wear it in viſits. The ſword, at preſent, is become ſo common, as not to be the diſtinction of a real gentleman; theſe are the remains of the civil wars: the cuſtom of wearing ſwords may ſee its period, as that of the half-boots and gilded ſpurs; but it would be proper that the gentleman ſhould be diſtinguiſhed from the commoner by ſome mark, ſuch perhaps as a white ſilk flower embroidered on his coat.

The year 1648 was the æra of card-playing at court. Cardinal Mazarin played deep, and with fineſſe, and eaſily drew in the king and queen to countenance this new entertainment, that every one who had any expectation at court, learned to play at cards. Soon after the humour changed, and games of chance came into vogue, to the ruin of many conſiderable families; this was likewiſe very deſtructive to health, for beſides the various violent paſſions it excited, whole nights were ſpent at this execrable amuſement; the worſt of all was, that card-playing, which the court had taken from the army, ſoon ſpread from the court into the city, and from the city pervaded the country-towns. Before this, there was ſomething of improving converſation; every one was ambitious of qualifying himſelf for it, by reading of antient and modern books; memory and reflection were much more exerciſed. On the introduction of this gaming, men likewiſe left off tennis, mall, billiards, and other gymnaſtic ſports, and they are become what we ſee them, weaker and more ſickly, more ignorant, leſs poliſhed, and more diſſipated.

The women, who till then had commanded reſpect, accuſtomed men to treat them familiarly, by ſpending the whole night with them at play, or to pay their loſings; and how very ductile and complying they are to thoſe of whom they muſt borrow, is well known.

This gaming is one of the greateſt banes of the ſtate; ſeveral trials have been made for ſuppreſſing games of chance, but I do not know whether, to bring this about, all card-playing, all gaming, and playing of any kind, ſhould not be totally proſcribed; a continual obſervation of moderation being more difficult than at once abſolutely to break with all kind of play.

The ſelling of poſts has extinguiſhed the greateſt part of our emulation to acquire the talents requiſite for them: as money makes a counſellor, a preſident, or maſter of requeſts, without regard to birth or ability, the worthleſs ſons of ſtock-brokers and merchants are preferred even to worthy noblemen, but who have not wherewithal to purchaſe; hence it is, the number of theſe people encreaſes to the multiplication of uſury and oppreſſion, and the ſons of wealthy merchants, inſtead of continuing the commerce of their fathers, which was a national advantage, are proud of inveſting themſelves with the gown. Thus infamous

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and detrimental is the preſent path to the employment and dignities of the law.

This ſame venom of corruption in 1650 crept into the military employments: age, experience, ſervices, or tried courage, were not required in a colonel: money ſtood inſtead of every thing; the eccleſiaſtical employments about the houſhold were likewiſe ſold: and this has likewiſe been extended to the navy and ordnance, that one day it muſt inevitably prove a principal cauſe of any nation's overthrow, unleſs it be their happineſs ſoon to have a prince who will generouſly annul that peſtiferous ſale of poſts and employments.

Every thinking perſon muſt know, that the chief way to avoid hell and obtain heaven, is to do no wrong, no hurt to huſband, wife, ſervants, maſters, or ſtranger, as diſpleaſing to God: that the ſecond way is, to procure them all the comforts and good things in our power, as acceptable to him; yet, in conformity to the uſages of our forefathers, which alſo owe their riſe to an antient ignorance, thoſe two eſſential ways above mentioned are neglected, and we have recourſe to ways incomparably leſs efficacious; a multitude of ceremonies, long recitations of prayers, and ſuch like mockeries, for which neither the poor nor the ignorant, nor our neighbours, or they whom we have wronged or hurt, are a whit the better.

The infinite variety of enjoyments and diverſions, has ſo very lamentably corrupted our youth, that moſt of them, whoſe condition will allow of indolence, ſoon grow out of conceit with ſtudy and application, and throw themſelves into the arms of intoxicating voluptuouſneſs.---For this we may thank the deficiency of our laws, in not recompenſing thoſe who diſtinguiſh themſelves among their equals by ſuch labours as are uſeful to ſociety; and this is the view with which I write for effecting a commiſſion of inquiry, that when employments of the ſuperior claſſes are vacant, they may be filled up by the moſt capable of the inferior claſs, or that honours or penſions may be conferred on the moſt deſerving of each claſs.

Our men of erudition, for fourſcore years paſt, have buſied themſelves more in the curious than the uſeful parts of ſciences; and our wits have exhauſted themſelves only in tinſel decorations of their works, adapting them to the vitiated mode of the general taſte. We are but juſt beginning to ſee, that to pleaſe is not ſufficient, but the writers muſt likewiſe be of greater benefit to their readers than all preceding authors, ancient or modern.---They have, indeed, given their cotemporaries a tranſitory delight, and I wiſh thoſe of our time would ſee, that the ſubſtance of their conteſt for preference and excellency does not lie in the brilliancy of wit, or energy of diction, or fertility of invention, but in producing woaks of ſolid and laſting advantage to the ſtate, not only encreaſing the happineſs of the preſent age, but conducing likewiſe to that of poſterity. Here our reaſon, as yet, is very weak.

[*St. James's Mag.*]

ACCOUNT of Mr. DAY's PROJECT for ſinking a VESSEL at SEA, and bringing it above Water afterwards;

AS LATELY TRIED AT PLYMOUTH.

SOME years ago Mr. Day, the projector of this ſcheme, planned a method of ſinking a veſſel under water, with a man in it, who ſhould live therein for a certain time, and then, by his own means only, bring himſelf up to the ſurface.—He firſt tried his projects in the Broads, near Yarmouth, and in a Norwich market-boat fitted for that purpoſe, ſunk himſelf 30 feet under water, where he continued 24 hours.

It was then ſuggeſted to him by one of his friends, to whom the experiment had been related, that if he acquainted the ſporting gentlemen with the diſcovery, conſiderable bets would be laid, in the profits of which he might be a ſharer; he therefore acquainted Mr. Blake of the plan, and propoſed that Mr. Blake ſhould allow him 100l. out of every thouſand that he ſhould win by it.

After conſidering the matter ſome time, an interview was had between theſe two gentlemen, and Mr. Blake deſired ſome proof of the practicability of the ſcheme; and a model of the veſſel being ſhewn him, he advanced money for the conſtructing one at Plymouth, under Mr. Day's direction.

The preſſure of the water at an hundred feet

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feet deep was a circumſtance of which Mr. Blake was adviſed, and on that article he gave the ſtrongeſt precautions to Mr. Day, telling him, at any expence, to fortify the chamber, in which he was to ſubſiſt, againſt the weight of ſuch a body of water.

Mr. Day, however, ſeemed ſo confident of ſucceſs, that Mr. Blake made a bet that the project would ſucceed, reducing, however, the hundred yards to ſo many feet, and the time from 24 to 12 hours. By the terms of the wager, the experiment was to be made within three months from the date; but ſo much time was neceſſary for preparation, that on the appointed day things were not in readineſs, and Mr. Blake loſt the bet.

Soon after this the veſſel was finiſhed, and Mr. Day wrote from Plymouth, that every thing was in readineſs, and ſhould be executed the moment Mr. Blake arrived. Mr. Blake accordingly ſet out for Plymouth. Upon his arrival a trial was made in Catwater, where Mr. Day lay during the flow of the tide for ſix hours, and ſix more during the time of ebb, confined all the time in the room appropriated for his uſe.

A day for the final determination was then fixed, and the veſſel was towed to the place agreed upon. It had a falſe bottom, ſtanding on feet like a butcher's block, which contained the ballaſt; and, by the perſon in the veſſel unſcrewing ſome pins, ſhe was to riſe to the ſurface, leaving the falſe bottom behind.

Mr. Day provided himſelf with whatever he thought neceſſary, went into the veſſel, let the water into her, and with great compoſure retired to the room conſtructed for him, and ſhut up the valve.—The ſhip went gradually down in twenty-two fathom water, at two o'clock in the afternoon, being to return at two the next morning. He had three buoys or meſſengers, which he could ſend to the ſurface at option, to announce his ſituation below; but none appearing, Mr. Blake, who was near at hand in a barge, began to entertain ſome ſuſpicion of her having bulged, eſpecially as ſhe went down ſtern foremoſt, and a very great ripling appeared a few minutes after her ſinking. He therefore applied to the Captain of the Orpheus frigate, and to Lord Sandwich, who did all in their power to regain the veſſel, but without effect.

The poor man has unfortunately ſhortened his days; he was not, however, tempted or influenced by any body; he confided in his own judgment, and put his life to the hazard upon his own miſtaken notions.

Many and various have been the opinions on this ſtrange, uſeleſs, and fatal experiment, though the more reaſonable and intelligent part of mankind ſeem to give it up as wholly impracticable. It is well known, that pent-up air, when overcharged with the vapours emitted out of animal bodies, becomes unfit for reſpiration; for which reaſon, thoſe confined in the diving-bell, after continuing ſome time under water, are obliged to come up, and take in freſh air, or by ſome ſuch means recruit it. That any man ſhould be able, after having ſunk a veſſel to ſo great a depth, to make that veſſel at pleaſure ſo much more ſpecifically lighter than water, as thereby to enable it to force its way to the ſurface, through the depreſſure of ſo great a weight, is a matter not haſtily to be credited. Even cork, when ſunk to a certain depth, will, by the great weight of the fluid upon it, be prevented from riſing.

With reſpect to an animal being able to breathe for any conſiderable time in pent-up air, we are indeed told, by an author of the firſt rank, that the famous Cornelius Drebelle contrived, not only a veſſel to be rowed under water, but alſo a liquor to be carried in that veſſel, which would ſupply the want of freſh air. The veſſel was made by order of James the Firſt, and carried twelve rowers, beſides paſſengers. It was tried on the river Thames, and one of the perſons who was in that ſubmarine navigation told the particulars of that experiment to a perſon, who afterwards related them to the great Mr. Boyle.

As to the liquor, Mr. Boyle ſays, he diſcovered by a phyſician, who married Drebelle's daughter, that it was uſed from time to time, when the air in the ſubmarine boat was clogged by the breath of the company, and thereby made unfit for reſpiration: at which time, by unſtopping a veſſel full of this liquor, he could ſpeedily reſtore to the condenſed air ſuch a proportion of vital parts, as would make it again, for ſome time, fit for reſpiration. However, that wonderful quality in this liquor is much doubted.

On the whole, tho' it may be alledged, that many advantages might accrue from making a ſcheme of this kind practicable, yet, as no experiment with ſuch a veſſel can poſſibly be tried without the greateſt danger, humanity tells us it were better to give it up, than devote the life of any man to ſuch a precarious purpoſe.

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On the DIFFERENCE between the HOURS of RISING, obſerved by the ANCIENTS and MODERNS.

LIGHT is intended by our Maker for action, and darkneſs for reſt; to employ them, therefore, according to their deſtined purpoſes, is our incumbent duty. This principle was once almoſt univerſally adhered to, though the moderns have now got into a contrary practice.

In the fourteenth century, the ſhops in Paris were opened at four in the morning; at preſent, a ſhopkeeper is ſcarce awake at ſeven. The King of France uſed then to dine at eight in the morning, and retire to his bed-chamber at eight in the evening;---an hour at which moſt of our public amuſements are but juſt begun.

The Spaniards ſtill adhere to their ancient cuſtoms; their Kings to this day dine preciſely at noon, and ſup no leſs preciſely at nine in the evening.

During the reign of Henry VIII. faſhionable people in England breakfaſted at ſeven in the morning, and dined at ten in the forenoon. In Elizabeth's time, the Nobility, Gentry, and ſtudents, dined at eleven in the forenoon, and ſupt between five and ſix in the afternoon. In the reign of Charles II. four in the afternoon was the appointed hour for acting Plays. At preſent, even dinner is at a later hour.

The King of Yeman, the greateſt Prince in Arabia Fœlix, dines at nine in the morning, ſups at five in the afternoon, and goes to reſt at eleven.

From this ſhort ſpecimen it appears, that the occupations of day-light commence gradually later and later; as if there was a tendency in polite nations of converting night into day, and day into night. Nothing happens without a cauſe: Light diſpoſes to action, darkneſs to reſt: The diverſions of day are tournaments, tennis, hunting, racing, and ſuch-like active exerciſes: The diverſions of night are ſedentary, as plays, cards, converſation. Balls are of a mixed nature, partly active in dancing, partly ſedentary in converſing. Formerly active exerciſes prevailed among a robuſt and plain people: The milder pleaſures of ſociety prevail as manners refine. Thence it is, that candle-light amuſements are now faſhionable in France, and in other poliſhed countries; and, when ſuch amuſements are much reliſhed, they baniſh the robuſt exerciſes of the field. Balls, I conjecture, were formerly more frequent in day-light; at preſent, candle-light is their favourite time.

[*Univ. Mag.*]

For the MISCELLANY.

The celebrated SPEECH of the VILLEIN* of GERMANY, To the SENATE and PEOPLE of ROME.

(Illuſtrated with a ſtriking and expreſſive Print of the Villein.)

THIS Speech, which was lately introduced by Mr. Rice, in a Courſe of Rhetorical Lectures read at Bath and Briſtol, has very much engaged the attention of the public; and as few, if any perſons, could procure a copy of it, whatever detached pieces may have appeared in the world, are of courſe extremely incorrect and imperfect; Mr. Rice has, therefore, obligingly permitted us to print it from his own copy, and we flatter ourſelves it will be highly acceptable to all our literary friends.

Mr. Rice introduced it with the following words: "I ſhall at this time beg leave to "deviate from the COMMON method of exhibiting ſpecimens of reading, which is by "detached paſſages, remarkable for ſome "particular beauties. I ſhall now give you "a compoſition of ſome length, becauſe I "think it of extraordinary merit.——It may "be conſidered as a literary curioſity, as it "is very little known, even to the learned. "But its merits are ſo various, its compoſition is ſo judicious, its ſtyle ſo natural, "and the paſſions and ſentiments it raiſes are "ſo excellent, that I cannot help giving it "the aid of MY little reputation to make it "more known. Thoſe who are ſo inclined "may compare its merits with thoſe of the "moſt celebrated orations of antiquity. It "will not ſuffer by any ſuch compariſon, "and it may be made by any Engliſh reader, "as this oration is on the ſame footing with "them, as a tranſlation into Engliſh from "another language."

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* For an explanation of this term, and the nature of Villenage in England, ſee the article immediately following the Speech, p. 84.

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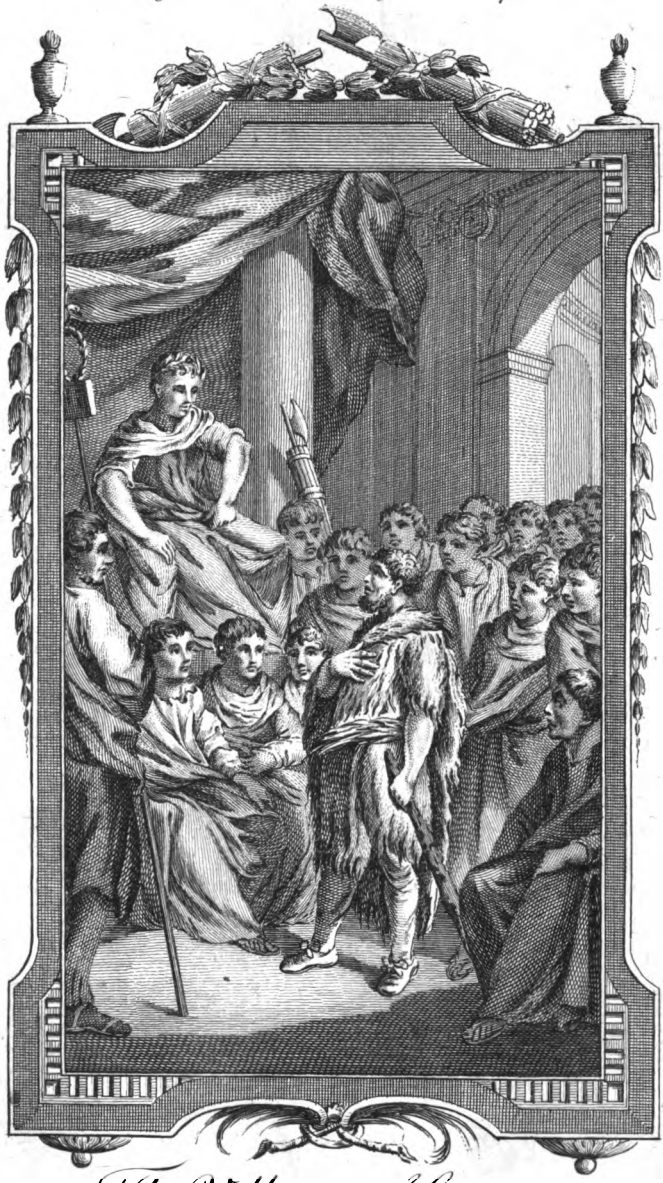
Engraved for the Monthly Miscellany.



The Villaine of Germany.

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IN the 10th year of the reign of the good Emperor Marcus Aurelius, there happened in Rome a general peſtilence; the which, being ſo outrageous, the good Emperor went to Campaigne, which at that time was very healthful and without diſeaſes, tho' it was very dry, and wanted much of that which was neceſſary.

While he was at this place he was ſore vexed with a fever, and as his condition was always to be among ſages, ſo at that time his ſickneſs required to be viſited by phyſicians. The reſort that he had in his palace was very great, as well of philoſophers for to teach, as of phyſicians for to diſpute; for this Prince ordered his life in ſuch ſort, that in his abſence things touching the war were well provided, and in his preſence were nothing but matters of knowledge argued.

It chanced one day, as Marcus Aurelius was environed with Senators, Philoſophers, Phyſicians, and other ſage men, a queſtion was moved among them how greatly Rome was changed---not only in buildings, which were almoſt utterly decayed, but alſo in manners, which were wholly corrupted. The cauſe of this evil grew, for that Rome was full of flatterers, and deſtitute of thoſe who durſt ſay the truth.

Theſe and other ſuch words being heard, the Emperor declared unto them a notable example, ſaying,

'In the firſt year that I was Conſul, there came a poor Villein from the river Danube, to aſk juſtice of the Senate, againſt a Cenſor who had ſorely oppreſſed the people; and indeed he did ſo well propound his complaint, and declare the folly and injuries which the Judges did in his country, that I doubt whether Cicero could utter it better with his tongue, or the renowned Homer have written it more eloquently with his pen.

'This Villein had a ſmall face, great lips, hollow eyes, his colour burnt, curled hair, bareheaded, his ſhoes of porpyge ſkin, his coat of goat ſkin, his girdle of bulruſhes, a long beard and thick, his eye-brows covered his eyes, the ſtomach and neck covered with ſkins, haired as a bear, and a club in his hand.—Without doubt when I ſaw him enter the Senate, I imagined it had been a beaſt in form of a man; and after I heard that which he ſaid, I judged him to be a God,---if there be Gods among men; for it was a fearful thing to behold his perſon; it was no leſs monſtrous to hear his words.—— At that time there was a great preſs at the door of the Senate, of many and divers perſons for to ſolicit the affairs of their provinces; yet, notwithſtanding, this Villein ſpake before the others for two cauſes; the one, for the men were deſirous to hear what ſo monſtrous a man would ſay; the other, becauſe the Senators had this cuſtom, that the complaints of the poor ſhould be heard before the requeſts of the rich: wherefore this Villein afterwards, in the midſt of the Senate, began to tell his tale, and the cauſe of his coming thither, in the which he ſhewed himſelf no leſs bold in words than he was in attire ſtrange; and ſaid unto them in this ſort:

"Oh Fathers Conſcript and happy People, I, Mileno, a plowman, dwelling near unto the river of Danube, do ſalute you, worthy Senators of Rome, which are convened here in this Senate; and I beſeech the immortal Gods my tongue this day ſo to govern, that I may ſay that which is convenient for my country, and that they help you others to govern well the commonwealth; for without the help of God we can neither learn the good nor avoid the evil. The fatal deſtinies permitting it, and our wrathful Gods forſaking us, our miſhap was ſuch, and to you others fortune ſhewed herſelf ſo favourable, that the proud Captains of Rome by force of arms took our country of Germany; and I ſay, not without a cauſe, that at that time the Gods were diſpleaſed with us; for, if we Germans had appeaſed our Gods, ye Romans might have well excuſed yourſelves for overcoming of us. Great is your glory, oh! Romans, for the victories you have had, and the triumphs which of many realms you have conquered; but, notwithſtanding, greater ſhall your infamy be in the world to come, for the cruelties which you have committed; for I let you know, if you do not know it, that when the wicked went before the triumphant chariots, ſaying, 'Live, live, invincible Rome,' the poor captives went ſaying in their hearts 'Juſtice, Juſtice.'

"My predeceſſors inhabited by the river of Danube; for, when the dry earth annoyed them, they came to recreate themſelves in the freſh water, and if perchance the unconſtant water did annoy them, they would return again to the main land; and as the appetites and conditions of men are variable, ſo there is a time to fly from the land to refreſh ourſelves by the water, and time alſo, when we are annoyed with the water, to return again to the land.——But how ſhall I ſpeak, Romans, that which I would ſpeak? Your covetouſneſs of taking other men's goods has been ſo extreme, and your pride of commanding ſtrange countries has been ſo diſordinate, that neither the ſea can ſuffice you in the deepneſs thereof, neither the land aſſure us in the fields of the ſame.——Oh! how great comfort it is for the troubled men to think and be aſſured that there are juſt Gods, the which will do juſtice on the unjuſt; for if the oppreſſed men thought themſelves not aſſured that the Gods would wreak their injury of their enemies, they with their own hands would deſtroy themſelves.

"The end why I ſpeak this is, for ſo much as I hope in the juſt Gods, that as you others, without reaſon, have caſt us out of our houſes, ſo by reaſon ſhall others come after us, and caſt you others out of Italy and Rome both. There, in my country of Germany, we take it for a rule infallible, that he which by force taketh the good of another, by reaſon ought to loſe his own proper right; and I hope in the Gods, that that which we have for a proverb in Germany you ſhall have for experience here in Rome.——By the groſs words I ſpeak, and by the ſtrange apparel

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apparel which I wear, you may well imagine that I am ſome Villein or Barbarian born; but yet, notwithſtanding, I want not reaſon to know who is juſt and righteous in holding his own, and who is a tyrant in poſſeſſing of others. For the rude men of my profeſſion, tho' in good ſtyle they cannot declare that which they would utter, yet, notwithſtanding, we are not ignorant of that which ought to be allowed for good, nor which ought to be condemned for evil. I would ſay therefore in this caſe, that that which the evil with all their tyranny have gathered in many days, the Gods ſhall take from them in one hour; and, contrarywiſe, all that which the good ſhall loſe in many years, the Gods will reſtore it them in one minute, for ſpeaking the truth: the evil to proſper in riches, is not for that the Gods will it, but that they do ſuffer it; and tho' at this hour we complain, diſſembling we ſuffer much, but the time ſhall come that will pay for all. Believe me, in one thing, Oh! Romans, and doubt not therein, that 'of the unlawful gains of the father followeth after the juſt undoing of their children.' Many oftentimes do marvel, in my country, what the cauſe is, that the Gods do not take from the wicked that which they win, immediately as they win it; and as I think the reaſon hereof is for the diſſembling with them by little, they gather together divers things, and afterwards, when they think leaſt thereon, it is taken from them all at once. For the juſt judgment of the Gods is, that, ſince without reaſon they have done evil to others, others by reaſon ſhould come in like manner which do evil unto them.

"It is impoſſible that the valiant and ſage man, who preſumeth to be wiſe, ſhould take any taſte in any other man's goods; for if he did he would never content himſelf with any thing, ſince he hath not a conſcience in that which is evil gotten. I know not, Romans, whether you underſtand me; but, becauſe you ſhall underſtand me better, I ſay that I marvel, and I ſhould rather wonder, how the man keeping another man's goods, can ſleep or reſt one hour, ſince he knoweth he hath done injury to the Gods, ſlandered his neighbours, pleaſed his enemies, loſt his friends, endamaged thoſe that he robbed, and, worſt of all, that he hath put his perſon in peril. And I ſay that he HATH put his perſon in peril; for the day that any man determined to take my goods, he will alſo, the ſame day, if he can, take my life. It is an odious thing to the Gods, and very ſlanderous among men, that men ſhould have, thro' their fleſhly deſires, ſo much virtue bound, and the rein of their evil works ſo much at liberty, that another man's miſery ſeemeth to him riches, and that his own riches ſeemeth to himſelf poverty. I care not whether he be Greek, Barbarian, Roman, preſent or abſent, I ſay, and affirm, that he is and ſhall be curſed of the Gods, and hated of men; which, without conſideration, will change his good fame into ſhame, juſtice into wrong, right into tyranny, truth into lies, the certain for the doubtful, hating his own property, and ſighing for that of other men.

"He that hath his chief intention to gather good for his children, and ſeeketh not a good name among the renowned; it is juſt that ſuch a one do not only loſe the goods which he hath gathered, but alſo that without a good name he remain ſhameful among the wicked.

"Since you other Romans are naturally proud, and pride doth blind you, you think yourſelves happy, that for having ſo much as you have more than others, that therefore you ſhould be more honoured than all; which truly is not ſo: for if preſently you will not open your eyes, and confeſs your own errors, you ſhall ſee, that whereas you vaunt yourſelves to be lords of ſtrange countries, you ſhall find yourſelves made ſlaves with your own proper goods.

"Gather as much as you will, let them do all you command them, yet, as I think, it little availeth to have Plebeians houſes with goods, and contrariwiſe the hearts to be poſſeſſed with covetouſneſs; for the riches which are gotten with covetouſneſs, and are kept with avarice, take away the good name from the poſſeſſor, and avail nothing to maintain his life.

"It cannot be ſuffered many days, and much leſs hid many years, that one man ſhould be counted both for rich among the rich, and for honoured among the honourable; for it is impoſſible, that he which is a great lover of temporal goods ſhould be a friend to his good name. Oh, if the covetous men were of their own honour as greedy as they are of the goods of another dolrous! I ſwear unto you by the immortal Gods, that the little worm or moth of covetouſneſs would not gnaw the reſt of their life, and the canker of infamy ſhould not deſtroy their good name after their death.

"Hearken, ye Romans, hearken what I will ſay; and I beſeech the Gods that you may underſtand it; for otherwiſe I ſhould loſe my labour, and ye others ſhould take no fruit of my words. I ſee that all the world hateth pride; and yet there is none that will follow humanity. Every man condemneth adultery; and yet I ſee no man that liveth chaſte. Every man curſeth exceſs; and I ſee no man live temperately. Every man praiſeth patience; and I ſee no man that will ſuffer. Every man blameth ſloth; and I ſee no man but thoſe that are idle. Every man blameth avarice; and yet every man robbeth.

"One thing I ſay, and not without tears, in this Senate openly do I declare it; which is, that with the tongue every man praiſeth virtue, and yet they themſelves, with all their limbs, are ſervants unto vices.

"Do not think that I ſay this only for the Romans which be in Illyria, but for the Senators which I ſee here in the Senate.

"All you Romans, in your deviſes about arms, have this for your motto: 'Romanorum eſt debellare ſuperbos, et parcere ſubjectos.' Truly you ſhould better have ſaid, 'Romanorum eſt ſpoliare innocentes, et red-

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dere subjectos.' For you Romans are but destroyers of the people that be peaceable, and robbers of the sweat and labours of strangers.

"I ask, ye Romans, what occasion ye have, that are brought up nigh to the river of Tiber, against us that live in peace, nigh to the river of Danube. Peradventure you have seen us friends to your foes; or else we have shewed ourselves your enemies. Peradventure you have heard say, that, forsaking our own land, we should go conquer foreign realms. Peradventure you have been advertised, that we, rebelling against our own lords, should become obedient to the cruel Barbarians. Peradventure ye have sent us some Ambassador to desire us to be your friends; or else there came some from us to Rome, to defy you as our enemies. Peradventure some King died in our realm, which by his testament made you heirs unto our realm; whereby you claim your title, and seek to make us your subjects. Peradventure by some ancient law or custom ye have found, that the noble and worthy Germany of necessity is subject to the proud people of Rome. Peradventure we have destroyed your armies, we have wasted your fields, sacked your cities, spoiled your subjects, or favoured your enemies: so that, to revenge these injuries, ye should destroy our land. If we had been your neighbours, or you our's, it had been no marvel that one should have destroyed the other. For it chanceth oftentimes, that thro' controversy of a little piece of ground, tedious wars between people arise.

"Of a truth, none of these things which I have named have chanced between ye Romans and us Germans. For in Germany we felt your tyranny as soon as we heard of your renown.

"If ye be grieved with what I have said, I pray you be not offended with what I will say; which is, that the name of Romans and the cruelty of tyrants, arrived together in one day upon our people; and what more to say, I know not Romans, of the little care the Gods do take, and of the great audacity that men have; for I see that he which possesseth much doth oppress him which hath but little, and he that hath little weigheth not him that hath much.

"So disordered covetousness striveth with secret malice, and secret malice giveth place to open theft, and open robbery no man resisteth, and thereof it cometh, that the covetousness of a malicious man is accomplished, to the prejudice of a whole state.

"Hearken, ye Romans, hearken; by the immortal Gods I do conjure you, give ear to that I will say; which is, consider well what you have done; for the good words be in vain, or else men must have an end, the world in time must needs fall, or else the world shall be no world; fortune must needs make sure the pin of the wheel, or else that shall be seen which never was seen; which is, that which in eight years ye have won, ye shall within eight days lose: for nothing can be more just, since ye by force have made yourselves tyrants: then the Gods by justice should make you slaves. And do not think, you Romans, tho' you have subdued Germany, and be lords thereof, that it was by any warlike industry; for ye are no more warlike, no more courageous, no more hardy, nor yet more valiant than we Germans? But since thro' our offences we have provoked the Gods to wrath, they, for the punishment of our disordinate vices, ordained, that ye should be a cruel plague and scourge to our persons. Do not take yourselves to be strong, neither repute us to be so weak, that if the Gods at that time had favoured the one part as much as the other, it might perchance have happened ye should not have enjoyed the spoil. For, to say the truth, ye won not the victory thro' the force of weapons that you brought from Rome, but through the infinite vices which ye have found in Germany.

"Therefore, since we were not overcome for being cowards, neither for being weak, nor yet for being fearful, but only for being wicked, and not having the Gods favourable unto us; what hope ye Romans to become of you, being as you are vicious, and having the Gods angry with you?

"Do not think, Romans, to be the more victorious for that ye assemble great armies, or that ye abound in treasures, neither for that you have greater Gods in your aid, or that ye build greater temples, nor yet for that ye offer such great sacrifices; for I let you know, if you do not know it, that no man is in more favour with the Gods than he which is at peace with virtue.

"If the triumph of the conquerors consisteth in nothing else but in subtle wits, politic captains, valiant soldiers, and great armies, without doubt it would little avail to carry all this to the war; afterwards we see, by experience, that men can do no more but give the battles, and the Gods themselves must give the victories.

"If I be not deceived, I think that for our offences we have sufficiently satisfied the Gods' wrath. But truly I believe that the cruelties which ye have done unto us, and the unthankfulness which you have shewed the Gods, tho' as yet ye have not paid for it, yet once ye shall pay for it. And hereafter it may chance that as at present ye count us for slaves, so in time to come ye shall acknowledge us for lords. Since, travelling by the way, I have seen the high mountains, divers provinces, sundry nations, countries so savage, people so barbarous, and considering the distance that Germany is from Rome, I muse what fond toy came into the Romans heads to send and conquer Germany? If covetousness or treasures caused it, I am sure they spent more money to conquer it, and at this present do spend to keep it, than the whole revenues of Germany amounteth to, or may amount in many years; and perchance they may lose it, before they recover that they have spent to conquer it. And if ye say unto me, Romans, that Germany is not conquered of Rome for ever, but that only Rome should have the glory

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to be miſtreſs of Germany: this alſo I ſay is vanity and folly; for little availeth it having the forts and caſtles of the people, while the hearts of the inhabitants are abſent.

"If ye ſay, that therefore ye conquered Germany, to amplify and enlarge the limits and bounds of Rome: this alſo, I think, is a fooliſh enterprize. For it is not the point of wiſe and valiant men to enlarge their dominions and diminiſh their honours. If ye ſay ye ſent to conquer us, to the end we ſhould not be barbarous, nor live like tyrants, but that ye would we ſhould live after your good laws and cuſtoms: if it be ſo I am well content; but how is it poſſible ye ſhould give laws to ſtrangers, when ye break the laws of your own predeceſſors?—Great ſhame ought they to have, which take upon them to correct others, when they have more need to be corrected themſelves. For the blind man ought not to take upon him to lead the lame.——If this be true (as certainly it is) what reaſon or occaſion had proud Rome to take and conquer the innocent Germans. Let us all go therefore to rob, to kill, to conquer, and to ſpoil, ſince we ſee the world is ſo corrupt, and ſo far from the love of God, that every man (as we may perceive) taketh what he can, killeth who he will; and that which is worſt of all is, that neither thoſe who govern will remedy ſo many evils as are committed, nor thoſe which are offended dare complain.

"Ye chief judges at this day are ſo hard to be intreated, ye take ſo little regard unto the poor oppreſſed, that they think it more quiet to remain in trouble at home, than to come and put up their complaints before you here at Rome; and the cauſe hereof is, that there in their country, they have but one which purſueth them, and here in this Senate they are ill-will'd of all, and that is, becauſe he which complaineth is poor, and the other which is complained on is rich.

"Therefore, ſince fortune would have it, and the fatal deſtinies permit, that the proud Rome ſhould be miſtreſs of our Germany, it is but reaſon ſhe ſhould keep us in juſtice, and maintain us in peace. But if you do not ſo, but rather they who go thither do take from us our goods, and you that are here, do rob us of our good name, ſaying, that ſince we are a people without law, without reaſon, and without a King, (as unknown barbarous) ye may take us for ſlaves; in this caſe, ye Romans are greatly deceived, for I think with reaſon, ye cannot calls us ſo with truth; ſince we being ſuch as we are, and as the Gods created us, remaining in our proper countries without deſiring to ſeek or invade foreign realms. For with more truth we might ſay, that ye were men without reaſon, being not contented with the ſweet and fertile Italy, but through ſhedding of blood, that ye ſhould deſire to conquer all the earth. In that ye ſay, we deſerve to be ſlaves, becauſe we have no Prince to command us, nor Senate to govern us, nor army to defend us: to this I will anſwer:

"That ſince we had no enemies, we needed no armies; and ſince every man is contented with his lot and fortune, we needed not a proud Senate to govern us; and we being, as we all are, equal, it needed not we ſhould conſent to have any Princes amongſt us; for the office of Princes is, to ſuppreſs tyrants, and maintain their people in peace.

"If ye ſay further, that we have not in our country a common-wealth or policy, but that we live as the beaſts in the mountains; in this alſo ye have but ſmall reaſon, for we in our country did ſuffer no liars, neither rebels, nor ſeditious people, nor men that brought us from any ſtrange country apparel for to be vicious; ſo that ſince in apparel we were honeſt, and in meat very temperate, we needed no better behaviour.

"For tho' in our country there are no merchants of Carthage, oils of Mauritania, merchants of Tyre, ſteel of Cantabria, odours of Aſia, gold of Spain, ſilver of Britain, amber of Sidonia, ſilk of Damaſcus, corn of Sicily, wine of Candia, purple of Arabia; yet for all this we are not brutiſh, neither ceaſe to have a common-wealth.

"For theſe and ſuch like other things give more occaſion to ſtir up many vices, than for virtuous men for to live according unto virtue. Bleſſed and happy is the common-wealth, not where great riches aboundeth, but where virtues are highly commended; not where many light and angry men reſort, but where the patient are reſident: therefore it followeth, that of the common-wealth of Rome, for being rich, we ſhould have pity; and of the common-wealth of Germany, for being poor, ye ought not to have envy.

"Would to God that the content we have with our poverty, ye others had the ſame with your riches; for then neither ye had robbed us of our countries, nor we had come hither to complain in Rome of your tyranny.

"I ſee Romans that differ much from each other; for ye others, though ye hear our oppreſſions, yet ye loſe not your paſtime; but we others can neither dry the tears of our eyes, nor ceaſe to bewail our infinite misfortunes.

"Ye would think I have ſaid all that I can ſay; but certainly it is not ſo: for there remaineth many things to ſpeak, which to hear ye will be aſhamed: yet be aſſured that to ſpeak them I will not be afraid, ſince you, in doing them are not aſhamed,---for open offence deſerveth not ſecret correction. I marvel much at ye Romans, what ye meant to ſend us (as ye did) ſuch ignorant judges, the which, by the immortal Gods I ſwear, can neither declare to us your laws, nor underſtand ours. And the cauſe of all this evil is, that ye ſent not to us thoſe, which were beſt able to adminiſter juſtice to us in Germany, but thoſe who have the beſt friends with you in Rome. It is little that I can ſay here, in reſpect to what they dare do there: that which ye command them here, I know not; but of the which they do there, I am not ignorant; which is,—your judges take all bribes that are brought

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brought unto them openly, and they peel and ſhave as much as they can ſecretly: they graciouſly puniſh the offences of the poor, and diſſemble with the faults of the rich: they conſent to many evils, to have occaſion to commit greater theſts: they forget the government of the people to take their pleaſure in vice, and being there to mitigate ſlanders, they are thoſe which are the moſt ſlanderous; and without goods it availeth no man to aſk juſtice: and finally, under the colour that they be judges of Rome, they fear not to rob all the land of Germany. What meaneth this, ye Romans? ſhall your pride never have end in commanding, nor your covetouſneſs in robbing? Say unto us what you will in words, but oppreſs us not ſo much in deeds. If you do it for our children, load them with irons, and make them ſlaves, for ye cannot charge them with more than they are able to carry; but of commandments and tributes ye give us more than we are either able to carry or ſuffer. If you do it for our goods, go thither and take them all; for in our country, we do not live as ye Romans do, nor have ſuch conditions as ye have here in Rome; for ye deſire to live poor, that ye may die rich. If ye ſay that we ſhall rebel, I marvel what you ſhould mean to think ſo, though ye have robbed us, ſpoiled us, and handled us ill. Aſſure me, ye Romans, that ye will not unpeople us, and I will aſſure you we will not rebel. If our ſervice do not content you, ſtrike off our heads as to the evil men; for (to tell ye truth) the knife ſhall not be ſo fearful to our necks, as your tyrannies be abhorred in our hearts.

"Do ye know what ye have done, ye Romans? ye have cauſed us of that miſerable realm to ſwear, neither to dwell with our wives, and to ſlay our children, rather than to leave them in the hands of ſuch wicked and cruel tyrants as ye be: If it be true that the children muſt endure that which the miſerable fathers do ſuffer, it is not only good to ſlay them, but alſo it ſhould be better not to agree they ſhould be born. Ye ought not to do this, Romans; for the land taken by force, ought the better to be governed, to the intent that the miſerable captives, ſeeing juſtice duly adminiſtered preſently, ſhould thereby forget the tyranny paſt, and content themſelves with perpetual ſervitude: And ſince it is true that we are come to complain here of the oppreſſions which your Officers do upon the poor river of Danube, peradventure ye which are of the Senate will hear us; and though ye are now determined to hear us, yet you are ſlow to remedy us; ſo that before ye began to reform an evil cuſtom, the whole commonwealth is already undone. I will tell you of ſome things thereof, to the intent you may know them, and then reform them. If there come a right poor man to demand juſtice, having no money to give, nor wine to preſent, nor oil to promiſe, nor friends to help him, nor revenues to ſuccour him and maintain him in expences; after he hath complained, they ſhall ſatisfy him with words, ſaying unto him, that ſpeedily he ſhall have juſtice.

"What will ye I ſhould ſay, but that in the mean time they make him ſpend that little which he hath, and give him nothing though he ſhould demand much; they give him vain hope, and they make him waſte the beſt of his life; every one of them doth promiſe him favour, and afterwards they will lay hands upon him to oppreſs him. The moſt of them ſay his right is good, and afterwards they give ſentence againſt him; ſo that the miſerable perſon that came to complain of one, returneth home, complaining of all, curſing his cruel deſtinies, and crying out to the juſt and merciful God for revengement. It chanceth alſo, that oftentimes there cometh here to complain to the Senate, ſome flattering man, more from malice than for right or juſtice; and ye Senators crediting his docible words, and fained tears, immediately ordain a Cenſor to go and give audience on his complaints, who being gone, and returned, ye ſeek more to remedy and give ear to the complaints of the Judge, than to the ſlanders which were amongſt the people. I will declare unto you myſelf, O ye Romans, and thereby ye ſhall ſee how they paſs their life in my country. I live by gathering acorns in the winter, and reaping corn in the ſummer; ſometimes I fiſh, as well of neceſſity as of pleaſure, ſo that I paſs almoſt all my life alone in the fields and in the mountains; and if you know not why, hear me, and I will tell you. I ſee ſuch tyrannies in your Judges, and ſuch robberies as they commit among the poor people, and there are ſuch diſſentions in the realm, ſuch injuries committed therein, the poor commonwealth is ſo ſpoiled, there are ſo few that deſire to do good, and alſo there are ſo few that hope for remedy in the Senate, that I am determined (as moſt unhappy) to baniſh myſelf out of mine own houſe, and to ſeparate myſelf from my ſweet company, to the end mine eyes ſhould not behold ſo miſerable a change; for I had rather wander ſolitary in the fields, than to ſee my neighbours hourly to lament in the ſtreets. For there the cruel beaſts do not offend me, unleſs I do aſſault them; but the curſed men, though I do ſerve them, yet do they vex me. Without doubt it is a marvellous pain to ſuffer an overthrow of fortune, but it is a greater torment when one feels it without remedy; and yet my greateſt grief is, when my loſs may be remedied, and he which may will not, and he that will cannot by any means remedy it.

O cruel Romans! ye feel nothing that we feel, eſpecially I that ſpeak it, only to reduce it to memory, my tongue will wax weary, my joints weaken, my heart tremble, and my fleſh conſume. What a woeful thing it is in my country to ſee it with my eyes, to hear it with my ears, and to feel it with my hands; truly the griefs which woeful Germany ſuffers are ſuch, and ſo many, that I believe the merciful Gods will yet have pity upon us.

One thing only comforteth me, whereof I, with other unfortunate people, have had experience, in that I do think myſelf happy to know, that the dire plagues proceed not from the juſt Gods, but through the juſt deſerts of wicked men, and that our ſecret fault doth weaken thoſe, to the end that they of us may execute open juſtice. Of one thing only I am ſore troubled, becauſe the Gods cannot

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be contented, but for a small fault they punish good men much, and for many faults they punish evil men nothing at all; so that the Gods do forbear with the one, and forgive nothing unto the other.

O secret judgments of God! that as I am bound to praise your works, so likewise if I had licence to condemn them, I durst say, that you cause us to suffer grievous pains, for that ye punish and persecute us by the hands of such judges, the which (if justice takes place in the world) when they chastise us with their hands, they do not deserve to have their heads on their shoulders.

"The reason why now again I do exclaim on the immortal Gods, is because, that in these fifteen days I have been at Rome, I have seen such deeds done in your Senate, that if the least of them had been done at Danube, the gallows and gibbets had been hanged thicker of thieves, than the vineyard is with grapes.—I am determined to see your doings, to speak of your dishonesty in apparel, your little temperance in eating, your disorders in affairs, and your pleasures in living. And on the other hand I see, that when your profusion arriveth in our country, we carry it into the temples, and offer it to the Gods; we put it on their heads, so that the one meeting with the other, we accomplish that which is commanded, and accuse those that commanded it: and since, therefore, my heart has seen that which it desireth, my mind is at rest in spitting out the poison which abode in it. If I have in any thing here offended with my tongue, I am ready to make recompence with my head; for in good faith I had rather win honour in offering myself to death, than you should have it in taking from me my life."

And here the Villein ended his talk.

Immediately afterwards Marcus Aurelius said to those which were about him: 'How think ye, my friends? What kernel of a nut! what gold of the mine! what corn of straw! what rose of briers! and how noble and valiant a man hath he shewed himself! What reasons, so high! what words, so well couched! what truths, so exact! what sentences, so well pronounced! and also, what open malice hath he discovered! By the faith of a good man I swear, as I may be delivered from this fever which I have, I saw this Villein standing boldly a whole hour on his feet, and all we, beholding the earth as uncased, could not answer him one word; for indeed the Villein confuted us with his purpose, and astonished us to see the little regard he had of his life.'

The Senate being afterwards all agreed, the next day we provided new Judges for the River of Danube, and commanded the Villein to deliver in by writing all that he had said by mouth, to the end it might be registered in the book of Good Sayings of Strangers.

'And further it was agreed, that the said Villein (for the wise words he spake) should be chosen Senator, and of the Freemen of Rome he should be one, and that for ever he should be sustained with the common treasure;—for our mother Rome hath always been praised and esteemed, not only to reward the services done unto her, but also the good words which were spoken in the Senate.

The ORIGIN and NATURE of VILLENAGE;

And the SERVICES *due from those who were termed* VILLEINS.

[From BLACKSTONE'S COMMENTARIES.]

THE estates held in *villenage* were a species of tenure neither strictly feodal, Norman, or Saxon; but mixed and compounded of them all: and which also, on account of the heriots that attend it, may seem to have somewhat Danish in its composition. Under the Saxon government there were, as Sir William Temple speaks, a sort of people in a condition of downright servitude, used and employed in the most servile works, and belonging, both they, their children, and effects, to the lord of the soil, like the rest of the cattle or stock upon it. These seem to have been those who held what was called the folk land, from which they were removeable at the lord's pleasure. On the arrival of the Normans here, it seems not improbable, that they, who were strangers to any other than a feodal state, might give some sparks of enfranchisement to such wretched persons as fell to their share, by admitting them, as well as others, to the oath of fealty; which conferred a right of protection, and raised the tenant to a kind of estate superior to downright slavery, but inferior to every other condition. This they called villenage, and the tenants villeins, either from the word *vilis*, or else, as Sir Edward Coke tells us, *à villa*; because they lived chiefly in villages, and were employed in rustic works of the most sordid kind: like the Spartan *helotes*, to whom alone the culture of the lands was consigned; their rugged masters, like our northern ancestors, esteeming war the only honourable employment of mankind.

These villeins, belonging principally to lords of manors, were either villeins *regardant*, that is, annexed to the manor or land; or else they were *in gross*, or at large, that is, annexed to the person of the lord, and transferrable by deed from one owner to another. They could not leave their lord without his permission; but,

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but, if they ran away, or were purloined from him, might be claimed and recovered by action, like beasts or other chattels. They held indeed small portions of land by way of sustaining themselves and families; but it was at the mere will of the lord, who might dispossess them whenever he pleased; and it was upon villein services, that is, to carry out dung, to hedge and ditch the lords demesnes, and any other the meanest offices: and these services were not only base, but uncertain both as to their time and quantity. A villein, in short, was in much the same state with us, as lord Molesworth describes to be that of the boors in Denmark, and Stiernhook attributes also to the *traals* or slaves in Sweden; which confirms the probability of their being in some degree monuments of the Danish tyranny. A villein could acquire no property either in lands or goods; but, if he purchased either, the lord might enter upon them, oust the villein, and seise them to his own use, unless he contrived to dispose of them again before the lord had seised them; for the lord had then lost his opportunity.

In many places also a fine was payable to the lord, if the villein presumed to marry his daughter to any one without leave from the lord: and, by the common law, the lord might also bring an action against the husband for damages in thus purloining his property. For the children of villeins were also in the same state of bondage with their parents; whence they were called in Latin, *nativi*, which gave rise to the female appellation of a villein, who was called a *neife*. In case of a marriage between a freeman and a neife, or a villein and a free woman, the issue followed the condition of the father, being free if he was free, and villein if he was villein; contrary to the maxim of the civil law, that *partus sequitur ventrem*. But no bastard could be born a villein, because by another maxim of our law he is *nullius filius*; and as he can gain nothing by inheritance, it were hard that he should lose his natural freedom by it. The law however protected the persons of villeins, as the king's subjects, against atrocious injuries of the lord: for he might not kill, or maim his villein; though he might beat him with impunity, since the villein had no action or remedy at law against his lord, but in case of the murder of his ancestor, or the maim of his own person. Neifes indeed had also an appeal of rape, in case the lord violated them by force.

Villeins might be enfranchised by manumission, which is either express or implied: express; as where a man granted to the villein a deed of manumission: implied; as where a man bound himself in a bond to his villein for a sum of money, granted him an annuity by deed, or gave him an estate in fee, for life, or years: for this was dealing with his villein on the footing of a freeman; it was in some of the instances giving him an action against his lord, and in others vesting an ownership in him entirely inconsistent with his former state of bondage. So also if the lord brought an action against his villein, this enfranchised him; for, as the lord might have a short remedy against his villein, by seising his goods, (which was more than equivalent to any damages he could recover) the law, which is always ready to catch at any thing in favour of liberty, presumed that by bringing this action he meant to set his villein on the same footing with himself, and therefore held it an implied manumission. But, in case the lord indicted him for felony, it was otherwise; for the lord could not inflict a capital punishment on his villein, without calling in the assistance of the law.

Villeins, by this and many other means, in process of time gained considerable ground on their lords; and in particular strengthened the tenure of their estates to that degree, that they came to have in them an interest in many places full as good, in others better than their lords. For the good-nature and benevolence of many lords of manors having, time out of mind, permitted their villeins and their children to enjoy their possessions without interruption, in a regular course of descent, the common law, of which custom is the life, now gave them title to prescribe against the lords; and, on performance of the same services, to hold their lands, in spight of any determination of the lord's will. For though in general they are still said to hold their estates at the will of the lord, yet it is such a will as is agreeable to the custom of the manor; which customs are preserved and evidenced by the rolls of the several courts baron in which they are entered, or kept on foot by the constant immemorial usage of the several manors in which the lands lie. And, as such tenants had nothing to shew for their estates but these customs, and admissions in pursuance of them, entered on those rolls, or the copies of such entries witnessed by the steward, they now

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began to be called 'tenants by copy of court roll,' and their tenure itself a copyhold.

Thus copyhold tenures, as Sir Edward Coke obſerves, although very meanly deſcended, yet come of an ancient houſe; for, from what has been premiſed it appears, that copyholders are in truth no other but villeins, who, by a long ſeries of immemorial encroachments on the lord, have at laſt eſtabliſhed a cuſtomary right to thoſe eſtates, which before were held abſolutely at the lord's will; which affords a very ſubſtantial reaſon for the great variety of cuſtoms that prevail in different manors, with regard both to the deſcent of the eſtates, and the privileges belonging to the tenants. And theſe encroachments grew to be ſo univerſal, that when tenure in villenage was aboliſhed, (though copyholds were reſerved) by the ſtatute of Charles II. there was hardly a pure villein left in the nation. For Sir Thomas Smith teſtifies, that in all his time (and he was ſecretary to Edward VI.) he never knew any villein in groſs throughout the realm; and the few villeins regardant that were then remaining, were ſuch only as had belonged to biſhops, monaſteries, or other eccleſiaſtical corporations, in the preceding times of popery. For he tells us, that "the holy fathers, monks, and friars, had in their confeſſions, and ſpecially in their extreme and deadly ſickneſs, convinced the laity how dangerous a practice it was, for one Chriſtian man to hold another in bondage: ſo that temporal men by little and little, by reaſon of that terror in their conſciences, were glad to manumit all their villeins. But the ſaid holy fathers, with the abbots and priors, did not in like ſort by theirs; for they alſo had a ſcruple in conſcience to empoveriſh and deſpoil the church ſo much, as to manumit ſuch as were bound to their churches, or to the manors which the church had gotten; and ſo kept their villeins ſtill." By theſe ſeveral means the generality of villeins in the kingdom have long ago ſprouted up into copyholders: their perſons being enfranchiſed by manumiſſion, or long acquieſcence; but their eſtates, in ſtrictneſs, remaining ſubject to the ſame ſervile conditions and forfeitures as before; though, in general, the villein ſervices are uſually commuted for a ſmall pecuniary quit-rent.

As a farther conſequence of what has been premiſed, we may collect theſe two main principles, which are held to be the ſupporters of a copyhold tenure, and without which it cannot exiſt; 1. That the lands be parcel of, and ſituate within, that manor, under which it is held: 2. That they have been demiſed, or demiſeable, by copy of court roll immemorially. For immemorial cuſtom is the life of all tenures by copy: ſo that no new copyhold can, ſtrictly ſpeaking, be granted at this day.

In ſome manors, where the cuſtom hath been to permit the heir to ſucceed the anceſtor in his tenure; the eſtates are ſtiled copyholds of inheritance; in others, where the lords have been more vigilant to maintain their rights, they remain copyholds for life only: for the cuſtom of the manor has in both caſes ſo far ſuperſeded the will of the lord, that, provided the ſervices be performed or ſtipulated for by fealty, he cannot, in the firſt inſtance, refuſe to admit the heir of his tenant upon his death; nor, in the ſecond, can he remove his preſent tenant ſo long as he lives; though he holds nominally by the precarious tenure of his lord's will.

The fruits and appendages of a copyhold tenure, that it hath in common with free tenures, are fealty, ſervices (as well in rents as otherwiſe) reliefs, and eſcheats. The two latter belong only to copyholds of inheritance; the former to thoſe for life alſo. But, beſides theſe, copyholds have alſo heriots, wardſhip, and fines. Heriots, which I think are agreed to be a Daniſh cuſtom, are a render of the beſt beaſt or other good (as the cuſtom may be) to the lord on the death of the tenant. This is plainly a relic of villein tenure; there being originally leſs hardſhip in it, when all the goods and chattels belonged to the lord, and he might have ſeiſed them even in the villein's life-time. Theſe are incident to both ſpecies of copyhold; but wardſhip and fines to thoſe of inheritance only. Wardſhip, in copyhold eſtates, partakes both of that in chivalry and that in ſocage. Like that in chivalry, the lord is the legal guardian, who uſually aſſigns ſome relation of the infant tenant to act in his ſtead: and he, like guardian in ſocage, is accountable to his ward for the profits. Of fines, ſome are in the nature of primer ſeiſins, due on the death of each tenant, others are mere fines for alienation of the lands: in ſome manors only one of theſe ſorts can be demanded, in ſome both, and in others neither. They are ſometimes arbitrary and at the will of the lord, ſometimes fixed by cuſtom: but, even when arbitrary, the courts of law, in favour

vour of the liberty of copyholders, have tied them down to be *reasonable* in their extent; otherwise they might amount to a disherison of the estate. No fine therefore is allowed to be taken upon descents and alienations, (unless in particular circumstances) of more than two years improved value of the estate. From this instance we may judge of the favourable disposition, that the law of England (which is a law of liberty) hath always shewn to this species of tenants; by removing, as far as possible, every real badge of slavery from them, however some nominal ones may continue. It suffered custom very early to get the better of the express terms upon which they held their lands; by declaring, that the will of the lord was to be interpreted by the custom of the manor: and, where no custom has been suffered to grow up to the prejudice of the lord; as in this case of arbitrary fines, the law itself interposes in an equitable method, and will not suffer the lord to extend his power so far as to disinherit the tenant.

ANECDOTES.

The REWARD *of* VILLAINY.

A POOR French cottager, who had a few pounds left him, and whose wife lay-in, was obliged to go to Aix for a few days upon business. In the way he met an old friend, whom he informed of the legacy, desiring also that he would call at home, and purchase for his wife such things as she might want. When he entered the cottage, after the customary salutations, he asked the woman for the money. She replied, that they being very poor, could ill spare it, but if he was in real necessity, she would *lend* it him. He returned for answer, he meant not to *borrow*, but to take it for his own use, and insisted upon knowing where it was.---It was in vain for a person in her condition to expostulate with the villain, she therefore pointed to the cupboard, and he took it: then turning to her, said, "This is not all; you must prepare for death, and chuse whether you will be burned, poisoned, or hanged." The woman was amazed at the cruelty and barbarity of the villain's proposal, and beseeched him to go away, solemnly declaring, that she would sooner die than discover the robber to her husband. He behaved resolute and determined; and she, forced at last to accept the horrible choice, preferred hanging. The villain immediately retired to a little out-house, taking with him a cord and a stool, upon which he stood to fasten the cord to a cross-beam. Whilst he was making the noose, the stool slipped from him, and his right hand was caught in the noose, and held him suspended. He then, in the most humble manner, called to the woman, and intreated her to come and release him, and he would return all the money, and quietly go away. She, affrighted and terrified at the villain's voice, who she had flattered herself had relented of his wicked purpose, and gone off, screamed so very loud as to be heard by some distant cottagers, who immediately came to her relief. To them, after having broke open the door, which he had locked, she related the above story. They went immediately to the out-house, where they saw him suspended; they took him down, and carried him to Aix, where he was tried, and broke upon the wheel.

The DOCTOR.

WHEN Borise Goudonove, Grand Duke of Muscovy, was ill of the gout, he promised great rewards to those who could procure a remedy for it.---It happened, that the wife of a countryman, who had been treated rather cruelly by her husband, heard of the Grand Duke's promises; and being willing to play her husband a trick, she industriously gave out, that he had an excellent specific for the gout, but had so little love for his Majesty, he would not give it him. The intelligence soon got to the ears of the Duke, and the man was summoned to court; in vain did he profess his ignorance; he was whipped till the blood came, and thrown into prison. He complained heavily of his wife, but she had told her story first; and after suffering many cruelties, he was at last told, that he must either communicate his medicine or prepare to die. The poor wretch, finding his ruin was unavoidable, made a pretended confession that he knew some remedies, but had been afraid to employ them for his Majesty; and that if they would allow him fifteen days, he would get them in readiness. Having obtained his request, he sent to Czirbick, upon the river Occa, (being two days journey from Moscow) whence he procured a quantity of herbs, bad as well as good, of which having prepared a bath, the Grand Duke made

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made use of it, and recovered his health.

The supposition that the man's obstinate refusal had proceeded merely from malice, was now confirmed into a certainty; and for this reason they whipped him still more severely than the two former times; but the Grand Duke afterwards made him a present of four hundred crowns, and of eighteen peasants, as his own property, with a strict charge that he should bear no further animosity or resentment to his wife;—a charge to which he implicitly submitted: for, as the story is told, they lived together many years after in strict friendship and harmony.

[Moliere's French play, from whence Fielding had his Mock Doctor, was taken from this story.]

NEW THEATRICAL PIECE.

HAY-MARKET.

WHEN the time approached for opening Mr. Foote's Theatre in the Haymarket for this summer, expectation filled the minds of men, and all were eager for the commencement of a season, which seemed likely to furnish them with abundance of entertainment. The characters of mankind,---their follies, their extravagances and vices,---had been daily rising to a greater degree of notoriety, and had given ample scope for the pen of a dramatic writer; yet,---notwithstanding these advantages,---Mr. Foote has suffered a considerable part of the season to elapse, without giving us a new performance. At length, however, he *has* taken up the pen, and has obliged the world with a very humourous and satyrical piece, which he has called

The COZENERS;

in allusion to the general tho' infamous practice of deceiving the credulous, and chousing them out of their money, on pretence of procuring for them any place or appointment they should desire.

The opening of the play exhibits one of these offices, kept by Mrs. Fleece'em, who had lately returned from transportation, and Flaw, an Old Bailey Solicitor.

[By the character of Fleece'em is meant the NOTED Mrs. G—ve, whose abilities for imposition stand high upon the list of Fame. The following is one of her late manœuvres:—— Having for a long time treated her visitants with mere promises for their money, they began to suspect her pretended influence at court, and hinted to her, that none of the ministry or their dependants ever came to see her. The dame observed the hint, and saw the necessity of having an ostensible acquaintance with the courtiers; she therefore set her invention to work, and resolved to make Mr. Ch—s F— her dupe; and for this purpose she sent him a letter to the following effect:

"SIR, —— street, 1774.

"A lucky accident has put a treasure into my possession, and given me an opportunity of serving a man of honour. Beauty and youth, with every charm that nature can bestow, are now within your reach;—I need not be more explicit—Come to me at eight, and I'll procure you an interview.—Be punctual, and be happy. G——ve."

It were needless to say that Charles was true to his time—he came in a sedan, and was admitted. At the same time, numbers of Mrs. G—ve's deluded customers came by her own appointment, some of whom knew Charles; and when the GOOD LADY sent them word, that an unexpected visit from a GENTLEMAN prevented her from seeing them, his name was soon made known, and Mr. F— being then in place, they all went away satisfied of her ministerial connections.

Charles, also, was deceived; but by what kind of artifice is not exactly known.]

The first who comes for their assistance is Mr. Flanagan, an Irishman, who tells them, that many of his countrymen *at home* having emigrated to America, he intends to travel *post* thither himself, and begs them to procure him a place. He is offered the post of Collector of the Window-Lights in Falkland's Island; but disliking a sea-voyage, is promised a Tide-Waiter's place at an *inland* town of America, where he is to have plenty of *tar* and *feathers*, the usual perquisite of Excise Collectors in those parts. Flanagan is elated with the prospect, and leaving, by way of deposit, a bill for 50l. which he says is payable *at sight*, *fourteen days after date*, he gives place to

Moses Manasses, a Jew, who has been several times *black-balled* in attempting to get into the fashionable gaming-clubs.---He is prevailed upon to give Fleece'em a few lottery-tickets, and departs with great hopes of her getting him admitted.

Then comes the obliging Mrs. Simony, a character intended for the lady of Dr. D---, the discovery of whose application to the Lord Chancellor for the living of St. G—— ge, H-----r Square, has lately been reported in the Chronicles of Scandal. She tells Mrs. Fleece'em that she is come without

without her husband's knowledge, to procure a living for him, and as there is a *somebody* who has the power of giving them, she entreats the good matron's assistance in behalf of *her Doctor*. The following description of the Doctor is then introduced:

Mrs. Simony. O Lord, Ma'am, all the world doats upon my Doctor; was you but to hear him preach, you would expire! in one hand a delicious white handkerchief; on the little finger of the other, a diamond ring!—then he waves himself, this way, and then that way—Now he thrusts himself forward with the greatest ardour—now draws backward with submissive diffidence! Why, he preaches all extemporare; he does not pore with his eyes close to the book, like a worn-out Curate, when strumming over the first lesson! Then my Doctor is short and sweet; he gives the ladies nothing but what they can carry away with them——Oh, he's a prodigious populous preacher! Then such a comfortable swallow! He has none of your squeamish stomachs; he has signed the Thirty-nine Articles, and would sign nine times as many more, could he by that means carry his point. None of the rabble attends him; no, the canting Methodists will do for them; none but Parsons of distinction, I assure you, Ma'am, go to hear my Doctor; yet he is so humble, that he would make no scruple to bury a Tradesman, was he not engaged in a Quadrille party; nay, he would christen a Duke's child, as readily as attend a City Feast; and he actually performs a vast number of in-door christenings—Then, Ma'am, his Wig! Oh you will doat on his dear Wig! None of your bushy frights!—none of your waving curls that hang like the hair of a Newfoundland Dog! The curls are close as a Cauliflower, and it flies off so snug that you may see his dear round rosy cheeks to the utmost advantage! But I almost forgot my errand; as my Doctor justly observes, my memory is "too treacherous to carry away the text;" and I have not a moment to spare; my chair is in waiting, and I promised Lady Bab to be one at her table. Well, Ma'am, you will not forget—you comprehend me—be secret—for even the Doctor knows nothing of the matter.

She then departs, leaving Mrs. Fleece'em a folded paper, which she calls a Hymn.

On opening the paper, to look at the hymn, she discovers it to be a bank-note for 100l. on which she wishes all hymns were set to the same tune.

The audience are then presented with the characters of Mr. and Mrs. Aircastle, and their son Toby; a booby of a country 'squire, (something like Tony Lumpkin in *She stoops to Conquer*) who is brought to London by his father and mother, to marry to advantage. By the artifices of Flaw, they are introduced to Mrs. Fleece'em, who, he says, has a niece just returned from the East-Indies immensely rich. The previous matters being agreed on, Toby is to visit the niece, who is in fact nothing but a Negro Servant of Mrs. Fleece'em's. She is ordered by her mistress to retire to a chamber, to lie down on the bed, darken the room by letting down the window curtains, and to draw the bed curtains round her. Toby is then ushered into the chamber, very ceremoniously, and requested "not to disturb the niece," who, as pretended, is rather indisposed. This affords a truly ludicrous scene; Toby gropes about the room for some time to find out the Lady, at length stumbles against the bed, and seizing the *black hand* of Mariamne, he addresses her, "*Fairest* of creatures! let me kiss this *lily* hand!" Toby then interrogates the supposed niece thus:

Toby. Do you like as how I should be your husband?

Mariamne. No.

Toby. So then we are all off! Will you let me make love to you?

Mariamne. Yes.

Toby. So then, we are all on again! Shall I declare my passion?

Mariamne. Yes.

Toby. O! then I'll produce.

On which he presents Mariamne with several presents, amongst the rest a watch, which, he says, "If you push a little thing, will strike for all the world like a *Clock*." Toby at length grows curious to see his fair incognita, for which purpose he gropes from the bed-side to the window, draws up the window-curtain, and turning round, is shocked with the sight of a Black-a-moor, and runs off the stage.

Mrs. Aircastle is a Lady full of vivacity, and has a fine turn for intrigue; and while her son's matrimonial negociation is on foot, resolving, like the Town Ladies, to make the most of her person, she writes to Col. Gorget, whom she has seen in the country, inviting him to an interview, and requesting of him a loan of 500l. Gorget contrives to borrow the money of Mr. Aircastle, and taking it to the Lady, he gains an interview.

Mr. Aircastle (the character which Mr. Foote plays) is a good-natured loquacious man, ever going from his subject, and in business of the utmost importance introducing stories, which he never concludes. This part of his character is finely displayed towards the conclusion of the play, when Toby's disaster raises a general suspicion of the villainy of Flaw and Fleece'em. When Col. Gorget relates his suspicions to Mr. Aircastle, he begins

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begins a ſtory of Dick Somebody, who was tricked out of a large ſum by a Jew Broker at the time of a city election, when there was a deviliſh buſtle upon the Huſtings; but Gorget interrupts him, by ſaying it is no time for telling ſtories.

Flaw hearing that they began to ſuſpect his villainy, makes off, as does Mrs. Fleece'em alſo; but ſhe is ſoon brought back by Flanhagan, the Iriſhman, who tells Aircaſtle and his family that he luckily *overtook* her juſt as ſhe *met* him hard by.

He demands the return of his 50l. and abuſes Fleece'em for her deſign of ſending him to a place where he was to be *feather'd like an oſtrich*. Mr. Aircaſtle inſtantly begins a ſtory about *oſtriches*, ſaying he remembered a man who was very fond of them---but is interrupted by Gorget's trying to make Mrs. Fleece'em confeſs.

Mrs. Simony then enters, and enquires of Fleece'em for the Hymn ſhe had left; to which ſhe archly replies, ſhe had given it to Flaw, to have it ſet to muſic. This brings on a recital of the tranſaction, and all parties agree, "That Dr. Simony has met only with his deſerts;" for it is urged that when a Clergyman, who pretends to be the *ornament*, becomes, by low tricks of *Cozenage*, the *diſgrace* of his profeſſion, public expoſure ſhould follow private detection, and both ſhould contribute to mark with infamy an object at once the peſt and diſcredit of ſociety."

The general explanation now brought on, excites Aircaſtle to require of Colonel Gorget after "the five hundred pounds he lent him to preſent to a Lady;" to which Gorget ſays, he repaid the ſum into the hands of Mrs. Aircaſtle.

Each party then determine on the ſteps they will in future take. Flanhagan reſolves to "*emigrate* back to his own country." Mrs. Simony retires to condole with *her Doctor* over dear Spadille. Aircaſtle reſolves to return to the Country; to which his wife heartily agrees, "as the Town abounds with nothing but *Cozeners*." Gorget concurs in her opinion, and adds, "that there are ſome plants which vegetate beſt in their native ſoil; but grow *rank*, if tranſplanted."

An univerſal detection having thus taken place, the Piece concludes with a reflection, pronounced by Fleece'em, who obſerves, "That were the many fraudulent practices committed in the Town laid open to public view, names far more reſpectable than thoſe of poor *Flaw* and *Fleece'em* would grace the Chronicles of the Old Bailey."

PROLOGUE,

Written by Mr. GARRICK; and ſpoken by Mr. FOOTE.

IN trifling works of fancy, wits agree
That nothing tickles like a ſimile!
And ſo, by way of tuning you to laughter,
(With which I hope you'll tickle us hereafter)
We, from our ſtorehouſe, with ſubmiſſion due,
To your High Mightineſſes offer TWO,
One ſpick and ſpan, and one trimm'd up to paſs for new.
Happy for us that ſimilies, like clothes,
May now be trimm'd, and turn'd for verſe or proſe:
And true œconomiſts in clothes and wit,
In theſe ſcarce times on ſome expedient hit,
That the ſame clothes which critics once call'd frightful,
With cape and buttons new, come forth delightful!
Dramatic authors were like watchmen meant,
To knock down vice--few anſwer the intent;
Both ſhould be quick to find and catch their game;
But both are ſometimes blind—and ſometimes lame,
Can thoſe ſay, STAND! while they themſelves are reeling?
Can thoſe take thieves, while they themſelves are ſtealing?
When wanted moſt, the watch a nap will take;
Are all your comic authors quite awake?
Or, what is worſe, in which they ſtill come near 'em,
Are not you more than half aſleep who hear 'em?
I, your old watchman, here have fix'd my ſtand,
On many a vice and folly laid my hand;
'Twas you call'd Watch! I limp'd at your command.
Shall I, like other watchmen, wink at crimes,
And have my privilege—to nod ſometimes?
Let not your frowns now force me, in a fright,
To cry,—"paſt ſeven o'clock, and a cloudy night!"
But with your patience not to make too free,
I'll change the ſubject and the ſimile.
To fight a ſmuggling crew, who ſaw deride,
I launch a cutter, of three guns, this tide;
With your aſſiſtance, I will make the foe
Or fly, or ſtrike to Captain Timbertoe!
Ye pirate Critics! fall not foul on me,
If once I ſink, I periſh in the ſea;
Nor will it buoy me up that bladder vanity!
Impoſſible thus maim'd to get to ſhore,
I've but three fins to ſwim with out of four.
Beſides, 'tis dangerous, I find, to ſleep
Myſelf, and ſhip, in brine twelve fathom deep;
My head I'd rather above water keep.
Oft have you kept my little bark from ſinking;
I am no fiſh—ſave me from water drinking!
Nay, I ſhall weather all---to port get in,
If, with your hands, you'll but hold up my chin.

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The LITERARY REVIEW.

ART. 8. *A Tour in Scotland, and Voyage to the Hebrides*; 1772. 4to. 2l. 4s.

THE account of Mr. Pennant's former Tour in Scotland, afforded so much public satisfaction, that we shall accompany him with great pleasure on his second excursion to the North, particularly to islands which are so little known as the Hebrides.

On May 18, 1772, this ingenious traveller took his departure from Chester, and arrived in Scotland, on the first of June, in Liddesdale, a portion of the county of Dumfries. This, he informs us, is a most fertile and well cultivated tract of low arable and pasture land. He proceeded by the side of the river Liddel for three miles to Pentonfins, when it forms a very wild and picturesque scene, rapidly flowing along rude rocks, bounded by cliffs, cloathed on each side by trees. Our author was here told by a farmer, that a pebble, naturally perforated, was an infallible cure, hung over a horse that was Hag-ridden, or troubled with night sweats. The effects of amulets, and the like charms, are justly ascribed to the influence which they had on the imagination; but no such power can be supposed to operate in this case.

Near Langholme, our author was shewn a place where several women had suffered for witchcraft in the last century: and he informs us of a singular opinion that prevailed not many years ago in these parts; which was, as he expresses it, 'that the midwives had the power of transferring the primæval curse bestowed on our great first mother, from the good wife to her husband.' He saw the reputed offspring of such a labour; who kindly came into the world without giving her mother the least uneasiness, while the poor husband was roaring with agony in his unnatural pains. It appears from these instances, that superstition is not entirely extirpated from among the common people in this part of the country.

We cannot avoid extracting our author's account of the obsolete practice of handfasting.

"Among the various customs now obsolete, the most curious was that of handfasting, in use about a century past. In the upper part of Eskdale, at the confluence of the White and the Black Esk, was held an annual fair, where multitudes of each sex repaired. The unmarried looked out for mates, made their engagements by joining hands, or by handfisting, went off in pairs, cohabited till the next annual return of the fair, appeared there again, and then were at liberty to declare their approbation or dislike of each other. If each party continued constant, the handfisting was renewed for life: but if either party dissented, the engagement was void, and both were at liberty to make a new choice; but with this proviso, that the inconstant was to take the charge of the offspring of the year of probation. This custom seemed to originate from the want of clergy in this county in the days of popery: this tract was the property of the abby of Melrose, which thro' œconomy discontinued the vicars that were used to discharge here the clerical offices: instead, they only made annual visitations for the purposes of marrying and baptising, and the person thus sent, was called Book in Bosom, probably from his carrying, by way of readiness, the book in his breast: but even this being omitted, the inhabitants became necessitated at first to take this method, which they continued from habit to practise long after the reformation had furnished them with clergy."

For the entertainment of our readers we shall present them with the subsequent passage, which is of a nature somewhat similar to the preceding.

"At a little distance from the bridge, stop at the little village of Gratna, the resort of all amorous couples, whose union the prudence of parents or guardians prohibits: here the young pair may be instantly united by a fisherman, a joiner, or a blacksmith, who marry from two guineas a job, to a dram of whisky: but the price is generally adjusted by the information of the postillions from Carlisle, who are in pay of one or other of the above worthies: but even the drivers, in case of necessity, have been known to undertake the sacerdotal office. If the pursuit of friends proves very hot, and there is not time for the ceremony, the frightened pair are advised to slip into bed; are shewn to the pursuers, who imagining that they are irrecoverably united, retire, and leave them to consummate their unfinished loves.

"The place is distinguished from afar by a small plantation of firs, the Cyprian grove of the place; a sort of land-mark for fugitive lovers.

* *The number, extent, and situation of these islands render them an object highly worthy of particular attention. The Hebrides, we are informed, are equal in size to the counties of Kent and Essex taken together, and near half as large as the whole territories of the United Provinces. How much, therefore, might the strength and opulence of Britain be increased by introducing the spirit of industry into these uncultivated, and many of them almost uninhabited islands?*

lovers. As I had a great desire to see the high-priest, by stratagem I succeeded: he appeared in form of a fisherman, a stout fellow, in a blue coat, rolling round his solemn chops a quid of tobacco of no common size. One of our party was supposed to come to explore the coast; we questioned him about his price; which, after eyeing us attentively, he left it to our honor. The church of Scotland do what they can to prevent these clandestine matches; but in vain, for those infamous couplers despise the fulmination of the kirk, and excommunication is the only penalty it can inflict."

From the dismal account which Mr. Pennant gives of the situation of the common people in the Isle of Skie, we are not surprised that they emigrate. We shall lay it before our readers at full length.

"Skie is the largest of the Hebrides, being above sixty measured miles long; the breadth unequal, by reason of the numbers of lochs, that penetrate far on both sides. It is supposed by some to have been the Eastern Æbudæ of the antients; by others, to have been the Dumna. The modern name is of Norwegian origin, derived from *Skie*, a mist; and from the clouds (that almost constantly hang on the tops of its lofty hills) was stiled *Ealand Skianach*, or, the cloudy island. No epithet could better suit the place, for, except in the summer season, there is scarcely a week of fair weather: the summers themselves are also generally wet, and seldom warm.

"The westerly wind blows here more regularly than any other, and arriving charged with vapour from the vast Atlantic, never fails to dash the clouds it wafts on the lofty summits of the hills of Cuchullin, and their contents deluge the island in a manner unknown in other places. What is properly called the rainy season commences in August: the rains begins with moderate winds; which grow stronger and stronger till the autumnal equinox, when they rage withincredible fury.

"The husbandman then sighs over the ruins of his vernal labours: sees his crops feel the injury of climate: some laid prostrate; the more ripe corn shed by the violence of the elements. The poor foresee famine, and consequential disease: the humane tacksmen agonize over distresses, that inability, not want of inclination, deprive them of the power of remedying. The nearer calls of family and children naturally first excite their attention: to maintain and to educate are all their hopes, for that of accumulating wealth is beyond their expectation: so the poor are left to Providence's care; they prowl like other animals along the shores to pick up limpets and other shell-fish, the casual repasts of hundreds during part of the year in these unhappy islands. Hundreds thus annually drag through the season a wretched life: and numbers, unknown, in all parts of the western highlands (nothing local is intended) fall beneath the pressure, some of hunger, more of the putrid fever, the epidemic of the coasts, originating from unwholsome food, the dire effects of necessity. Moral and innocent victims! who exult in the change, first finding that place "where the wicked cease from troubling, and where the weary are at rest."

"The farmer labours to remedy this distress to the best of his power, but the wetness of the land late in spring prevents him from putting into the ground the early seed of future crops, bear and small oats; the last are fittest for the climate: they bear the fury of the winds better than other grain, and require less manure, a deficiency in this island. Poverty prevents him from making experiments in rural œconomy; the ill success of a few made by the more opulent, determines him to follow the old track, as attended with more certainty, unwilling, like the dog in the fable, to grasp at the shadow and lose the substance, even poor as it is.

"The produce of the crops very rarely are in any degree proportioned to the wants of the inhabitants: golden seasons have happened, when they have had superfluity; but the years of famine are as ten to one. The helps of the common years are potatoes: it is difficult to say whether the discovery of America by the Spaniards has contributed to preserve more lives by the introduction of this vegetable; or to have caused more to perish by the insatiable luft after the precious metals of the new world.

"The difficulties the farmer undergoes in this bad climate are unknown in the South: there he sows his seeds, and sees it flourish beneath a benign sun and secured from every invasion. Here a wet sky brings a reluctant crop; the ground, inclosed only with turf mounds, accessible to every animal; a continual watch employs numbers of his people; some again are occupied in repairing the damages sustained by their houses from storms the preceding year; others are labouring at the turberies, to provide fuel to keep off the rigour of the severe season; or in fencing the natural (the only) grasses of the country to preserve their cattle from starving; which are the true and proper staple of these islands.

"The quantity of corn raised in tolerable seasons in this island, is esteemed to be about nine thousand bolls. The number of mouths to consume them near thirteen thousand: migrations and depression of spirit, the last a common cause of depopulation, having since the year 1750 reduced the number from fifteen thousand to between twelve and thirteen: one thousand having crossed the Atlantic; others sunk beneath poverty, or in despair, ceased to obey the first great command, Encrease and Multiply.

"In that year the whole rent of Skie was three thousand five hundred pounds. By an unnatural force some of the rents are now doubled and trebled. People long out of all habit of industry, and used to the convivial tables

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tables of their chieftain, were unable instantly to support so new a burden: in time not very long preceding that, they felt the return of some of their rents; they were enabled to keep hospitality; to receive their chieftain with a well covered board; and to feed a multitude of poor. Many of the greater tacksmen were of the same blood with their chieftains; they were attached to them by the ties of consanguinity as well as affection; they felt from them the first act of oppression, as Cæsar did the wound from his beloved Brutus.

"The high advance of the price of cattle is a plea for the high advance of rents; but the situation of the tacksman here is particular: he is a gentleman, and boasts the same blood with his laird; (of five hundred fighting men that followed Macleod in 1745 in his majesty's army, four hundred were of his kindred) has been cherished by him for a series of years often with paternal affection; has been used to such luxuries as the place affords; and cannot instantly sink from a good board to the hard fare of the common farmer. When the chieftain riots in all the luxuries of South Britain, he thinks himself entitled to share a due degree of the good things of this life, and not to be for ever confined to the diet of Brochan or the compotation of whisky. During the feudal reign their love for the chieftain induced them to bear many things, at present intolerable. He was their pride and their glory: they strained every nerve in support of him, in the same manner as the French, through vanity, refuse nothing to aggrandize their Grand Monarque.

"Resentment drove many to seek a retreat beyond the Atlantic; they sold their stock, and in numbers made their first essay. They found, or thought they found, while their passions were warm, an happy change of situation; they wrote in terms favouring of romance, an account of their situation; their friends caught the contagion; and numbers followed; and others were preparing to follow their example. The tacksmen from a motive of independency: the poor from attachment, and from excess of misery. Policy and humanity, as I am informed, have of late checked this spirit so detrimental to the public. The wisdom of legislature may perhaps fall on some methods to conciliate the affections of a valuable part of the community: it is unbecoming my little knowledge of the country to presume to point out the methods. It is to be hoped the head will, while time permits, recollect the use of the most distant members."

Our author's account of the character and civilization of those islanders presents us with a more agreeable prospect.

"Very few superstitions exist here at present: pretenders to second-sight are quite out of repute, except among the most ignorant, and at present are very shy of making boast of their faculties.

"Poor Browny, or Robin Good-fellow, is also put to flight. This serviceable Sprite was wont to clean the house, helped to churn, thrashed the corn, and would labour all that pretended to make a jest of him. He was represented as stout and blooming, had fine long flowing hair, and went about with a wand in his hand. He was the very counter-part of Milton's Lubber Fiend, who

"Tells how the drudging goblin sweat
To earn his cream-bowl duly set,
When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
His shadowy flail hath thrash'd the corn
That ten day-lab'rers could not end;
Then lies him down the lubber fiend,
And stretch'd along the chimney's length,
Basks at the fire his hairy strength."

Mr. Pennant informs us, that the county of Sutherland is environed with mountains; and all the strata near their base, and in the bottoms, are composed of white marble, fine as the Parian.

We shall conclude this article with laying before our readers the following account of the Highland customs and robbers.

"There is not an instance of any country having made so sudden a change in its morals, as the vast tracts between Arnisdale and Lochness. Security and civilization possess every part; yet thirty years have not elapsed since the whole was a den of thieves, of the most extraordinary kind. They conducted their plundering excursions with the utmost policy, and reduced the whole art of theft into a regular system. From habit it lost all the appearance of criminality: They considered it as labouring in their vocation; and when a party was formed for any expedition against their neighbour's property, they and their friends prayed as earnestly to heaven for success, as if they were engaged in the most laudable design.

"The constant petition at grace of the old Highland chieftains, was delivered with great fervour in these terms: *Lord! turn the world upside down, that Christians may make bread out of it!* The plain English of this pious request was, that the world might become, for their benefit, a scene of rapine and confusion.

"They paid a sacred regard to their oath; but as superstition must, among a set of *banditti*, infallibly supersede piety, each, like the distinct casts of Indians, had his particular object of veneration: one would swear upon his *dirk*, and dread the penalty of perjury; yet make no scruple of forswearing himself upon the Bible: a second would pay the same respect to the name of his chieftain: a third, again, would be most religiously bound by the sacred book: and a fourth regard none of the three, and be credited only if he swore by his crucifix. It was always necessary to discover the inclination of the person, before you put him to the test: if the object of his veneration was mistaken, the oath was of no signification.

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"The greatest robbers were used to preserve hospitality to those that came to their houses, and, like the wild Arabs, observed the strictest honour towards their guests, or those that put implicit confidence in them. The Kennedies, two common thieves, took the young Pretender under protection, and kept him with faith inviolate, notwithstanding they knew an immense reward was offered for his head. They often robbed for his support, and to supply him with linen they once surprized the baggage horses of one of our general officers. They often went in disguise to Inverness to buy provisions for him. At length, a very considerable time after, one of these poor fellows, who had virtue to resist the temptation of thirty thousand pounds, was hanged for stealing a cow, value thirty shillings.

"The greatest crime among these felons was that of infidelity among themselves; the criminal underwent a summary trial, and, if convicted, never missed of a capital punishment. The chieftain had his officers, and different departments of government; he had his judge, to whom he entrusted the decision of all civil disputes; but in criminal causes, the chief, assisted perhaps by some favourites, always undertook the process.

"The principal men of his family, or his officers, formed his council, where every thing was debated respecting their expeditions. Eloquence was held in great esteem among them, for by that they could sometimes work on the chieftain to change his opinion; for, notwithstanding he kept the form of a council, he always reserved the decisive vote in himself.

"When one man had a claim on another, but wanted power to make it good, it was held lawful for him to steal from his debtor as many cattle as would satisfy his demand; provided he sent notice, as soon as he got out of reach of pursuit, that he had them, and would return them, provided satisfaction was made on a certain day agreed on.

"When a *creach*, or great expedition, had been made against distant herds, the owners, as soon as discovery was made, rose in arms, and with all their friends made instant pursuit, tracing the cattle by their track for perhaps scores of miles. Their nicety in distinguishing that of their cattle from those that were only casually wandering, or driven, was amazingly sagacious. As soon as they arrived on an estate where the track was lost, they immediately attacked the proprietor, and would oblige him to recover the track from his land forwards, or to make good the loss they had sustained. This custom had the force of law, which gave to the Highlanders this surprising skill in the art of tracking.

"It has been observed before, that to steal, rob, and plunder with dexterity, was esteemed as the highest act of heroism. The feuds between the great families was one great cause. There was not a chieftain but that kept, in some remote valley in the depth of woods and rocks, whole tribes of thieves in readiness to let loose against his neighbour, when, for some public or private reason, he did not judge it expedient to resent openly any real or imaginary affront. From this motive the greater chieftain robbers always supported the lesser, and encouraged no sort of improvement on their estates but what promoted rapine.

"The greatest of the heroes in the last century was Sir Ewin Cameron. He long resisted the power of Cromwell, but at length was forced to submit. He lived in the neighbourhood of the garrison fixed by the usurper at Inver-lochy. His vassals persisted in their thefts, till Cromwell sent orders to the commanding-officer, that on the next robbery he should seize on the chieftain, and execute him in twenty-four hours, in case the thief was not delivered to justice. An act of rapine soon happened; Sir Ewin received the message, who, instead of giving himself the trouble of looking out for the offender, laid hold of the first fellow he met with, and sent him bound to Inver-lochy, where he was instantly hanged. Cromwell, by this severity, put a stop to these excesses, till the time of the restoration, when they were renewed with double violence, till the year 1745.

"Rob-Roy Mac-gregor was another distinguished hero in the latter end of the last, and the beginning of the present century. He contributed greatly towards forming his profession into a science, and establishing the police above-mentioned. The duke of Montrose unfortunately was his neighbour: Rob-roy frequently saved his grace the trouble of collecting his rents; used to extort them from the tenant, and at the same time give them formal discharge. But it was neither in the power of the duke, nor of any of the gentlemen he plundered, to bring him to justice, so strongly protected was he by several great men to whom he was useful. Roy had his good qualities: he spent his revenue generously, and, strange to say, was a true friend to the widow and orphan.

"Every period of time gives new improvement to the arts. A son of Sir Ewin Cameron refined on those of Rob-roy, and, instead of dissipating his gains, accumulated wealth. He, like Jonathan Wild the Great, never stole with his own hands, but conducted his commerce with an address, and to an extent unknown before. He employed several companies, and set the more adroit knaves at their head; and never suffered merit to go unrewarded. He never openly received their plunder; but employed agents to purchase from them their cattle. He acquired considerable property, which he was forced to leave behind, after the battle of Culloden gave the fatal blow to all their greatness.

"The last of any eminence was the celebrated Barisdale, who carried these arts to

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the higheſt pitch of perfection: beſides exalting all the common practices, he improved that article of commerce called *blackmeal* to a degree beyond what was ever known to his predeceſſors. This was a forced levy, ſo called from its being commonly paid in meal, which was raiſed far and wide on the eſtate of every nobleman and gentleman, in order that the cattle might be ſecured from the leſſer thieves, over whom he ſecretly preſided, and protected. He raiſed an income of five hundred a year by theſe taxes, and behaved with genuine honour in reſtoring, on proper conſideration, the ſtolen cattle of his friends. In this he bore ſome reſemblance to our Jonathan; but differed in obſerving a ſtrict fidelity to his own gang: yet he was indefatigable in bringing to juſtice any rogues that interfered with his own. He was a man of a poliſhed behaviour, fine addreſs, and fine perſon. He conſidered himſelf in a very high light, as a benefactor to the public, and preſerver of general tranquillity; for on the ſilver plates, the ornaments of his baldric, he thus addreſſes his broad ſword:

Hæ tibi erunt artes; pacis componere mores,
Parcere ſubjectis, et debellare ſuperbos."

The numerous ſcenes which this ingenious traveller and voyager has viſited in this excurſion, are deſcribed in a faithful and entertaining manner, and cannot fail of affording pleaſure to every reader of taſte.—*Crit. Rev.*

9. *A Philoſophical Analyſis and Illuſtration of ſome of Shakeſpeare's remarkable Characters.* 8vo. 2s. 6d. *Murray.*

WE ſincerely congratulate the friends of learning and philoſophy, on the appearance of this young and ſpirited candidate for literary honour and fame.* He has choſen to enliſt himſelf in a band, already ſuppoſed to be too numerous, the commentators and critics upon Shakeſpeare: but a man of genuine merit will do honour to his ſtation, be what it may; and throw a luſtre about him wherever he moves. We cannot help viewing this young man with a mixture of love and admiration, carrying a philoſophical and claſſical taſte into ſubjects which have been generally treated in the detached, dry, and unentertaining manner of notes and commentaries. We hope the following pieces are only ſpecimens of his productions in this way; and that they will lead other ingenious men to quit their contentions upon words, to make criticiſm ſubſervient to philoſophy, and not merely to philology and grammar.

The introduction is replete with excellent obſervations on the human mind; and affords the reader a very pleaſing view both of the abilities and deſign of the author. Mr. Richardſon then proceeds to give what he very juſtly calls a philoſophical analyſis of the character of Macbeth. There is hardly a page of the book, which we might not quote for the entertainment of the reader. But perhaps we cannot pleaſe him more and inſtruct him better in the general deſign of every analyſis, than by giving him the author's own ſummary, after he has conſidered the ſeveral parts of every character.——He concludes his obſervations on Macbeth in the following words:

"Thus, by conſidering the riſe and progreſs of a ruling paſſion, and the fatal conſequences of its indulgence, we have ſhewn, how a beneficent mind may become inhuman: and how thoſe who are naturally of an amiable temper, if they ſuffer themſelves to be corrupted, will become more ferocious and more unhappy than men of a conſtitution originally hard and unfeeling. The formation of our characters depends conſiderably upon ourſelves; for we may improve, or vitiate, every principle we receive from nature."

Mr. Richardſon enters, in the ſame manner, into the character of Hamlet; he tranſports his reader as it were into the mind and ſoul of that amiable and unfortunate prince; and intereſts him in the events of the play, in a manner which we really think peculiar to the ſtyle and method of criticiſm which he has adopted. On reviewing the analyſis of the character of Hamlet, the author ſays, "A ſenſe of virtue, if I may uſe the language of an eminent philoſopher, without profeſſing myſelf of his ſect, ſeems to be the ruling principle. In other men, it may appear with the enſigns of high authority: in Hamlet, it poſſeſſes abſolute power. United with amiable affections, with every graceful accompliſhment, and every agreeable quality, it embelliſhes and exalts them. It rivets his attachment to his friends, when he finds them deſerving; it is a ſource of ſorrow, if they appear corrupted. It even ſharpens his penetration; and, if unexpectedly he diſcerns turpitude or impropriety in any character, it inclines him to think more deeply of their tranſgreſſion, than if his ſentiments were leſs refined. It thus induces him to ſcrutinize their conduct, and may lead him to the diſcovery of more enormous guilt. As it excites uncommon pain and abhorrence on the appearance of perfidious and inhuman actions, it provokes and ſtimulates his reſentment: yet, attentive to juſtice, and concerned in the intereſts of human nature, it governs the impetuoſity of that unruly paſſion. It diſpoſes him to be cautious in admitting evidence to the prejudice of another: it renders him diſtruſtful of his own judgment, during the ardor and the reign of paſſion, and directs him in the choice of aſſociates, on whoſe fidelity and judgment he may depend. If ſoftened by a beneficent and gentle temper, he heſitates in the execution of any unlawful enterprize, it reproves him. And

* Mr. Richardſon, Profeſſor of Humanity in the Univerſity of Glaſgow.

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And if there is any hope of reſtoring thoſe that are fallen, and of renewing in them the habits of virtue and of ſelf-command, it renders him aſſiduous in his endeavours to ſerve them. Men of other diſpoſitions would think of gratifying their friends by contributing to their affluence, to their amuſement, or external honour: but the acquiſitions that Hamlet values, and the happineſs he would confer, are a conſcience void of offence, the peace and the honour of virtue. Yet, with all this purity of moral ſentiment, with eminent abilities, exceedingly cultivated and improved, with manners the moſt elegant and becoming, with the utmoſt rectitude of intention, and the moſt active zeal in the exerciſe of every duty, he is hated, perſecuted, and deſtroyed."

In the character of the melancholy Jaques, the author has illuſtrated "how ſocial diſpoſitions, by being exceſſive, and by ſuffering a painful repulſe, may render us unſocial and moroſe; how

Goodneſs wounds itſelf,
And ſweet affection proves the ſpring of woe."

"If theſe reaſonings, he adds, have any foundation in nature, they lead us to ſome concluſions that deſerve attention. To judge concerning the conduct of others, and to indulge obſervations on the inſtability of human enjoyments, may aſſiſt us in the diſcipline of our own minds, and in correcting our pride and exceſſive appetites. But to allow reflections of this kind to become habitual, and to preſide in our ſouls, is to counteract the good intentions of nature. In order, therefore, to anticipate a diſpoſition ſo very painful to ourſelves, and ſo diſagreeable to others, we ought to learn, before we engage in the commerce of the world, what we may expect from ſociety in general, and from every individual. But if, previous to experience, we are unable to form juſt judgments of ourſelves and others, we muſt beware of deſpondency, and of opinions injurious to human nature. Let us ever remember, that all men have peculiar intereſts to purſue; that every man ought to exert himſelf vigorouſly in his own employment; and that, if we are uſeful and blameleſs, we ſhall have the favour of our fellow citizens. Let us love mankind; but let our affections be duly chaſtened. Be independent, if poſſible, but not a ſtoic."

He laſtly conſiders the ſoft, delicate, enchanting Imogen; in whom love is the ruling paſſion, and whoſe ſufferings have always been peculiarly affecting:

"The ſtrength and peculiar features of ruling paſſion, and the power of other principles to influence its motions, and moderate its impetuoſity, are principally manifeſt, when it is rendered violent by fear, hope, grief, and other emotions of a like nature, excited by the concurrence of external circumſtances. When love is the governing paſſion, theſe concomitant and ſecondary emotions are called forth by ſeparation, the apprehenſion of inconſtancy, and the abſolute belief of diſaffection. On ſeparation, they diſpoſe us to ſorrow and regret: on the apprehenſion of inconſtancy, they excite jealouſy or ſolicitude: and the certainty of diſaffection, begets deſpondency."

He concludes this very pleaſing diſquiſition in a moral and uſeful manner.——"I ſhall conclude theſe obſervations, by explaining more particularly, how the repulſe of a ruling and habitual paſſion could diſpoſe Imogen to deſpondency, and render her careleſs of life? In other words, what is the origin of deſpair? or, by what lamentable perverſion thoſe, who are ſuſceptible of the pleaſures of life, and in ſituations capable of enjoying them, become diſſatisfied, and riſe from the feaſt prematurely?

"Happineſs depends upon the gratification of our deſires and paſſions. The happineſs of Titus aroſe from the indulgence of a beneficent temper: Epaminondas reaped enjoyment from the love of his country. The love of fame was the ſource of Cæſar's felicity: and the gratification of grovelling appetites gave delight to Vitellius. It has alſo been obſerved, that ſome one paſſion generally aſſumes a pre-eminence in the mind, and not only predominates over other appetites and deſires, but contends with reaſon, and is often victorious. In proportion as one paſſion gains ſtrength, the reſt languiſh and are enfeebled. They are ſeldom exerciſed; their gratifications yield tranſient pleaſure; become of ſlight importance, are diſpirited, and decay. Thus our happineſs is attached to one ruling and ardent paſſion. But our reaſonings, concerning future events, are weak and ſhort-ſighted. We form ſchemes of felicity that can never be realized, and cheriſh affections that can never be gratified.

"If, therefore, the diſappointed paſſion has been long encouraged, if the gay viſions of hope and imagination have long adminiſtred to its violence, if it is confirmed by habit in the temper and conſtitution, if it has ſuperſeded the operations of other active principles, and ſo enervated their ſtrength, its diſappointment will be embittered; and ſorrow, prevented by no other paſſion, will prey, unabating, on the deſolate abandoned ſpirit. We may alſo obſerve, that none are more liable to afflictions of this ſort, than thoſe to whom nature hath given extreme ſenſibility. Alive to every impreſſion, their feelings are exquiſite: they are eager in every purſuit: their imaginations are vigorous, and well adapted to fire them. They live, for a time, in a ſtate of anarchy, expoſed to the inroads of every paſſion, and, though poſſeſſed of ſingular abilities, their conduct will be capricious. Glowing with the warmeſt affections, open, generous, and candid; yet, prone to inconſtancy, they are incapable of laſting friendſhip. At length, by force of repeated indulgence, ſome one paſſion

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ſion becomes habitual, occupies the heart, ſeizes the underſtanding, and impatient of reſiſtance and controul, weakens or extirpates every oppoſing principle; diſappointment enſues: no paſſion remains to adminiſter comfort: and the original ſenſibility which promoted this diſpoſition, will render the mind more ſuſceptible of anguiſh, and yield it a prey to deſpondency. —— We ought, therefore, to beware of limiting our felicity to the gratification of any individual paſſion. Nature, ever wiſe and provident, hath endowed us with capacities for various pleaſures, and hath opened to us many fountains of happineſs: Let no tyrannous paſſion, let no rigid doctrine, deter thee; drink of the ſtreams, be moderate, and be grateful."

We have thus given, we hope, an adequate view of the deſign and merit of this ingenious analyſis. We moſt ſincerely wiſh the author may obtain all the honour and advantage from his work which he can hope for. We are however apprehenſive that this method of criticiſm, while it is the only one that can pleaſe the philoſopher and man of taſte, will be deemed refinement, and unintelligible, by the common tribe of readers. ——*Monthly Review.*

10. *Obſervations and Experiments on the Poiſon of Copper. By Wm. Falconer, M. D. F. R. S.* 2s. *ſewed. Johnſon.*

THE very extenſive application of copper to domeſtic uſes renders an enquiry into the qualities of this metal of importance to the public; and it therefore affords us pleaſure to ſee a treatiſe written profeſſedly on the ſubject. After giving a conciſe account of copper, and ſhewing by what ſubſtances it is corroded, Dr. Falconer proceeds to mention the circumſtances in which it is moſt likely to find admiſſion into the body. He firſt treats of copper in its metallic form, and afterwards delivers many ſalutary cautions reſpecting the uſe of copper veſſels. Chalybeate waters of every kind, he obſerves, ought not to be truſted in them, as in ſeveral of thoſe waters, the iron is united with the vitriolic acid, and when heat is applied, they may be impregnated with the copper. He likewiſe cautions againſt boiling the pump-water in London in copper-veſſels, on account of the nitrous acid with which it is found to be impregnated. It is proper to lay before our readers what he ſays on this ſubject.

'Nor is it at all improbable, that a ſolution of this metal in the nitrous acid ſometimes finds admiſſion into our food. The nitrous acid indeed is generally thought not to be (properly ſpeaking) a native impregnation of ſprings, but at the ſame time it muſt be allowed, that it frequently finds admiſſion into the water commonly uſed for dreſſing our victuals. There is great reaſon to think that it is produced under certain circumſtances by putrefaction; and what greatly confirms this hypotheſis is, that it is often found plentifully impregnating the ſpring waters in great cities, many of which are tainted with ſome putrid animal or vegetable matter. Dr. Heberden found this acid in the London pump-water in double at leaſt, and ſometimes in triple the proportion of either of the other two mineral acids, viz. the muriatic and vitriolic, which ſtill were both in quantity ſufficient to be diſcovered by chemical analyſis. The danger of uſing copper veſſels with ſuch water will be very obvious, when we conſider that this acid diſſolves copper the moſt expeditiouſly and plentifully of any, and that the ſolution of it in this acid is the moſt acrid and ſtimulant of any with which we are acquainted. The caution before given relative to the danger of uſing copper veſſels in the warming of medicines, hold at leaſt equally ſtrong with reſpect to the nitrous as the vitriolic acid.

'The prevalence of the nitrous acid in the pump-water of London is ſo great as to diſcover itſelf to the taſte, and turns meat red that is boiled in it. Tea likewiſe is, as I believe, generally made with ſpring water among the lower kinds of people, from a notion of its extracting the qualities of the tea more powerfully, which they imagine from the infuſion being generally of a darker colour, which is owing to the effect of the foſſil ingredients in the water, and not to the qualities of the tea itſelf being more fully extracted. If we conſider how frequently this beverage is uſed by all ranks, that the tea kettles are generally made of copper, and often without tinning, and with their mouths ſo narrow as to be with difficulty cleaned on the inſide, and that the ſpring water often uſed for making tea, eſpecially in great towns, London particularly, is impregnated with many ſubſtances capable of diſſolving it, and that this power is greatly aſſiſted by a boiling heat, which is for the moſt part long continued, it will not ſeem improbable that copper may be introduced unſuſpected in this manner, and that ſome of the effects uſually attributed to tea may ſometimes be in part owing to this cauſe. And this opinion is the more probable, as the ſame effects are produced by both of them, ſuch as cholicky complaints, naufea, tremors, and paralytic diſorders.'

Dr. Falconer relates ſeveral experiments which he made with the view of aſcertaining the impregnation of copper in various articles of diet, when boiled in veſſels of that metal. We ſhall ſubjoin his remarks on fermented liquors, vinegar, and common ſalt, as being articles univerſally uſed.

'Fermented liquors (whether from any acid generated in the vinous fermentation, or from part of the liquor having gone on to the acetous, is not certain) are obſerved to corrode copper. On this account we ſhould be very cautious relative to the cocks by which

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which wine and beer are drawn off, that they are kept as clean as poſſible, and not be ſuffered to remain longer in the wine caſks than is neceſſary for bottling it. This caution is more eſpecially neceſſary with reſpect to made wines, which are more aceſcent and imperfectly fermented, part of them being generally in a ſtate of muſt, and part changed into vinegar, and more apt to corrode copper than the foreign wines. I ſuſpect that an emetic quality, which I have ſeveral times obſerved in made wines, may ſometimes be produced by ſome accident of this kind. For malt liquors which are drank out of the caſk, I think the common wooden ſpigot and fauſet much clearer and ſafer than braſs cocks; and I think ſome contrivance of the ſame kind might be found out for wine, which is drank out of the caſk; or perhaps ſome compound metal of tin and biſmuth, which is not affected by the vegetable acid, might anſwer very well.

'All the above cautions are applicable, in a greater degree, to vinegar, which corrodes copper very powerfully, and even quicker than the native acid, in my opinion; which ſhould make us very cautious in what veſſel it is boiled, as it is frequently done for pickles. The preparation of theſe is a matter of great conſequence, as they are ſo much uſed, eſpecially by thoſe of higher rank. The fine blue and green colour, for which ſeveral of them are ſo much valued, has been eſteemed by many a preſumptive circumſtance of their having gained ſome impregnation of this kind. As this fact is very material to be aſcertained, I made the following experiments in order to determine it.

'I took about an ounce of pickle from ſome cucumbers which were bought at a noted ſhop, and were remarkable for their colour in a high degree. It had a peculiar taſte of the metallic kind, and ſmelt like the effluvia from copper that has been ſtrongly rubbed, which was even ſo powerful as to produce a ſlight degree of nauſea. Into this I put ſome bright iron wire, which in a ſhort time was covered with a red ruſt, exactly reſembling what iron acquires from a ſolution of copper in an acid. I tried the ſame experiment with ſome pickle of the ſame kind from cucumbers procured from another place, which were rather inferior in colour, but ſtill ſhewed ſome, though leſs, ſigns of containing copper. Pickles, I have obſerved, which are prepared without any impregnation of this kind, are generally of a faint green, rather inclining to yellow; and I am perſuaded that this colour, which is made ſo greatly a teſt of their goodneſs, is always owing to this cauſe.

'It is a well-known maxim among houſekeepers that pickles will never be green unleſs a copper or braſs pan be uſed, and, if the deſired colour be not obtained thus in ſufficient degree, it is common, I am informed, to throw in a few halfpence afterwards, which ſeldom fails to impart the tinge required. This is very probable when we conſider that copper is more acted on by the vegetable acid in the cold, than when heated. I have examined ſome books of modern cookery, and find that, whenever a green or blue colour is deſired, a braſs, bell metal, or copper pan, is directed to be uſed. It is not improbable that this often happens when ſuch an adulteration is neither deſigned nor ſuſpected, from uſing diſtilled vinegar, which is often employed for theſe purpoſes, and is frequently impregnated with copper from the head of the ſtill. Vinegar likewiſe diſſolves the copper alloy in ſilver, and even the vapour that exhales from it when cold will have the ſame effect. On this account, I think the tops of vinegar cruets are improperly made of ſilver, as is now frequently the faſhion. I have ſeen theſe acquire a thick coat of verdigreaſe on their inſide, eſpecially when they are made hollow with a narrow opening, ſo as to be with difficulty cleaned. This objection holds ſtill ſtronger when the ſpout itſelf through which the vinegar is poured is made of ſilver.

'Nor is leſs caution neceſſary with reſpect to common ſalt, which it is well known will corrode copper very powerfully. Several inſtances of the coppers, uſed in the navy, being greatly corroded, by boiling the ſalt proviſions in them, and of the bad conſequences thence accruing, are related in the ſecond volume of the Medical Obſervations and Enquiries. Indeed, copper veſſels are extremely improper for ſuch uſes, as being eaſily corroded by the muriatic acid; and as the attraction between copper and all the mineral acids is greatly increaſed by heat, Iron will anſwer all the purpoſes of copper for ſuch uſes, and if corroded, will not be of any ill conſequences to the health of thoſe who take it in.

'The uſe of copper is extremely hazardous, in my opinion, in places where the water is ſaline, or brackiſh, as is frequently the caſe in places lying near the ſea.

'Common ſalt will likewiſe affect the copper alloy in ſilver. I have ſeen ſilver ſalt-ſellers, in which the ſalt has been incautiouſly left, turned blue on their inſide, and in ſeveral parts blue ſaline efflorescences projecting from the ſurface of the metal. On this account therefore the uſe of glaſſes, made to fit the inſide of the ſilver ſalt-ſellers, are very proper, and probably prevent many accidents which might happen from the copper being in this way mixed with our victuals.

From the great facility with which copper is diſſolved in various menſtruums, and from the effects it produces when taken into the body, great caution ought certainly to be obſerved in the uſing copper veſſels for culinary purpoſes; and Dr. Falconer has performed a laudable ſervice to the public, by endeavouring to excite their attention to a matter of ſo much importance to health.

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11. *The following Anecdotes and characteristic Sketches of eminent Persons, will conclude our extracts from Lord Chesterfield's celebrated Letters to his Son.*

Lord Al—m—le.

THIS Nobleman's good fortune and progress in the great world, are instanced as proofs of what may be done by address, manners, and graces *only*.

"What do you think (says Lord C.) made our friend, Lord Al--m--le, a colonel of a regiment of guards, governor of Virginia, groom of the stole, and ambassador to Paris, amounting in all to sixteen or seventeen thousand pounds a year?—Was it his birth? No; a Dutch gentleman only. Was it his estate? No; he had none. Was it his learning, his parts, his political abilities and application? You can answer these questions as easily, and as soon, as I can ask them. What was it then? Many people wondered, but I do not; for I know, and will tell you. It was his air, his address, his manners, and his graces. He pleased, and by pleasing became a favourite; and by becoming a favourite became all that he has been since. Show me any one instance, where intrinsic worth and merit, unassisted by exterior accomplishments, have raised any man so high."

Duke of Newcastle.

In a letter addressed to Mr. Stanhope, then at Hanover, in 1752, Lord C. thus advises his son to get into the good graces of the Duke, then at the same place:

"Direct your principal battery, at Hanover, at the D— of N——'s: there are many very weak places in that citadel; where, with a very little skill, you cannot fail making a great impression. Ask for his orders, in every thing you do: talk Austrian and Antigallican to him; and, as soon as you are upon a foot of talking easily to him, tell him *en badinant*, that his skill and success in thirty or forty elections in England, leave you no reason to doubt of his carrying his election for Frankfort; and that you look upon the Archduke as his Member for the Empire. In his hours of festivity and compotation, drop, that he puts you in mind of what Sir William Temple says of the Pensionary de Wit; who, at that time, governed half Europe; that he appeared at balls, assemblies, and public places, as if he had nothing else to do, or to think of. When he talks to you upon foreign affairs, which he will often do, say, that you really cannot presume to give any opinion of your own upon those matters, looking upon yourself, at present, only as a postscript to the *corps diplomatique*; but that, if his Grace will be pleased to make you an additional volume to it, though but in *duodecimo*, you will do your best, that he shall neither be ashamed nor repent of it. He loves to have a favourite, and to open himself to that favourite; he has now no such person with him; the place is vacant, and if you have dexterity you may fill it. In one thing alone, do not humour him; I mean drinking; for as I believe you have never yet been drunk, you do not yourself know how you can bear your wine, and what a little too much of it may make you do or say: you might possibly kick down all you had done before."

In another place, speaking of the Duke's want of order, coolness, and method, in the dispatch of business, Lord C. observes, that "the hurry and confusion of the Duke of Newcastle do not proceed from his business, but from his want of method in it." "Sir Robert Walpole (adds his Lordship) who had ten times the business to do, was never seen in a hurry, because he always did it with method." And our noble author adds this just reflection,—the head of a man who has business, and no method nor order, is properly that *rudis indigestaque moles quam dixere chaos*.

Sir William Y***g.

This gentleman is brought in to exemplify Lord C.'s doctrine with respect to the power and effect of eloquence.

"Sir W—— Y——, with not a quarter of your parts, and not a thousandth part of your knowledge, has, by a glibness of tongue singly, raised himself successively to the best employments in the kingdom: he has been Lord of the Admiralty, Lord of the Treasury, Secretary at War, and is now Vice Treasurer of Ireland; and all this, with the most sullied, not to say blasted character.

Mr. Pelham.

March the 8th, 1754.

"Mr. Pelham died last Monday, of a fever and mortification; occasioned by a general corruption of his whole mass of blood, which had broke out into sores in his back. I regret him as an old acquaintance, a pretty near relation, and a private man, with whom I have lived many years in a social and friendly way. He meaned well to the public; and was incorrupt in a post where corruption is commonly contagious. If he was no shining, enterprizing minister, he was a safe one, which I like better. Very shining ministers, like the sun, are apt to scorch, when they shine the brightest: in our constitution, I prefer the milder light of a less glaring minister.

Pulteney, Lord Bath.

"The whole subject of conversation, at present, is the death and will of Lord Bath: he has left above twelve hundred thousand pounds in land and money, four hundred thousand pounds in cash, stocks, and mortgages; his own estate, in land, was improved to fifteen thousand pounds a year, & the Bradford estate, which he * *, is as much; both which, at only five-and-twenty years purchase, amount to eight hundred thousand pounds; and all this he has left to his bro-

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ther, General Pulteney, and in his own disposal, though he never loved him. The legacies he has left are trifling, for, in truth, he cared for nobody; the words *give* and *bequeath* were too shocking to him to repeat, and so he left all, in one word, to his brother."

'We have also, in one of these letters, a slight sketch of the late King of France; and a shrewd comment on the mysterious conduct of the celebrated Madame Maintenon.

LOUIS XV.

'——— attend particularly to the affairs of France; they grow serious, and, in my opinion, will grow more and more so every day. The King is despised, and I do not wonder at it; but he has brought it about, so to be hated at the same time, which seldom happens to the same man. His ministers are known to be as disunited as incapable: he hesitates between the Church and the Parliaments, like the ass in the fable, that starved between two hampers of hay; too much in love with his mistress to part with her, and too much afraid, for his soul, to enjoy her: jealous of the Parliaments, who would support his authority; and a devoted bigot to the Church, that would destroy it. The people are poor, consequently discontented: those who have religion, are divided in their notions of it; which is saying, that they hate one another. The Clergy never do forgive; much less will they forgive the Parliament: the Parliament never will forgive them.'

MADAME MAINTENON.

'——— I have read Madame Maintenon's letters; I am sure they are genuine, and they both entertained and informed me. They have brought me acquainted with the character of that able and artful lady; whom I am convinced, that I now know, much better than her *directeur* the Abbé de Fenelon (afterwards Archbishop of Cambray) did, when he wrote her the 185th letter; and I know him the better too for that letter. The Abbé, tho' brimful of the divine love, had a great mind to be first Minister, and Cardinal, in order, *no doubt*, to have an opportunity of doing the more good. His being *directeur* at the time to Madame Maintenon, seemed to be a good step towards those views. She put herself upon him for a saint, and he was weak enough to believe it; he, on the other hand, would have put himself upon her for a saint too, which I dare say, she did not believe; but both of them knew, that it was necessary for them to appear saints to Lewis XIV. who they were very sure was a bigot. It is to be presumed, nay, indeed it is plain by that 185th letter, that Madame Maintenon had hinted to her *directeur* some scruples of conscience, with relation to her commerce with the King; and which I humbly apprehend to have been only some scruples of prudence, at once to flatter the bigot character, and increase the desires of the King. The pious Abbé, frightened out of his wits left the King should impute to the *directeur* any scruples or difficulties which he might meet with on the part of the lady, writes her the above-mentioned letter; in which he not only bids her, not teaze the King by advice and exhortations, but to have the utmost submission to his will; and, that she may not mistake the nature of that submission, he tells her, it is the same that Sarah had for Abraham; to which submission Isaac perhaps was owing. No bawd could have written a more seducing letter to an innocent country girl, than the *directeur* did to his *penitente*; who, I dare say, had no occasion for his good advice. Those who would justify the good *directeur*, alias the pimp, in this affair, must not attempt to do it, by saying, that the King and Madame Maintenon were at that time privately married; that the *directeur* knew it; and that this was the meaning of his *enigme*. This is absolutely impossible; for that private marriage must have removed all scruple between the parties; nay, could not have been contracted upon any other principle, since it was kept private, and consequently prevented no public scandal. It is therefore extremely evident, that Madame Maintenon could not be married to the King, at the time when she scrupled granting, and when the *directeur* advised her to grant, those favours which Sarah with so much submission granted to Abraham: and what the *directeur* is pleased to call *le mystere de Dieu*, was most evidently a state of concubinage. The letters are very well worth your reading; they throw light upon many things of those times.'

12. *The Country Justice, a poem. By one of his Majesty's Justices of the Peace for the County of Somerset. Part I.* 4to. 2s. 6d.

THE character of a country justice, like that of an alderman, or bookseller, has stood as a butt, for wits and witlings to shoot at, with the shafts of ridicule. But the times are changed. We have aldermen who possess as much wit as other folk; we have booksellers who can read; and we have conservators of the peace who can not only read but write: witness the pleasing piece of poetry now before us, published in honour of that order of magistracy of which the author declares himself to be a member; and addressed to the celebrated Dr. Burn, "by a truly affectionate *Brother*."

Our Somersetshire Bard opens with a retrospective view of the forlorn state of liberty and civil security, in this country, before the institution of justices of the peace, in the reign of Edward III. This most salutary and excellent '*appointment and its purposes*,' are thus celebrated:

THE social laws from insult to protect,
To cherish peace, to cultivate respect;
The rich from wanton cruelty restrain,
To smooth the bed of penury and pain;

The

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The hapleſs vagrant to his reſt reſtore,
The maze of fraud, the haunts of theft explore;
The thoughtleſs maiden, when ſubdu'd by art,
To aid, and bring her rover to her heart:
Wild riot's voice with dignity to quell,
Forbid unpeaceful paſſions to rebel,
Wreſt from revenge the meditated harm;
For this fair Juſtice rais'd her ſacred arm;
For this the rural Magiſtrate, of yore,
Thy honours, Edward, to his manſion bore.

The moral character of a country juſtice, ſuch as that of every magiſtrate ought to be, is admirably drawn, in the following lines:

Thro' theſe fair vallies, ſtranger, haſt thou ſtray'd,
By any chance, to viſit Harewood's ſhade,
And ſeen with honeſt, antiquated air,
In the plain hall the Magiſtratial chair?
There Herbert ſate—the love of human kind,
Pure light of truth, and temperance of mind,
In the free eye the featur'd ſoul diſplay'd,
Honour's ſtrong beam, and Mercy's melting ſhade;
Juſtice, that, in the rigid paths of law,
Would ſtill ſome drops from Pity's fountain draw,
Bend o'er her urn with many a gen'rous fear,
Ere his firm ſeal ſhould force one Orphan's tear;
Fair Equity, and Reaſon ſcorning art,
And all the ſober virtues of the heart,—
Theſe ſate with Herbert, theſe ſhall beſt avail,
Where ſtatutes order; or where ſtatutes fail.

The general *motives for lenity* in the exerciſe of the juſtice's office, are next laid down, and enforced with that energy and pathos which cannot fail of doing honour to the heart of the writer, as well as to his muſe.

Be this, ye rural Magiſtrates, your plan:
Firm be your Juſtice, but be friends to man.
He whom the mighty maſter of this ball,
We fondly deem, or farcically call,
To own the Patriarch's truth however loth,
Holds but a manſion *cruſh'd before the moth.*
Frail in his genius, in his heart, too, frail,
Born but to err, and erring to bewail,
Shalt thou his faults with eye ſevere explore,
And give to life one human weakneſs more?
Still mark if vice or nature prompt the deed;
Still mark the ſtrong temptation and the need:
On preſſing want, or famine's powerful call,
At leaſt more lenient let thy juſtice fall.

His *apology for vagrants* is replete with benevolence, and comes farther recommended to us, by the additional charms of a flowing and elegant verſification:

For him, who, loſt to every hope of life,
Has long with fortune held unequal ſtrife?
Known to no human love, no human care,
The friendleſs, homeleſs object of deſpair;
For the poor vagrant, feel, while he complains,
Nor from ſad freedom ſend to ſadder chains.
Alike, if folly or misfortune brought
Thoſe laſt of woes his evil days have wrought;
Believe with ſocial mercy and with me,
Folly 's misfortune in the firſt degree.

Perhaps on ſome inhoſpitable ſhore
The houſeleſs wretch a widow'd parent bore;
Who then no more by golden proſpects led,
Of the poor Indian beg'd a leafy bed.
Cold on Canadian hills, or Minden's plain,
Perhaps that parent mourn'd her Soldier ſlain;
Bent o'er her babe, her eye diſſolv'd in dew,
The big drops mingling with the milk he drew,
Gave the ſad preſage of his future years,
The child of miſery, baptiz'd in tears!

We cannot reſiſt the temptation to village the ingenious author of his declaration againſt that pernicious faction of vagrants known by the name of *Gypſies*:

The Gypſey-race my pity rarely move;
Yet their ſtrong thirſt of Liberty I love.
Not *Wilkes*, our freedom's holy martyr, more;
Nor his firm *Phalanx*, of the common ſtore.

For this in Norwood's patrimonial groves,
The tawny father with his offſpring roves:
When ſummer ſuns lead flow the ſultry day,
In moſſy caves, where welling waters play,
Fann'd by each gale that cools the fervid ſky,
With this in ragged luxury they lie.
Oft at the ſun the duſky elfins ſtrain
The ſable eye, then, ſtugging, ſleep again:
Oft, as the dews of cooler evening fall,
For their prophetic mother's mantle call.

Far other cares that wandering mother wait,
The mouth, and oft the miniſter of fate!
From her to hear, in ev'ning's friendly ſhade,
Of future fortune, flies the village maid,
Draws her long-hoarded copper from its hold,
And ruſty halfpence purchaſe hopes of gold.

But, ah! ye maids, beware the Gypſey's lures!
She opens not the womb of time, but yours.
Oft has her hands the hapleſs Marian wrung,
Marian, whom Gay in ſweeteſt ſtrains has ſung!

The parſon's maid—ſore cauſe had ſhe to rue
The Gypſey's tongue; the parſon's daughter too.
Long had that anxious daughter ſigh'd to know
What Vellum's ſpruce clerk, the valley's beau,
Meant by thoſe glances which at church he ſtole,
Her father nodding to the pſalm's ſlow drawl;
Long had ſhe ſigh'd, at length a prophet came,
By many a ſure prediction known to fame.
To Marian known, and all the told for true:
She knew the future, for the paſt ſhe knew.

Where, in the darkling glade, the moon's dim rays
Beam'd on the ruins of a one-horſe chaiſe,
Villaria ſat, while faithful Marian brought
The wayward prophet of the woe ſhe ſought.
Twice did her hands, the income of the week,
On either ſide, the crooked ſix-pence ſeek;

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Twice were these hands withdrawn from either side,
To stop the titt'ring laugh, the blush to hide.
The wayward prophet made no long delay,
No novice she in Fortune's devious way!
'Ere yet, she cried, ten rolling months are o'er,
'Muft ye be mothers; maids, at leaft, no more.
'With you fhall foon, O lady fair, prevail
'A gentle youth, the flower of this fair vale.
'To Marian, once of Colin Clout the fcorn,
'Shall Bumkin come, and Bumkinets be born."
Smote to the heart, the maidens marvell'd fore,
That ten fhort months had fuch events in ftore;
But holding firm, what village-maids believe,
That ftrife with Fate is milking in a fieve;
To prove this prophet true, tho' to their coft,
They juftly thought no time was to be loft.
These foes to youth, that feek, with dangerous art,
To aid the native weakneſs of the heart;
These miſcreants, from thy harmleſs village drive,
As wafps felonious from the lab'ring hive.

We cannot take leave of the unknown author, without heartily thanking him for the pleaſure he has given us in the perufal of this little though beautiful production; nor without expreſſing our hope that he will proceed in his laudable deſign, and completely finiſh the portrait of his worthy and amiable Country Juſtice.——*Monthly Review.*

13. *Medical Memoirs of the General Diſpenſary in London, for part of the years* 1773 *and* 1774. *By John Coakley Lettſom, M. D. F. R. and A. S. S.* 5*s. bound.*

THE General Diſpenſary is a moſt uſeful inſtitution, deſigned not only for the relief of the poor at the Diſpenſary, but likewiſe at their own houſes. It is kept in Aldersgate-ſtreet, and is open for the reception of letters and patients every day at eleven o'clock, Sundays excepted. All who are recommended have the benefit of advice and medicines at the Diſpenſary; but no patients are to be viſited at their own habitations, except thoſe who reſide within the city and liberties of London.

Dr. Lettſom is one of the phyſicians appointed to attend the Diſpenſary, and he has favoured the public with the reſult of his obſervations during the *laſt* and part of the *preſent* year, under the title of Memoirs of the General Diſpenſary, as above.

The firſt ſection of theſe Memoirs contains *Obſervations on Fevers, with Symptoms of Putreſcency.*——[☞ For the Doctor's method of curing theſe fevers, ſee our laſt Miſcellany, p. 22.]

Sect. II. *Speculations on Opium, with Caſes and Reflections.*

Dr. Cullen, in his lectures on the Materia Medica, has introduced ſome diſtinctions concerning the ſtimulant and ſedative effects of opium. Theſe ideas have been adopted by our Author, and he has endeavoured to point out, in what caſes its ſtimulant, and in what its ſedative powers are indicated.

Sect. III. *Obſervations on a ſpecies of Leproſy.*

The *Lepra Ichtiofis* of Sauvages is the ſpecies here intended; ſo called from its reſembling the ſcales of a fiſh. Our author gives us three hiſtories of this diſeaſe, in which the cure was effected by a decoction of the inner bark of the elm tree, after other very powerful remedies had been tried without ſucceſs. This decoction has long been uſed in St. Thomas's, and ſome other of the London hoſpitals, in a variety of leprous and other cutaneous affections. The formula uſed by Dr. Lettſom, is the *Decoctum ulmi Pharmacop. Noſocom. Divi Thomæ.*

Sect. IV. *A Defence of Inoculation.*

The moſt ſtriking objection which has ever appeared againſt inoculation, is that of Dr. Raſt of Lions. The objection is briefly this: "From a ſurvey of the London bills of mortality for 42 years before inoculation commenced, and likewiſe for 42 years after this practice became general, it appears, that ſeventeen more burials in a thouſand have been occaſioned by the ſmall-pox, ſince inoculation hath been generally adopted, than before." And conſequently, that inoculation does more injury to the community by propagating the infection to many who might otherwiſe have eſcaped, than by conducting a few individual more eaſily and ſafely thro' the diſeaſe.

Dr. Lettſom endeavours to break the force of this objection, by ſuggeſting, that the meaſles, and fevers in general, have gradually increaſed in fatality in nearly the ſame proportion with the ſmall-pox. And he further remarks, that the ſpreading the infection, is rather to be attributed to the improved method of treating the accidental ſmall-pox, than to inoculation.

Sect. V. *Method of treating the confluent Small-Pox.*

The ſubject of this ſection is of a very ſerious nature. Dr. Leetſom apprehends he has diſcovered, *that mercury is an antidote to the variolous virus, and that it powerfully promotes ſuppuration in the confluent ſmall-pox.* It is certain that Boerhaave had a favourable opinion of mercury as a corrector of this particular virus*. And Malouin relates the caſe of a female who was under a courſe of mercury for venereal complaints, and had a mercurial plaiſter applied to the ſacrum: ſhe was at this time ſeized with the ſmall-pox; her whole body was full, except the part to which the plaiſter had been applied, and here there was not a ſingle puſtule†. On the

* *Aphor.* 1892.

† *Chem. Med. S. II. p.* 133.

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the other hand, Gatti, Watſon, and many others have not found that thoſe who were prepared with mercurials had the diſeaſe at all more favourably, than thoſe who were prepared without. And it appears likewiſe, that when the ſmall-pox was epidemic at Edinburgh in the year 1733, the diſeaſe was fatal notwithſtanding the free uſe of mercurials†.—And if we take Dr. Lettſom's caſes into the queſtion, we ſhall find them by no means concluſive in favour of mercury, either as a ſuppurative or an antidote.

Sect. VI. *Remarks on the Hooping-cough, King-cough, or Pertuſſis.*

Dr. Burton, of York, publiſhed his treatiſe on the non-naturals in the year 1738, and at the end has added an eſſay on the chin-cough.——The following was his method of cure in this diſeaſe: "I ordered, ſays he, a ſcruple of cantharides, and as much camphor, which when well mixed, I ordered to be mixed with three drachms of the extract of bark; of which mixture I gave the children eight or ten grains every third or fourth hour, according to the circumſtances of the caſes, in a ſpoonful of ſome ſimple water or julep, in which I had diſſolved a little balſam copaivi; the children's drink was emulſio communis, or the like. By following this method, I performed the cures very ſoon, ſome in five or ſix days."

Mr. Sutcliff, of Settle in Yorkſhire, has for twenty years ſucceſſively adminiſtered Dr. Burton's medicine, with ſome little variation. He gives tincture of bark, tincture of cantharides, and elix. paregor. This compoſition was exhibited in ſmall quantities three or four times in a day; and the doſes gradually increaſed till a ſlight ſtrangury was produced; the doſe was then diminiſhed, or taken at more diſtant intervals.——"The hooping, ſays Mr. Sutcliff, generally ceaſes in three or four days, from the firſt exhibition of the medicine: ſometimes the paroxyſm recurs only once after the firſt doſe; but an expectorating cough frequently continues for a week or two afterwards." This is doubtleſs a valuable diſcovery; and we are happy to find, that the experience of Dr. Burton and Mr. Sutcliff has been confirmed by a variety of caſes which have fallen under the care of Dr. Lettſom.—*Monthly Rev.*

† *Medical Eſſays, vol. III. p. 30.*

14. *An Enquiry into the Moving Powers employed in the Circulation of the Blood; in a Lecture delivered at Newcaſtle, the 28th of December, 1773, to a large Company of Gentlemen of the Faculty and others. By Andrew Wilſon, M. D.* 1s. 6d.

THIS enquiry is divided into ſeven propoſitions, of which we ſhall give a general detail.

The firſt propoſition is, that the heart is not the fountain or origin of the motion of the animal fluids. According to this ingenious author, the circulation of the blood is chiefly promoted by the fluids in the lacteæ and abſorbent veſſels. But it is evident, that this hypotheſis does not account for the *origin* of the motion. For the circulation is carried on before any aliment has been received by the bowels, and the fluids muſt have been previouſly conveyed to the orifices of the abſorbent veſſels before theſe return them to the large veins.

The ſecond propoſition is, that the blood, in being ſubjected to the contractions of the ventricles of the heart, acquires no quantity of motion that it was not poſſeſſed of before. In ſupport of this opinion, Dr. Wilſon argues, that as the heart tranſmits by its contractions no blood into the arteries, but what is received from the veins, ſo it cannot deliver it faſter, or with greater momentum. Our author even affirms, that the abſolute momentum of the blood moving in the vena cava and all the veins, is greater than the momentum with which it moves in the aorta and all the arteries. For, though the heart can deliver no blood to the arteries, but what it receives from the veins, yet the veins really receive as much reſiſtance to the motion of the blood in them, by every contraction of the auricles of the heart, as the arterial blood receives acceſſion of momentum by the contractions of the ventricles; excepting in ſo far as the muſcular vigour of the auricles and ventricles may differ from each other.

In the third propoſition it is affirmed, that the arterial motion of the fluids does not neceſſarily depend on the impulſes of the heart, but can be accompliſhed independent of any ſuch force. As examples in favour of this doctrine, the author mentions the circulation or progreſſive motion of the ſap in vegetables, which is conducted without any impulſe analagous to the action of the heart; the peculiar œconomy of the liver; and the manner in which the blood is tranſmitted thro' the heart of the fœtus.

In the fourth propoſition the author endeavours to prove, that the muſcular power of the heart is not ſufficient to impreſs ſuch a momentum on the fluids as to carry them to the ultimate limits of the circulation. In the fifth, he maintains, that there are other powerful agents always acting in the animal œconomy, which, by a mechanical neceſſity, influence the progreſſive motion of the blood, as well where the powers of the heart can be traced, as where they cannot poſſibly reach. Among theſe the author reckons a tendency to motion in the fluids themſelves. In the ſixth propoſition, he contends for the influence of another power, which he calls the principle of life; and in the ſeventh propoſition he declares himſelf of opinion, that both the primary and final intention of the agency of the heart in the animal œconomy, muſt be ſomething very different from, and leſs obvious than, the ſupporting of the progreſſive motion of the blood.

Though the author of this enquiry has ſhewn,

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ſhewn juſt reaſons for being diſſatisfied with the common opinion reſpecting the power of the heart in conducting the circulation, yet it muſt be acknowledged, that of what he aſſigns as the cauſes of this motion, ſome are not ſufficiently ſupported by the eſtabliſhed principles of the animal œconomy, and others ſeem inadequate to the effect. On a ſubject of ſuch importance, however, the exertion of ſo much ingenuity as Dr. Wilſon here diſcovers deſerves to be applauded; and though the hypotheſis he endeavours to confirm, conſidered in all its parts, ſhould not meet with numerous abettors among phyſiologiſts, even thoſe who diſſent from the author's doctrine will ſubſcribe to the juſtneſs of his arguments againſt the validity of the received opinion with reſpect to the circulation of the blood.

Critical Review.

15. *The Graham; an Heroic Ballad. In Four Cantos. By Tho. Blacklock, D. D.* 2s. 6d.

THE ſubject of this poem is acknowledged to be entirely fictitious, and is well calculated to recommend the cordial union of South and North Britain, the moral which the author inculcates. This ſalutary admonition is delivered in the four laſt ſtanzas, which we ſhall quote as a ſpecimen.

'By ſanguine proof, ye nations, taught
What various ills from diſcord riſe,
Diſcord with all the curſes fraught
That earth can feel or hell deviſe;
With ſacred vigilance of thought,
Your union cultivate and prize;
Union, eternal ſource of joy,
Which nought can leſſen or deſtroy.

England! for induſtry and toil,
Wiſdom, and poliſh'd arts, renown'd,
Whoſe happy clime and grateful ſoil
Diffuſe exhauſtleſs plenty round;
So from thy ſhores may foes recoil,
Involv'd in ſhame, and grief profound,
As thou behold'ſt with placid eyes
Thy ſiſter kingdom's glory riſe.

Scotia! to earth's remoteſt verge,
By each conſpicuous virtue known,
Whoſe glorious deeds, whoſe talents large,
Enrich all climates but thy own!
To him thy duty firſt diſcharge,
From whoſe paternal hand alone
Thy bleſſings, which no meaſure know,
Thy freedom, wealth, and ſafety, flow.

Nor let ſeductive pleaſure's charms,
From wiſdom's ways thy ſoul allure,
Nor quench thy generous thirſt of arms,
Nor all thy recent fame obſcure:
Thy breaſt, while noble ardour warms,
For ſacred faith, and virtue pure,
Till heav'n and earth ſhall paſs away,
Thy glory ne'er ſhall feel decay.'

Poems, by Mr. Potter. 8vo. 3s. *ſewed.*

THE author of theſe poems is known to the literary world by a pretty deſcriptive piece called Holkham, the celebrated ſeat of Lord Leiceſter; by Kymber, an encomium on the Wodehouſe family, in the ſtyle and taſte of Milton's Lycidas, and written with conſiderable ſpirit and enthuſiaſm; but, more particularly, by a beautiful farewell Hymn to the Country, in imitation of Spenſer. With theſe poems, already publiſhed at different times, a few others of leſs character and conſequence contribute to make up this volume.

Monthly Rev.

LIST of NEW PUBLICATIONS.

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The faſhionable DRESS, as eſtabliſhed in the politeſt Summer Circles.

WE were much pleaſed, a few months ſince, to preſent to our Fair Readers a Pattern for dreſſing their Hair, in which little Art was neceſſary, and where Nature was permitted to add Grace to Beauty; but we are now ſorry to find the Ladies returning, tho' by ſlow degrees, to the long-exploded Mode of dreſſing their Hair with the borrowed Aid of the Cuſhion, &c.;—this, however, they do in a far leſs prepoſterous degree than formerly, as the Hair riſes very gradually from the Forehead to the Crown, and in general is not unbecoming:——Croſs Curls are worn at the ſides;—and the Ornaments for the Head are, Blond and Flowers, or ſmall Flys and no Lappets, only one Bow behind.——Slight Lute-ſtring Negligees, of the Apple-green or pale Lilac, with Blond or Mignionette Trimmings, and Taſſels to match the Silks;—Ruffles very ſhallow before, and long and peaked behind;—with Shoes to match the Negligees, and ſmall Roſe Buckles, conſtitute the FULL DRESS.

The moſt genteel UNDRESS is the French Jacket, with tight Sleeves to button down to the Wriſt, ſtrait Back, and Lappets inſtead of Robings trimm'd with Fringe of the Colour;—Hats much larger, and Cloaks of Gauze or Joining Lace, very ſhort behind and long before;—coloured Slippers, with white Heels and ſmall Roſes.

The uniform cloathing of the Captains and Commanders of his Majeſty's Fleet, is by his Majeſty's order to be in future as follows, viz.

FULL DRESS.——The lace on the coat to return round the pockets and ſleeves; the lappels and cuffs to be two inches and a half broad; the lace upon the upper part of the lappels to run even with the bottom lace of the collar; the buttons to be flat, with an anchor and cable engraved thereon, according to the pattern lodged at the Navy Office.——The waiſtcoat to be plain inſtead of laced; the breeches to be of the ſame colour as the waiſtcoat, inſtead of blue, and both to have buttons of the ſame pattern as the coat.

UNDRESS.——Blue frock, lappels, cuffs and collar the ſame; the collar to button to the lappels, lap over behind, white ſhalloon lining, buttons the ſame as the dreſs coat, gold embroidered button holes, as undermentioned, viz——.The Captains who have taken poſt three years or upwards, twelve holes in the lappels by threes, three in the flaps and three in the ſleeves.——The Poſt Captains of leſs than three years ſtanding, twelve holes in the lappels by twos; four holes on the flaps, and four in the ſleeves, by twos.——For Commanders, twelve holes in the lappels, regular; three holes in the flaps and three in the ſleeves.—Waiſtcoats and Breeches the ſame as for the dreſſed uniform.

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FLOWERS of PARNASSUS.

For the MONTHLY MISCELLANY.

COLIN and SILVIA,
A Paſtoral Ballad.

[*With an elegant* ENGRAVING.]

THE noon-tide ſun's reſplendent beams
His influence declare,
And ſcarce a breeze refreſhing moves
To fan the vernal air.

Beneath a ſpreading beech reclin'd,
Young Sylvia, with her ſwain,
Beheld content the rural ſcene,
Which mark'd the verdant plain.

To ſportive innocence reſign'd,
Their flocks around them play;
Soft wiſhes to the nymph impart,
And make her boſom gay.

Love's ſofteſt notes—deluding theme!
The fleeting hours beguile;
Enraptur'd Colin view'd ſucceſs
Imprinted on each ſmile.

Oft had the youth his ſuit preferr'd,
The maid as oft deny'd:
A virgin's wiſhes rul'd her heart,
Her tongue a virgin's pride.

Colin obſerv'd her eyes, and then
Still unremitting ſtrove;
'Twas there he ſaw, or elſe he thought
He ſaw ſome ſigns of love.

"How ſweetly, ſoftly ſing (he cries)
"The birds on ev'ry tree!
"All nature ſmiles, but I have nought
"But ſcorn and frowns from thee:

"Tho' ſmiles the earth, tho' ſweetly ſing
"The birds on ev'ry tree,
"Yet nature frowns if I have not
"Returns of love from thee.

"My offering is a faithful heart;
"A richer can I make?
"If love can aſk, can wiſh for more,
"The richer offering take.

"Theſe milk-white flocks, yon lowing herds,
"All, all I have is thine;
"Much more than theſe I ſhould poſſeſs,
"If Sylvia would be mine.

"Ceaſe to be ſtubborn, cruel maid!
"Hear and reward my truth"——
"Ceaſe then to teaze me, (ſhe replied)
"Colin, thou fooliſh youth.

"If nought but theſe complaining tales
"We virgins hear from men,
"'Tis better e'en to wed at once,
"Than hear them o'er again."

TOASTS for the Month.

To TOLLIA.

IF I don't love you, MOLLY TOLL,
With all my heart, with all my ſoul,
Then, may this honeſt bumper be
Fatal to Friendſhip, Truth, and ME!

To Mrs. VAUGHAN, *of the Grove.*

TO you ſweet SAPPHO of the tuneful GROVE,
To Genius ſacred, and the Queen of Love,
To you I fill the gobblet to the brink,
And Sapphic wit in briſk *Falernian* drink.
Tho' *Phaon* turn'd on *Sappho* moſt unkind,
The boy had lov'd you, had he not been blind!
You've all the genius of the Leſbian dame,
With charms a thouſand *Phaons* might inflame;
Thus, while I drink, your virtues I rehearſe,
Queen of the Grove—and Goddeſs of my Verſe.

VERSES

Copied from the Window of an obſcure Lodging-Houſe in the Neighbourhood of London.

STRANGER, whate'er thou art, whoſe reſtleſs mind,
Like me, within theſe walls, is *cribb'd, confin'd**,
Learn how each want, that heaves our mutual ſigh,
A woman's ſoft ſolicitudes ſupply!
From her white breaſt retreat all rude alarms,
Or fly the circle of her magic arms;
While ſouls exchanged alternate grace acquire,
And paſſions catch from paſſions glorious fire.
What tho' to deck this roof no arts combine,
Such forms as rival ev'ry Fair but mine;
No nodding plumes our humble couch above,
Proclaim each triumph of unbounded love;
No ſilver lamp, with ſculptur'd Cupids gay,
O'er yielding Beauty pours its midnight ray:
Yet Fanny's charms could Time's ſlow flight beguile,
Soothe ev'ry care, and make this dungeon ſmile;
In her, what Kings, what Saints have wiſh'd, is given;
Her heart is Empire, and her love is Heaven!

* *Macbeth.*

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Engraved for the Monthly Miscellany.

Colin and Sylvia.

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The FOX: An ELEGIAC POEM,

Sacred to the Memory of a late Right Honourable Perſonage. 8vo. 1s. SNAGG.

THE conduct of the Right Hon. Perſonage, to whoſe memory this piece is devoted, has given an ample field for the abilities of our Author, who ſeems to have executed his taſk in a very maſterly manner.—We find too often, that elegiac lays are either proſtituted to the ſervice of power, or made the inſtruments of private vengeance; in *one* inſtance beſtowing unmerited praiſe, and in *another* magnifying the minuteſt foibles;——but here we find a happy medium, where neither intereſt nor malice guides the pen, and the character of the man is diſplayed in that light in which it has long been held by the people of this kingdom.——In reviewing the character of this once-diſtinguiſhed Nobleman, the Author has omitted no particular that was worthy of attention; his *honeſty*, and his *firmneſs* in his country's cauſe are there depictured; nor, in ſhort, are any of thoſe *amiable virtues* forgot, which ſo *endeared* him to his country.—In the following paſſages, perhaps, the Author is exceedingly great:

OFT has the thirſt of gold ſo ſteel'd the heart,
To make it e'en rejoice at others' woe;
Too ſoon from nature's ſocial tye depart,
And help a nation in her overthrow:
Tho' from each wound the vital currents run,
And ſtain their fingers in the crimſon flood;
They ſmile to find, that while ſhe is undone,
They gain the profit of her richeſt blood.
SOME, whilſt our troops with pious care purſue,
And fix their conqueſts on a foreign ſtrand,
Have ROBB'D the hardy vet'ran of his due,
Hard earn'd by combat in a foreign land.
There are, again, who, careleſs of their truſt,
Pay *no* attention to the public good;
Nor deem a *robbery* on her unjuſt,
Tho' *thouſands* feel it in the want of food.
Ere long *they*'ll feel the pangs of fell remorſe,
And then, too late, recall their errors o'er;
Let *ſuch* in H****** ſee *fair virtue*'s force,
By *him* reſolve to act ſuch ſcenes no more.
His HONEST heart ne'er knew the pow'r of guile,
CONSCIENCE with *him* directed ev'ry deed;
At once the *Son* and *Patriot* of this iſle,
He'd ſooner die than ſee his country bleed.
Draw near, ye future Miniſters of State,
And all ye AGENTS in a future *war!*
If you would wiſh to ſtand *ſublimely great*,
To act *like him* be your peculiar care.
See his accounts in JUSTEST ORDER lie,
APPROV'D and SETTLED to his maſter's *Clear* and *perſpicuous* to the public eye, [will!
They ſhew at once *integrity* and *ſkill*.
Well might the nation *weep* when he reſign'd,
And left, *reluctant*, England's future weal!
Kings, Miniſters, and Commons, all combin'd
To *mourn*, when he his purpoſe did reveal.
Oft was he *preſs'd* the office to *renew*,
As oft *refus'd*; like Cincinnatus fir'd,
He went—but kept his country's good *in view*,
And to his old patrician fields retir'd.

He then deſcribes the *good old man* in his retreat from the world, preparing for thoſe bleſſings which "*ever wait on virtue.*" And his death, and the concern of his family, and his country, are mentioned in a very ſenſible and pathetic manner:

Soon the ſad tidings reach the public ear,
Melt in the eye, or murmur in the breaſt;
Each boſom throbs with an unuſual fear,
And all the land is gen'rally diſtreſt.
Where ſhall they find again ſo much *deſert*,
A mind ſo *ſteady* in his country's cauſe?
Whene'er ſhe call'd, ſo ready and alert
To keep *inviolate* her ſacred laws?
A dawn of hope breaks in upon their mind—
His riſing ſons *Britannia* views with joy;
And to *their* active genius reſign'd,
To cheriſh it becomes her chief employ.
The tributary *tear* is paid;—and now
Let us pour out the meaſure of our *praiſe*;
With pleaſure to his gen'rous offſpring bow,
The *joy* and *comfort* of his latter days.
Like *him* in ev'ry act,—though not *mature*,
Yet *rip'ning on*, and promiſing *in time*
Within *their* breaſt each *virtue* to ſecure,
That in their *father*'s did ſo brightly ſhine.
That active zeal for Britain and her laws—
That dread of *indolence*, and love of *fame*—
That matchleſs *vigilance* in freedom's cauſe,
The ELDEST holds, together with his *name*.
How frequent active has his *little* breaſt
Dealt forth her *eloquence* to ſave the land!
How vigil-like *deny'd* herſelf *due reſt*,
When ſlaves to pow'r 'gainſt freedom made their ſtand!
For *ſix long years* he in the Senate *ſhone*,
A patriot in the LOWER HOUSE approv'd;
Like ſome great planet roll'd his orb alone,
Alike admir'd, alike by all belov'd.
Now 'mongſt the *Peers* and *Patriots* of this iſle,
Within the UPPER HOUSE he claims a ſeat;
See Liberty pour forth her joy, and ſmile,
To think how ſoon her foes will feel defeat.
Cloſe at his heels his *younger brother* ſee,
Of ev'ry darling virtue full poſſeſt!
His father's ev'ry ſeed of *honeſty*
Is ſown maturely in HIS *pious* breaſt.
So *pure*, ſo *wiſe*, and *ſpotleſs* is his mind,
So *free* from perfidy, chicane, and noiſe;
Search thro' the world, you'll ſcarce his equal find,
Who ev'ry hour, like him, to *good* employs.
In vain *Intemp'rance* caſts her luring ſmiles,
He ſcarce has *foibles*,—and is FREE from *vice*;
His cautious ſoul *avoids* the harlot's wiles,
In all his pleaſures *moderate* and *nice*.

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Averse to *gaming*, and the wretched crew
Who waste their time in basest arts and fraud,—
Who hapless inconsiderates pursue,
And while they plunder, all their faults applaud.

After giving the characters of the two sons with whose fame the world resounds no less han with that of their father's) he thus oncludes:

Thus far the Bard—when to his dazzl'd sight,
In radiant majesty, lo! TRUTH appears!
Placing each object in its proper light,
She fill'd his soul with jealousies and fears.

Mistaken man! (in angry mood she spoke)
"To let thy prejudice o'er reason sway!
"Call in each fleeting passion to the yoke,
"And let thy soul attentively obey.

"Write down"—but ah! the Muse declines the deed—
To own an error well becomes the wise;
Mild CHARITY at ev'ry pore would bleed,
Should I describe what pass'd before my eyes:—

Should I point out the pangs of fell despair,
Which harden'd sinners on their death-bed feel,
In vain their former lives seem'd free from care—
Conscience is sharper than the pointed steel.

The FARMER.

O Happy he! happiest of mortal men!
Who far remov'd from slavery as from pride,
Fears no man's frown, nor cringing waits to catch
The gracious nothing of a great man's nod:
Where the lac'd beggar bustles for a bribe,
The purchase of his honour; where deceit,
And fraud, and circumvention, dress in smiles,
Hold shameful commerce, and beneath the mask
Of friendship and sincerity, betray.
Him, nor the stately mansion's gilded pride,
Rich with whate'er the imitative arts,
Painting or sculpture, yield to charm the eye;
Nor shining heaps of massy plate, unwrought
With curious, costly workmanship, allure.
Tempted nor with the pride nor pomp of power,
Nor pageants of ambition, nor the mines
Of grasping av'rice, nor the poison'd sweets
Of pamper'd luxury, he plants his foot
With firmness on his own paternal fields,
And stands unshaken. There sweet prospects rise
Of meadows smiling in their flow'ry pride,
Green hills and dales, and cottages embower'd,
The scenes of innocence, and calm delight.
There the wild melody of warbling birds,
And cool refreshing groves, and murmuring springs,
Invite to sacred thought, and lift the mind
From low pursuits, to meditate the God!

On Dr. TAYLOR's being made Oculist to their Majesties.

By the late Rev. Dr. DUNKIN.

THAT Fortune's blind, we plainly see,
Or she had never fix'd on thee
To serve the Royal Family.

Not Mercury, although a God,
Could send so many with his rod
To darkness, and the land of Nod;

As you have blinded through all nations,
By caustics, pills, and fumigations,
With other wicked preparations.

Enough to glut your bloody spleen,
Of subjects have your victims been,
And wo'nt you spare the King and Queen?

"Hold, Sir," the bold impostor cries,
"Both Kings and Queens, however wise,
"Still see with other people's eyes."

The MAN afflicted with the JAUNDICE.

A FABLE. *Translated from the French.*

WITH jaundic'd eye and yellow hue,
A man a garden went to view;
Nor knew, when he the flow'rs survey'd,
The malady which on him prey'd.

"Look here, my friend, pray what dost think
"Of this narcissus, that fine pink?"
'A yellow pink!—(the sick man cries)
'Excites my wonder and surprize:
'It gives me pleasure and delight
'To gaze at such a wond'rous sight.
'But—this narcissus!—strange, tho' true,
'Is of the self-same colour too.'
His friend's astonishment is great,
To hear him talk at this strange rate.
"And pray what think you of this rose,
"Which blooms vermillion as it blows?
"Or of this lilly blooming by,
"Whose dazzling whiteness strikes the eye?
"You cannot disagree with me,
"In what thus plainly both may see?"
He straitway answers—'On my word,
'That both are yellow, I accord:
'Nor can I fail t' admire the order
'Of all which blows in this same border,
'Where not a single flow'r is seen,
'Or white, or red, or pink, or green,—
'Acknowledge, therefore—be sincere—
''Tis yellow only blossoms here.'

Now, less astonish'd, he replies,
"The fact is clear;——let me advise—
"The doctor see, engage his skill,
"Believe me, friend, you're very ill."

Thus when the passions, spite of sense,
Have spread their baneful influence,
We're like the sick man, whose disease
Can vary every thing with ease;
In different lights we all things view,
And even Nature alter too.

To

To the Editors *of the* Monthly Miſcellany.

SIRS,

MANY of your readers are well acquainted with the name of the late Rev. Mr. THOMAS BRADBURY. He ſhone greatly about the beginning of the preſent century, both as a wit and orator.——The following lines were compoſed by him, as I may ſay, extempore, and they have, I believe, never appeared in print. Should you think them worth printing in your Miſcellany, they are at your ſervice.——By way of introduction to them, your readers may be informed, that Dr. Wainwright, the perſon under mentioned, was a very eminent phyſician; he had been married many years without having a child, but at length, to his great joy, was bleſſed with a daughter. Mr. Bradbury, the firſt time he ſaw the Doctor, after this event, demanded *Beverage*, but the Doctor would have been excuſed, alledging, that conſidering his numerous acquaintance, he ſhould find it too expenſive, and might lay out all the money in *beverage*, which would be requiſite for the ſupport and education of the child. To ſet aſide this objection, Mr. Bradbury told him he would give him a Receipt *in full*. The conſequence was, they adjourned to a neighbouring tavern, and the following lines dropped ſpontaneous from the pen:

A RECEIPT *given by the Rev. Tho. Bradbury to Dr. Jeremiah Wainwright, upon his paying Beverage on the Birth of his firſt Child.*

THIS is to certify all whom
It may concern, where'er it come,
This 21ſt day of October,
To keep the young demander ſober,
The year I cannot bring at large in,
But it ſtands ſneaking in the margin; 1721
On that ſame day the Doctor's wife
Prepar'd to give forth a new life.
Juſt after eight o'clock in th' morning,
She gave the uſual ſigns of warning,
That all the houſe might buſy themſelves
To call grave matrons and young damſels,
That ſome thro' ſkill, and ſome thro' hope,
Might help to bear the ſuff'rer up.
Some few eſſays paſs'd before dinner,
But ſtill the party grew no thinner:
Meal time came on, with many a bit,
But the right *pudding-time* not yet;
'Till about four, as the folks deem all,
She gave the world a little female.

'Tis not my work, as you'll diſcern,
To write the praiſes of this *bairn*;
That is a job for ſome great poet,
That hath both head and heart to do it.
Its head will fill a caudle-cup,
Its body's roll'd and bundled up;
Its face (which will in time be winning)
Is ſtuck faſt in a heap of linen.
But this is only ſkin and ſurface,
To the main point we'll therefore paſs,
And write more fully to the purpoſe.

Be it known to ev'ry man that moves head
That the year, month, and day aboveſaid,
The Doctor fully paid his due
To three good honeſt men and true,
So that to clear him of this debt,
I have annexed a Receipt:

Receiv'd of Jeremiah Wainwright,
(I think I've hit the ſwinging name right)
A moderate doſe, as we could bear it,
Of right, good, elevating claret;
So that, to ſet things ſtraight and plain,
I ſign him this releaſe in grain,
'Till *Hans en Celdre* comes again.
THO. BRADBURY.

On FREEDOM.

FREEDOM's charms alike engage
Blooming youth and hoary age;
Time itſelf can ne'er deſtroy
Freedom's pure and laſting joy:
Love and Friendſhip never gave
Half their bleſſings to the ſlave;
None are happy but the free,—
Bliſs is born of Liberty.

On FRIENDSHIP.

FRIENDSHIP is the joy of Reaſon,
Dearer far than that of Love;
Love but laſts a tranſient ſeaſon,
Friendſhip makes the bliſs above.
Who would loſe the ſacred pleaſure
Felt, when ſoul with ſoul unites!
Other bleſſings have their meaſure,
Friendſhip without bound delights.

WHAT IS THAT TO YOU?

A favourite SCOTCH SONG.

MY Jeany and I have toil'd
The live-long ſummer's day,
'Till we were almoſt ſpoil'd,
At making of the hay.
Her kerchy was of holland clear,
Tied on her bonny brow,
I whiſper'd ſomething in her ear,
But, what is that to you?

Her ſtockings were of kerſy green,
As tight as any ſilk;
O, ſic a leg was never ſeen!
Her ſkin was white as milk;
Her hair was black as ane could wiſh,
And ſweet ſweet was her mou';
O, Jeany daintily can kiſs!
But, what is that to you?

The roſe and lily baith combine
To make my Jeany fair;
There is nae beneſon like mine,
I have amaiſt nae care;
But when another ſwain, my dear,
Shall ſay, you're fair to view,
Let Jeany whiſper in his ear,
"Pray, what is that to you?"

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A MAN in LOVE.

[By Lady M. W. Montague.]

THE man who feels the dear diſeaſe
Forgets himſelf, neglects to pleaſe:
The crowd avoids, and ſeeks the groves,
And much he thinks, when much he loves;
Preſs'd with alternate hope and fear,
Sighs in her abſence, ſighs when ſhe is near.
The gay, the fond, the fair, the young,
Thoſe trifles paſs unſeen along;
To him a pert, inſipid throng.
But moſt he ſhuns the vain coquet;
Contemns her falſe affected wit:
The minſtrel's ſound, the flowing bowl,
Oppreſs and hurt the am'rous ſoul;
'Tis ſolitude alone can pleaſe,
And give ſome intervals of eaſe:
He feeds the ſoft diſtemper there,
And fondly courts the diſtant fair;
To balls the ſilent ſhade prefers,
And hates all other charms but her's.
When thus your abſent ſwain can do,
Molly, you may believe him true.

The BEAUTY of WHITNEY.

Written in April, 1774.

WHO can go to Whitney, and not deign to call
And look at the beauty of old *Staple Hall?*
Where proctors and ſtudents from Oxford repair,
To gaze on her charms and her claſſical hair.
When firſt I beheld her, ſurpriz'd I withdrew,
For ſure I'm too old for a beauty ſo new;
Yet wherever I turn'd, ſtill I found on each glaſs,
Some ſcholar had ſcribbled a verſe to this laſs.
How ſhall I prevail on ſo claſſic a theme,
Or attempt, rapid Iſis, to flow with thy ſtream,
When through the whole country there's yet ſcarce a wall,
But ſhines to the beauty of old *Staple Hall?*
Had Dan Chaucer beheld her, the primitive bard,
Her charms had attracted the poet's regard;
Nay Roſamond Clifford had peep'd from her bower,
With envy, and ſtar'd on this beautiful flower.
Be gone all my fears—it is beauty that leads,
And beauty will ſnatch from a hermit his beads;
'Tis beauty's my ſtar, and ſweet Alcey's my ſtrain, [ſwain.
And I challenge each college to ſing like her
Of Hebe and Helen no more I'll be told,
They can't be ſo handſome, becauſe they're ſo old;
She's fair as the bloſſom that's nurs'd by the ſun, [undone.
Which may ripen to fruit, or by blights be
Can ſhe be undone whom I venture to praiſe,
The bloom of her race, and the pride of her days?
At her frown, if ſhe frowns, ev'ry ſatyr ſhall fall, [*Hall,*
While her ſmiles ſhall fix virtue at old *Staple*

Upon ſeeing Mr. TAYLOR'S *Pictures of* BATH, *and hearing a Connoiſſeur ſwear that "they were finely painted for a Gentleman."*

[Written by D. GARRICK, Eſq.]

TELL me the meaning, you who can,
Of "finely painted for a gentleman?"
Is *Genius*, rareſt gift of heaven,
To the *hir'd* Artiſt only given?
Or, like the Catholic ſalvation,
Pal'd in for any claſs or ſtation?
Is it bound 'prentice to the trade,
Which works, and as it works, is paid?
Is there no ſkill to build, invent,
Unleſs inſpir'd by five per Cent.?
And ſhalt thou, TAYLOR, paint in vain,
Unleſs impell'd by hopes of gain?
Be wiſe, my friend, and take thy fee,
That *Claude Lorraine* may yield to thee.

A PIOUS REFLECTION.

Ab Jove principium, Muſæ: Jovis omnia plenæ;
Ille colit Terras.——

LET Epicures their giddy ſchemes advance,
Religion ſcorn, and make a God of Chance;
Let Fate, eternal, fill the Stoic's breaſt,
That bane of pleaſure, and of truth the peſt;
Let erring Sophiſts Providence deny;
The wond'ring vulgar Gods unnumber'd ſpy;
Let Egypt's ſons the crocodile adore,
And artful prieſts delight in myſtic lore;
Let Weſtern climes, a wild untutor'd race,
Invoke the riſing ſun, with proſtrate face;
Let antient Britons fancied rites deviſe,
And paint their ſkins the colour of the ſkies;
Let modern witlings ſceptic dreams invent,
Abuſing pow'rs, for nobler purpoſe lent;—
I ſee a God confeſs'd in Nature's frame;
A God of glory earth and heaven proclaim.
Eſſence divine! A ſpirit wiſe and pure!
His power unequal'd, and his promiſe ſure.
Infinite love throughout creation ſhines;
Eternal mercy grav'd in ſacred lines.
I fear a God, who gave to Nature birth;
Heav'd the huge mountains, ſtubborn ribs of earth;
With paſtures deck'd the humble vale below,
And taught the Ocean where his waves ſhould flow.
The ſportive lambs that dance on yonder hill,
The drowſy murmurs of the falling rill,
The milky herds, that rove along the plain,
The ſcaly forms that gambol in the main,
The fleecy clouds, that float the dappl'd ſky,
The feather'd ſwarms, that thro' the azure fly,
Declare the Godhead to the liſt'ning ear,
Inflame my love, and raiſe my holy fear.
Oh! may that power, of ev'ry pow'r ſupreme,
Illume my footſteps with a heav'nly beam!
Conduct me ſafe thro' life's uncertain day,
And gild the evening with a glorious ray!
Then will I praiſe him to my lateſt breath,
And wiſh his honours, when I ſink in death;
In future worlds the joyful theme purſue,
And riſe to rapture, when I wake anew.

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On GOOD HUMOUR.

[*By the late Lord* LYTTELTON.]

TELL me, ye ſons of Phœbus, what is this
Which all admire, but few, too few poſſeſs?
A virtue 'tis to antient maids unknown,
And prudes, who ſpy all faults except their own.
Lov'd and defended by the brave and wiſe,
Tho' knaves abuſe it, and like fools deſpiſe.
Say, Wyndham, if 'tis poſſible to tell,
What is the thing in which you moſt excell?
Hard is the queſtion, for in all you pleaſe,
Yet ſure good-nature is your nobleſt praiſe;
Secur'd by this your parts no envy move,
For none can envy him, whom all muſt love.
This magic pow'r can make e'en folly pleaſe,
This to Pitt's genius adds a brighter grace,
And ſweetens ev'ry charm in Cælia's face.

THE underwritten lines are copied from the original Will of the late Nathaniel Lloyd, Eſq; who died a few weeks ſince at his ſeat at Twickenham, in Middleſex.

WHAT I am going to bequeath,
When this frail part ſubmits to death;
But ſtill I hope the ſpark divine
With its congenial ſtars will ſhine:
My good executors, fulfil,
I pray ye, fairly, my laſt will,
With firſt and ſecond codicil!

And firſt I give to dear Lord Hinton,
At Twyford ſchool now, not at Winton,
One hundred guineas for a ring,
Or ſome ſuch memorandum thing;
And truly much I ſhould have blunder'd,
Had I not given another hundred
To Vere, Earl Poulet's ſecond ſon,
Who dearly loves a little fun.

Unto my nephew, Robert Longdon,
Of whom none ſays he e'er has wrong done;
Tho' civil law he loves to haſh,
I give two hundred pounds in caſh.

One hundred pounds to my niece, Tuder,
(With loving eyes one Matthew view'd her)
And to her children, juſt among 'em,
A hundred more; and not to wrong 'em,
In equal ſhares I freely give it,
Not doubting but they will receive it.

To Sally Crouch, and Mary Lee,
If they with Lady Poulet be,
Becauſe they round the year did dwell
In Twick'nham-houſe, and ſerv'd full well,
When Lord and Lady both did ſtray
Over the hills and far away;
The firſt ten pounds, the other twenty;
And, girls, I hope that will content ye.

In ſeventeen hundred ſixty-nine,
This with my hand I write and ſign;
The ſixteenth day of fair October,
In merry mood, but ſound and ſober;
Paſt my threeſcore and fifteenth year,
With ſpirits gay and conſcience clear,
Joyous and frolickſome, tho' old,
And like this day, ſerene but cold.
To foes well wiſhing, and to friends moſt kind,
In perfect charity with all mankind.

On HAPPINESS.

O Happineſs! where's thy reſort?
Amidſt the ſplendor of a court!
Or doſt thou more delight to dwell
With humble hermit in his cell,
In ſearch of truth? Or doſt thou rove
Thro' Plato's academic grove?
Or elſe, with Epicurus gay,
Laugh at the farces mortals play?
Or with the Graces, doſt thou lead
The ſportive dance along the mead?
Or in Bellona's bloody car,
Exult amidſt the ſcenes of war?
No more I'll ſearch, no more I'll mind thee,
Fair fugitive;——I cannot find thee!

A SONG.

WHILE beauty and pleaſure are now in their prime,
And folly and faſhion expect our whole time,
Ah! let not theſe phantoms our wiſhes engage,
Let us live ſo in youth that we bluſh not in age.
Tho' the vain and the gay may attend us a while,
Yet let not their flatt'ry our prudence beguile,
Let us covet thoſe charms that will never decay,
Nor liſten to all that deceivers can ſay.
How the tints of the roſe, and the jaſmine's perfume,
The eglantine's fragrance, the lilac's gay bloom,
Tho' fair, and tho' fragrant, unheeded may lie,
For that neither is ſweet when Florella is by.
I ſigh not for beauty, nor languiſh for wealth,
But grant me, kind Providence, virtue and health;
Then richer than kings, and as happy as they,
My days ſhall paſs ſweetly and ſwiftly away,
When age ſhall ſteal on me, and youth is no more,
And the moraliſt, Time, ſhakes his glaſs at my door,
What charm in loſt beauty or wealth ſhall I find,
My treaſure, my wealth, is a ſweet peace of mind.
That peace I'll preſerve, then, as free as 'twas giv'n,
And taſte in my boſom an earneſt of heav'n;
For virtue and wiſdom can warm the cold ſcene,
And ſixty may flouriſh as gay as ſixteen.
And when long I the burthen of life ſhall have borne,
And death, with his ſickle, ſhall cut the ripe corn,
Reſign'd to my fate, without murmur or ſigh,
I'll bleſs the kind ſummons, and lie down and die.

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Marriages, Deaths, Preferments, Prices of Corn, Stocks, &c.

MARRIED.

THE Right Hon. Lord Viſcount Grimſton, to Miſs Walter, only daughter of Edward Walter, Eſq; of Stalbridge in Dorſetſhire, and member for Milbourn Port, Somerſet.

The Right Hon. the Earl of Carrick, to Miſs Taylor, daughter of Edward Taylor, Eſq; late of Aſkeating in Ireland.

Thomas Wharton, Eſq; commiſſioner of exciſe, in Scotland, to the Right Hon. Lady Sophia Duff, ſiſter to the Earl of Fife.

Sir John Fielding, Knight, to Miſs Sedgley, of Brompton.

Thomas Fletcher, Eſq; of Monmouth, to Miſs Graves, daughter of the late Morgan Graves, Eſq; of Mickleton, Gloceſterſhire.

The Rev. Mr. Henry Vaughan, vicar of Devenock, to Miſs Parry, daughter of the Rev. Mr. Gregory Parry, of Llandevialog in Breconſhire.

Arthur Owen, Eſq; captain of a company in the 3d regiment of guards, and ſecond ſon of Sir William Owen, of Orielton, Bart. to Miſs Thurſby, daughter of the late John Hervey Thurſby, Eſq; of Abington in Northamptonſhire.

James Dutton, Eſq; eldeſt ſon of James Lenox Dutton, of Shireborne in Gloceſterſhire, Eſq; to Miſs Elizabeth Coke, youngeſt daughter of Wenman Coke, Eſq; member for Derby.

At Shireoaks in Nottinghamſhire, **** Foljambe, Eſq; of Aldwick in Yorkſhire, to Miſs Mary Thornhagh, daughter of John Hewet, Eſq; member for Nottinghamſhire, and niece to Sir George Savile, with a fortune of 70,000l.

At Bromyard in Herefordſhire, Mr. Samuel Perkins, aged 80, to Miſs Eſther Perkins, aged 20.

At the Quaker's meeting-houſe in Alton, Charles Heath, of Andover, an eminent brewer, to Elizabeth Bloſe, of Alton.

Mr. Fugion, of the Bank, to Miſs Sparſhot, of Southampton.

William Huſſey, Eſq; of King-ſtreet, St. James's, brother to Lord Beaulieu, to Miſs Byrne, daughter of Alderman Byrne, of Dublin.

The Rev. Mr. Steward, chaplain of Romford in Eſſex, to Miſs Elizabeth Meredith, daughter of Richard Meredith, Eſq.

James Clayton, Eſq; late of Chicheſter in Suſſex, to Miſs Penn, only daughter of the late Hon. Richard Penn, Eſq; one of the proprietors of Pennſylvania, and ſiſter to the Hon. John Penn, Eſq; one of the preſent proprietors, a lady of great merit, with a fortune of 30,000l.

William Haſel, Eſq; eldeſt ſon of Edward Haſel, Eſq; of Dalemain, in Cumberland, to Miſs Gaſkeith, of Penrith.

At Roſebank, near Port-Glaſgow, Dr. James Carmichael, to Miſs Eleanora Roſs.

At Barnwood near Gloceſter, the Rev. Mr. Jones, miniſter of Norton, to Miſs Heveningham.

Dr. James Williamſon, profeſſor of mathematics at Glaſgow, to Miſs Kitty Sutherland, daughter of the late John Sutherland, Eſq; of Forſe.

The Rev. Mr. Bowden, rector of Cuxham, to Miſs Goodenough, of Carſwell, Berks.

The Rev. Mr. Bowen, fellow of St. John's college, Oxford, to Miſs Conway, daughter of Michael Wilkins Conway, Eſq; deputy-maſter of the Trinity-houſe.

Capt. Smith, of the Houghton Eaſt-Indiaman, to Miſs Sarah Summer, daughter of the late Provoſt of King's-College, Cambridge.

Capt. Roſs, of the 20th regiment, to Miſs Wharton, of Hackney.

At Chilſworth in Suffolk, Lieut. Col. Ainſlie, of Elliot's light dragoons, to Miſs Ann Sharpe, ſecond daughter of Samuel Sharpe, Eſq; of Bath.

At Malmſbury Abbey, Mr. Wm. Chamberlain, one of the burgeſſes of that town, to Mrs. Reeves. Their ages together make upwards of 152.

Mr. John Cridland, attorney, to Miſs Wright, of Melverton, Somerſet.

Dr. Wright, one of the phyſicians of the Briſtol Infirmary, to Miſs Ames, daughter of Mr. Ames, an alderman of that city.

At Headley Park, Hants, Walter Blunt, Eſq; brother of Sir Charles Blunt, Bart. to Miſs Gatehouſe, only daughter of Sir Thomas Gatehouſe.

Mr. Collins, clothier, of Witney, Oxon, to Mrs. Betty Collins, relict of the late Mr. Richard Collins, attorney, of Bath.

John Dutton Colt, Eſq; of Leominſter, to Miſs Langley.

At the Quaker's-meeting, Mr. Tucker, haberdaſher, to Miſs Champion, ſiſter to Mr. Richard Champion, merchant, of Briſtol.

DIED.

At Holland houſe, near Kenſington, the Right Hon. Caroline, Lady Holland, Lady of the late Lord Holland. She was created Baroneſs Holland, in her own right May 6, 1762.

The Right Hon. Percy Wyndham O'brien, Earl of Thomond in Ireland, Knight of the moſt noble order of the garter, and member for Winchelſea. He was ſecond ſon of the late well known Sir William Wyndham, Bart. and uncle to the preſent Earl of Egremont. His Lordſhip's title is extinct.

At Scarborough, the Right Hon. John Lord Monſon, a Baronet, L. L. D. and a vice preſident of the Lock hoſpital. He is ſucceeded in title and eſtate by his ſon, now abroad.

At the German Spa, Edward Hugh Boſcawen, Eſq; ſon of the late Admiral, nephew to Lord Falmouth, brother-in-law to the Duke of Beaufort, and member for Truro in Cornwall.

At his ſeat in Somerſetſhire, Edward Berkeley, Eſq; a near relation to the late Lord Berkeley. By his death an eſtate of near 1000l. a year devolves to the Lady of Mr. Baron Burland.

At his brother's houſe in Briſtol, George Weſton, Eſq; of Berkeley in Gloceſterſhire.

The Rev. Mr. Walker, many years maſter of the Grammar ſchool at Eagleſcliff in Yorkſhire.

In his 98th year, Wm. Cogan, Eſq; an alderman of Hull.

In the Fleet priſon, Lieut. Gen. Ganſell, of the 55th regiment of foot.

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In the Rules of the King's Bench, Mr. Tho. Perciſall, who had been more than 30 years a priſoner there at the ſuit of the Crown.
At Chelmsford, Nathaniel Rogers, Eſq.
In Upper Groſvenor-ſtreet, Cha. Field, Eſq.
Aged 65, at his country ſeat near Liverpool, John Knight, Eſq.
James Golding, D. D. of the Univerſity of Dublin.
Charles Wade, Eſq; deputy comptroller of the Cuſtom-houſe.
Mr. Carter, banker, oppoſite the Manſion-houſe.
The Hon. Sampſon Wood, Eſq; of Barbadoes.
Sir Henry Bankes, an alderman of London.
Capt. George Haley, of the 1ſt reg. of foot.
Capt. Smithſon, of the Britannia, in the African trade.
Mr. Samuel Heſſe, a Weſt-India merchant.
Mr. H. Jones, ſurgeon, of Bradford, Wilts.
Suddenly, at the preaching-houſe in Leeds, in the 67th year of his age, John Nelſon, a preacher among the people called methodiſts.
Henry Williams, Eſq; one of his Majeſty's juſtices of the peace for Radnorſhire.
At Beverley, aged 74, Colonel Legard.
In Staples Inn, Charles Beaumont, Eſq.
James Matthews, Eſq; of Walthamſtow, late an eminent Turkey merchant.
In the 82d year of his age, Robert Nettleton, Eſq; governor of the Ruſſia company.
On his return from the Hot Wells, Mr. Joſeph Furnell, cheeſe-factor, of Newbury.
At Caſtle-Combe, Wilts, Mrs. Scrope, relict of the late Gorges Scrope, Eſq.
Of a paralytic ſtroke, Miſs Sarah Farley, of Briſtol, who for many years conducted, with great credit, one of the Briſtol Journals.
The Lady of Captain Dumareſq, of Southampton.
At Overton, Wilts, Oliver Calley, Eſq.
Mr. Sutton, an eminent clothier of Devizes.
At Bath, Cornelius Norton, Eſq; late of Wallingford, Berks.
At Sherborne, in his 82d year, John Hutchins, Eſq; many years one of his Majeſty's juſtices of the peace for Dorſetſhire.
Rev. Mr. Heaton, rector of Minchinhampton in Glocesterſhire.
The Rev. Mr. Langdon, vicar of Mudford, Somerſet.
At Bearton, Bucks, Mrs. Eſther Stanton, lacewoman, who acquired about 12ool. in trade, which ſhe left among the poor people who worked for her.
At Greenwich hoſpital, Lieut. George Grant, in the 75th year of his age.
At Boulogne in France, Edmund Bull, Eſq.
Suddenly, the Rev. Mr. Hill, rector of Weſton under Pennyard in Herefordſhire.
John Harvey, Eſq; at his ſeat at Horkeſley in Eſſex.
At Edinburgh, Wm. Mackenzie, of Balmaduthy, Eſq; advocate, one of the commiſſaries of Edinburgh, and ſheriff of Roſsſhire.
Richard Lloyd, Eſq; ſealer to the Court of Chancery.
Suddenly, in the 63d year of his age, at his ſeat at Maperton in Dorſet, Richard Broderip, Eſq; one of his Majeſty's Juſtices of the Peace for that county.
At Dunſtable in Bedfordſhire, Mrs. Prudence Hudſon, aged 107; ſhe ſpun for her living, and expired at her wheel.
At Swainſwick, in his 71ſt year, John Gunning, Eſq.
The Rev. Mr. Morgan Powell, vicar of Weſt Baſham, &c. in Norfolk. He preached twice on the day preceding his death.
In the 74th year of his age, William Moody, Eſq; of Wilton, near Saliſbury.
The Rev. Mr. Ewings, rector of Feniton in Devonſhire.
George Riddell, A. B. of Trinity college, Cambridge.
William Kelynge, Eſq; one of his Majeſty's juſtices for Middleſex.
Henry Shepherd, Eſq; formerly a captain in the dragoon guards.
Aged 58, Mr. Joſhua Jenour, printer of the Daily Advertiſer.
Mr. Whittlebury, lately arrived from Philadelphia, one of the people called quakers, and an eminent ſpeaker in that perſuaſion.
By a fall from his horſe, Lieut. Col. Peter Campbell, of the 25th regiment of foot.
At Newcaſtle, the Rev. F. Chalmers, D. D.
George Green, Eſq; aged 70, formerly a ſolicitor of great practice in Clement's Inn.
The Rev. Mr. Gough, vicar of Thorpe in Eſſex.
At Mildenhall in Suffolk, the Rev. James Ralph, A. M. rector of Fitz in Shropſhire.
At Hemenhall in Norfolk, aged 78, the Rev. Joſeph Parſons, M. A. 50 years vicar of that pariſh, and 49 years vicar of Bedlingham.
The Rev. Samuel Smyther, late of North Petherton in Somerſetſhire.
At his ſeat at Dothill in Shropſhire, Brook Foreſter, Eſq.
At Arbury, near Coventry, Sophia, the Lady of Sir Roger Newdigate, Bart.
At his ſeat at Rhwleſs in Merionethſhire, William Price, Eſq; who employed a life extended to 85 years, in the conſtant exerciſe of charity, benevolence, and hoſpitality.
The Right Hon. the Lady Napier, at Lord Napier's houſe in the abbey of Holyrood-houſe in Edinburgh.
In the 85th year of his age, George Daubeny, Eſq; of Caundel-Biſhop in Dorſetſhire, who was high ſheriff for that county in 1729.
Sampſon Furnall, Eſq; a Weſt-India merchant, in Great St. Helen's, formerly a member of the aſſembly-houſe at Barbadoes.
Mr. John Carpenter, poſtmaſter, and ſenior alderman of Launceſton.

ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

The Rev. Mr. Allanſon, to a prebend in the Collegiate church of Ripon.
Rev. Mr. Wall, to the rectory of St. Margaret's in Canterbury.
Rev. Benjamin Blayney, B. D. to the rectory of Brinkworth in Wilts, vacant by the death of the late Rev. Mr. James Sparrow.
Rev. Mr. Story, to the living of St. Michael Coſlany in Norwich, and Great Melton, near that city.
Rev. Mr. Whitley Heald, to the rectory of Northrepps in Norfolk.
Rev. William Nelſon, to the rectory of Helgay in Norfolk.
Rev. Wm. Hopkins, to the rectory of Fittes, otherwiſe Fitz in Shropſhire.
Rev. Mr. Aſhby, B. D. and F. S. A. preſident of St. John's college, Cambridge, to the rectory of Barrow in Suffolk.

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Rev. Mr. Warren, M. A. to the rectory of Romney in Kent.
Rev. George Marriott, to the rectory of Alphampton in Eſſex.
Rev. Mr. Portal, M. A. vicar of St. Helen's in Abingdon, to be head maſter of Roy's free grammar ſchool there.
Rev. Andrew Grant, to the rectory of Troſton in Suffolk.
Rev. Mr. Deaſon, minor canon of Durham, to the rectory of Fordwick in Kent.
Rev. William Billinghurſt, to the vicarage of Wenhaſton in Suffolk.
Rev. Robert Campbell, M. A. to the vicarage of Much Marcle in Herefordſhire.
Richard Palmer, Clerk, B. A. to the vicarage of Wigmore in Herefordſhire.
Rev. Samuel Dennis, preſident of St. John's college, Oxford, to the degree of Doctor in Divinity.
Rev. Mr. Fletcher, of Caulk, to the valuable rectory of Breadſall in Derbyſhire.
Rev. Wm. Oldham, to the vicarage of Bungay Trinity in Suffolk.
Rev. James Parſons, to the rectory of Larling, otherwiſe Larlingford in Norfolk.
Rev. Mr. Morgan, curate to the late Rev. Mr. Tindall, to the living of Chelmsford in Eſſex.

Cambridge, July 8. Tueſday laſt being Commencement-day, the following gentlemen were created in the ſeveral degrees hereafter mentioned:

Doctors in Divinity, 6. Dr. Gould, of Bene't-college, Dr. Bickham, of Emanuel, Dr. Woollaſton, of Queen's college, Dr. Marriot, of Pembroke-hall, Dr. Wigley, of Chriſt college, and Dr. Reycraft, of Catharine-hall.

Doctor of Phyſic, 1. Dr. Rawlinſon, of Queen's college.

Bachelors in Divinity, 6. Meſſrs. Ferris, Shepherd, Beresford, and Hutton, of St. John's college; Mr. Gould, of Clare-hall; and Mr. Yates, of Catharine-hall.

Colonel Fanning, of New York, to the honorary degree of LL. D.; and Mr. William Burſlem, A. M. and Mr. George Oſbaldiſton, A. M. of St. John's college, ad eundem, in the Univerſity of Oxford.

CIVIL and MILITARY PROMOTIONS.

George Hayley, Eſq; to be Alderman of Cordwainer's ward.
Capt. Edward Foy, of the Artillery, to be lieutenant governor of New Hampſhire in America.
Inniſkilling reg. dragoons, Lieutenant George Bernard, captain. Thomas Gore, lieut. John Baker, cornet.
1ſt reg. foot, 2d batallion, John Hill, major.
15th reg. foot, **** Roberts, enſign.
25th reg. foot, Alexander Rigby, lieutenant-colonel. Edmund Robinſon, major. Wm. Price, capt.-lieutenant. Joſeph Stringer, lieutenant. **** Agnew, enſign.
26th reg. foot, Sewel Maunſell, lieut. James Douglas, enſign.
32d reg. foot, James Rigg, enſign.
Surgeon's Mate Andrew Anderſon, to be ſurgeon to the hoſpital at Dominica, vice John Boon, who returns to half-pay.
John Larpent, jun. Eſq; to be a groom of his Majeſty's privy-chamber.

From the London Gazette, July 30.

AVERAGE PRICES of CORN,

From July 18, to July 23, 1774.

By the Standard Wincheſter Buſhel of 8 Gall.

	Wheat.		Rye.		Barley.		Oats.		Beans.	
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
London	6	2	3	6	3	4	2	3	3	4
COUNTIES INLAND.										
Middleſex	7	0			3	6	2	8	3	10
Surry	6	11	3	4			2	7	4	6
Hertford	7	4			3	10	2	6	4	3
Bedford	7	5	4	2	3	11	2	6	4	0
Cambridge	6	3	3	1			2	3	3	0
Huntingdon	6	11			3	5	2	4	3	9
Northampt.	7	7	5	2	4	0	2	4	4	2
Rutland	7	3			4	9	2	4	4	0
Leiceſter	7	8	5	4	4	9	2	5	4	1
Nottingham	7	0	5	0	4	6	2	5	4	3
Derby	7	10					2	9	4	4
Stafford	7	7	5	4			2	9	4	7
Salop	7	7	6	0	4	1	2	8	5	4
Hereford	7	6					2	11		
Worceſter	8	0	5	4	5	2	3	0	4	8
Warwick	7	2					2	7	4	11
Glocester	7	4					2	4	4	8
Wiltſhire	7	1			3	1	2	5	4	7
Berks	6	10			3	5	2	6	3	9
Oxford	7	5			3	8	2	7	4	2
Bucks	7	3			4	0	2	10	4	1
COUNTIES upon the COAST.										
Eſſex	6	5	3	6	3	5	2	4	3	6
Suffolk	6	1	3	0	3	3	2	2	3	2
Norfolk	6	2			2	10	2	4	3	1
Lincoln	6	10	4	1	3	9	2	3	3	9
York	7	2	5	4			2	6	3	8
Durham	6	9	4	6	3	4	2	8	4	1
Northum.	6	1	4	2	3	2	2	4	3	9
Cumberland	7	3	4	8	4	2	2	9	4	8
Weſtmorel.	8	3	5	3	4	2	2	9	3	9
Lancaſhire	7	9			3	3	2	6	4	2
Cheſhire	8	0	6	1	4	11	2	9		
Monmouth	7	8			4	4	2	6	4	0
Somerſet	7	2					2	3	4	0
Devon	6	5			3	1	1	9		
Cornwall	6	6			3	4	1	11		
Dorſet	6	10			3	0	2	4	4	7
Hampſhire	6	5			3	2	2	4	4	0
Suſſex	6	0			2	10	2	3	3	6
Kent	6	5			3	9	2	3	3	2

From July 11, to July 16, 1774.

WALES.										
North Wales	6	7	5	1	4	1	2	0	4	5
South Wales	6	5	5	5	3	6	1	9	3	9

Part of **SCOTLAND.**

Wheat. 5 8 | Rye. 3 9 | Barley. 2 10 | Oats. 2 5 | Beans. 3 2 | Big. 2 5

Publiſhed by Authority of Parliament,

W. COOKE.

PRICE of STOCKS, *Aug.* 9.

Bank ſtock, 143 7/8. 4 per cent. conſ. 92 1/2. 3 1-half per cent. 1758, 89 3/4. 3 per cent. conſ. 88 3/8. Ditto red. 88 3/8. Ditto 1726, —. Long Ann. 25 3/4. South Sea ſtock, —. 3 per cent. old ann. 87 3/4. Ditto new ann. 86 3/4. Ditto ann. 81 1/2. India ſtock, 148 1/2. India Bonds, 52 a 53 prem. Navy bills, 5/8 diſc. Tickets, 13l. 6s. 6d.

BRANSCOMBE and Co. *Stock-Brokers, At their Lottery-Office, No. 5, Holborn.*

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THE MONTHLY MISCELLANY, FOR SEPTEMBER, 1774.

The SCRIBBLER, Number X.

Of all the cauſes that conſpire to blind
Man's erring judgment, and miſguide the mind;
What the weak head with ſtrongeſt bias rules,
Is PRIDE, the never-failing vice of fools.

POPE'S ESSAY ON CRITICISM.

THE above motto grac'd the head of a few ſenſible obſervations on Pride, ſent me laſt week by an unknown friend, whoſe aim, he tells me, is to reſcue an acquaintance from falling a victim to this deſtructive paſſion. But *Pride*, he obſerves, is not the vice of *him* alone; and as many likeneſſes may be found to the picture he has drawn, I the more willingly publiſh it, thinking myſelf honoured, at the ſame time, with the aſſiſtance of a writer who has *ſome good end in view*.

OBSERVATIONS on PRIDE.

By G. P. S.

THERE is not a foible human nature is ſubject to, ſo prevalent, or univerſal, as that of Pride; and its powerful influence, in ſpite of every effort made uſe of to conceal it, will, on the moſt tranſient reflection, appear to be the ſource of all our actions.

There is ſomething in the quality of Pride, ſo congenial with the depravity of the human mind, as cannot fail to allure: 'tis like the voice of flattery; it throws a veil over the underſtanding, and too often meets with the approbation of the heart; or rather, 'tis the veil itſelf; without which flattery would inevitably be detected, and appear naked and unadorned, in all its deformity.

If we conſider with ſerious attention the original ſource from whence this prevailing paſſion flows, it will be found to ariſe from the great opinion we enjoy of our own accompliſhments---however ſuperficial they may be in reality—in contradiſtinction to the imperfections we think are conſpicuous in others: the human underſtanding being ſo defective, as from a motive of vanity, to be ready on all occaſions to liſten to the flattering voice of ſelf-approbation; making us view our own ſuppoſed perfections as in a concave mirror, which greatly enlargeth the object; whilſt blinded by ſelf-importance we behold the merits of another, as in a convex one, diminiſhing their value, ſo as to make them almoſt imperceptible.

To examine minutely the innumerable ways by which Pride operates on the mind, requires more time, and greater abilities, than the writer can conveniently ſpare, or boaſt of being poſſeſſed of; they being as various as the ideas of mankind are different from each other; for what one man purſues with the greateſt avidity, and fixeth as the ſtandard of true wiſdom, another will deſpiſe and treat with the utmoſt contempt; following with the like

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eagerneſs, and paying the ſame adoration to ſomething perhaps equally as trivial, and of as little importance, tho' diametrically oppoſite. Thus the penurious Miſer, devoutly worſhipping the god Plutus, hugs himſelf in the poſſeſſion of his locked-up wealth, however infamous the means by which he has acquired them; heartily deſpiſing all thoſe whoſe worldly acquiſitions are inferior to his own, as perſons devoid of merit, for not employing the whole of their time and attention in the amaſſing of riches, which he fooliſhly imagines to be the moſt valuable of all acquiſitions: Whilſt the Votary of Pleaſure, deſpiſing the character of the Miſer, vauntingly boaſting of his more generous diſpoſition, regardleſs of a future day, neglecting the preſent opportunity, and ſtimulated by a Pride equally as abſurd, often profuſely ſquanders away thoſe poſſeſſions, which by a neceſſary œconomy would have ſupported him in his declining age, and rendered him reſpected and eſteemed by that community, to which, in the evening of his days, he frequently becomes burthenſome.

Pride, in fact, is ſo general a paſſion, that the whole human race, of every age, rank, or ſex, in ſome degree or other, feels the effect of its prevailing influence, tho' it is not always ſo glaringly diſcovered in ſome perſons as in others; for it as frequently, if not oftener, conceals itſelf under the maſk of Humility, as it ſtalks forth in its proper habiliments, arrayed in ſelf-importance, and clad in all the ſplendor of the gorgeous Eaſt.

To attempt an inveſtigation of Pride, in all its variety of forms, would be an arrogance ſo aſſuming, as might with propriety expoſe me to the ſuſpicion of being ſtrongly attached to that vice myſelf; I ſhall therefore conclude this Eſſay with a deſcription of one ſpecies of it, that ſeems very common amongſt us, known by the name of *Family Pride*; which ſeems to be as pernicious to its votaries, and equally as ridiculous, as any amongſt the numerous claſs; by wholly engaging their attention in the purſuit of imaginary grandeur, making them neglect that more important concern of life---the improvement of the mind---by which alone true greatneſs can be attained.

And as a youth whom I greatly eſteem, (who is a conſtant reader of your uſeful and entertaining Miſcellany) is much addicted to this kind of Pride, I ſhall humbly endeavour to expoſe the folly of it, by drawing a ſmall ſketch of his Portrait, under the fictitious name of *Trifle*; not doubting but he will have penetration enough to diſcover who is meant by ſo ſtriking a likeneſs; and am in great hopes he will endeavour to profit by the hint.

Mr. Trifle is a young gentleman of a tolerable good capacity, and capable of improving it to almoſt any degree of perfection. His preſent ſituation in life, tho' not very advantageous in pecuniary circumſtances, yet is ſuch as might excite envy in many other reſpects, being engaged as a Clerk in a very conſiderable compting-houſe, where, by a diligent application, he may have an opportunity of acquiring an univerſal knowledge, both practical and theoretical, of trade and commerce: but ſorry am I to obſerve, that inſtead of endeavouring to obtain the qualifications neceſſary to become great himſelf, he diſregards the means, and is contented with boaſting of the dignity of his anceſtors, the greatneſs of his preſent connexions, and the gentility of his acquaintance---being ſo ignorant of the world, as vainly to imagine that all who ſpeak but commonly complaiſant, are upon the moſt friendly terms with him. In his common converſation he talks as familiarly of my Lord A. or Lady B. as if they were his intimate aſſociates; and ſhould the name of any young lady of fortune and family by chance be mentioned in his preſence, ſhould he fail in endeavouring to trace an affinity of blood, he declares he knows her well---has drank tea with her ſeveral times---ſhe likes him much---ſhe is doatingly fond of him---he can marry her any day in the week. Theſe are his common expreſſions; and he has uſed himſelf to ſuch kind of language ſo long, that to intimate the leaſt diffidence of the truth of his aſſertions, would be affronting in the higheſt degree.

As the above Picture bears the reſemblance of many others, I ſhall, therefore, to prevent Mr. Trifle's paſſing careleſsly over it, without duly attending to it, add an Anecdote, by way of colouring the Piece---which being founded on fact, and very recent, may call forth his attention, and point out the perſon it was intended to repreſent.

Not long ago, as a gentleman of the moſt exalted merit, (in the opinion of Mr. Trifle) was walking on a principal road at the Eaſt end of the town, he joined company with two young Ladies; with one of which he before had ſome ſlight acquaintance, the other quite a ſtranger to him. This adventure was ſufficient matter of converſation for him for ſeveral days; and he ſeemed to expreſs himſelf

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himself with rapture on the perfections of the latter, always concluding by observing, that she had 10,000l. in her own hands, and that he was so great a favourite, he was well assured she would think herself happy was he to pay his respects to her; which he would not have hesitated about, had he not, on further enquiry, found a deficiency of 7000l. in her supposed fortune; the remainder of which, tho' 3000l. he looked upon as inadequate to his merit and deserving (the whole of his own Patrimony); however, upon more mature deliberation, being much enamoured with the Lady, he was fully resolved to honour the fond fair with his affection, and as she was unfortunately gone out of town, proposed signifying his intentions to her in writing. Whether he did humble himself so much or not, I am yet ignorant; but if the affirmative took place, in all probability his epistle was to the following effect:

DEAR MISS,

WHEN I had the honour of walking with you a few evenings ago, your agreeable manner and behaviour made so great an impression on me, that I was determined, if on enquiry I found your fortune equal to my expectations, to pay my most profound respects to you; and notwithstanding my hopes in some measure have been defeated, by hearing that the whole of your possessions amount to no more than 3000l. (which, for a person of my great merit, and personal qualifications, your good sense will allow is so trifling as not to be worth notice) yet upon mature reflection, and meditating on your matchless perfections, disregarding any pecuniary emolument, I thus condescend to offer you my most humble respects; not doubting but your prudence will induce you to pay that proper acknowledgment to my generous proposal, as the greatness of the honour conferred on you demands; and hope, nay, am vain enough, from a knowledge of your wisdom, to be confident, that your answer will be a ready compliance with my desires; and therefore insist upon your immediately appointing some day within a fortnight for my waiting upon you to the Altar of Hymen; which will much oblige,

Dear Madam,
Your most respectful Lover,
J—— T——

A Genuine LETTER from a GENIUS of the FIRST RANK,

Who has kindly condescended to write a PUFF for this MISCELLANY.

SO then, Gents,---it's a Medal, is it, which you allot monthly to the writer who produces you the best penn'd Essay? More prompted by necessity than ambition, I am going to take aim at this distinguishing mark of your approbation; which I hope is of greater than mere honorary value; for my intention is to dispose of it as money to procure me for one while an extra refreshment of small beer daily, during my aerial lucubrations, as they may truly be stiled---for my residence, and the seat of my labours, is a Garret.

But, first, I have great news to tell you. The celebrated Junius himself is my neighbour, and occupies an apartment adjoining to, and upon the same floor with mine. Our joint labours have frequently co-operated for the public good; and we are at this very time, in conjunction, preparing a thundering letter---*To the worthy and independent Gentlemen, Clergy, and Freeholders, of all the Counties in England*---on the subject of the ensuing General Election; wherein, amongst other matters, we mean to represent to them the folly, and even madness, of selling their votes, or perjuring themselves---*unless they can be very well paid for it.* And also, how improbable it is to suppose, that the *necessary supplies* for the advantage of *individuals*, should be voted for as strenuously by those of our Representatives, who are not inspired with a single wish---*for a share in their appropriation*---as those others, who---*receiving---distribute them again* liberally amongst us at Elections.

However, as this Address will shortly come forth, (and perhaps thro' the channel of your Miscellany) I shall conclude all further mention of it now, by just modestly announcing to you, that both my language and my wit will appear throughout the whole so greatly to eclipse Junius's,

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nius's, as to be easily discernible. My wit will be brilliant and dazzling indeed! and my style so nervous and majestic, as to make the ears of all that hear it read to tingle! Yet tho' I am so abundantly superior to my fellow-labourer in this business, I believe that (out of my extreme modesty) I shall quietly permit him to affix his own signature.

What a terrible disaster! My long digression has caused me to lose sight of the subject that I meant now in an *especial* manner to treat on, which was one of very great importance: and should it not again occur to me, the world will sustain an irreparable loss. Let me consider---mankind may rejoice, for I have got my matter once more in view---nay, have overtaken it; and lest a thing so volatile and difficult to retain should once again escape me, or totally evaporate, I shall haste to lay it before your readers in form and manner following; to wit——

To whomsoever these presents shall come, greeting:

The EDITOR's ADDRESS to the PUBLIC.

(*Being a species of Puff, with which most periodical works, in their infancy, abound.*)

"We are firmly persuaded ourselves, and would persuade the whole world if we could---that our MISCELLANY is the only one that ever appeared worthy of Public Patronage; insomuch as we have had from the first, and shall continue to have for correspondents, a constant succession of rare and unparallel'd Geniuses, who spring up out of the ground like mushrooms, and furnish us with an inexhaustible supply in every species of wit and knowledge; to both of which articles, as well in ourselves as in others, we have (as plainly appears in our Miscellany) an exclusive and clear title.

In short, our Publication, as well as a Repository---may justly be term'd a Complete System of Human Learning,---and we will roundly assert, that a person in a single year's produce thereof, may find the sum of all that now lies dispersed throughout innumerable volumes and languages over the face of the whole earth.

If any one should refuse to admit this assertion in its fullest latitude, none can deny its truth who cherish the wise maxim, That the sum of all human learning is *nothing*---which (comparatively speaking at least) is the case."

Signed (for the EDITORS)
AJAX.

A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF

The PEOPLE, called QUAKERS;

Their DOCTRINES and DISCIPLINE.

A Religious Society began to be distinguished by this Name in England, where it first took its rise, about the middle of the last century.

In treating of this people, we shall deviate from the generality of those who have mentioned them in their writings; by exhibiting the account they give of themselves, without making ourselves answerable for their principles or practices.

William Sewel, a Dutchman, published in the year 1717 the history of this people. He was one of their own persuasion; a man of learning; and known to the public by his "Dictionary of the Dutch and English languages." He had access to all their records; corresponded with the most eminent; lived at the time when the facts he recorded were recent; and we have not heard that any part of his history has been controverted; and as we are informed, from good authority, that it has been published with the approbation of the quakers, we may therefore consider it as an authentic history of their rise, progress, and principal opinions.

George Fox (for whose birth and parentage see page 6 of Sewel's history, &c.) was the first of these people. He was of a grave, sedate turn, even from his infancy; always averse to the follies of youth, and desirous of nothing so much as to be preserved in innocence and simplicity.——He was early remarked as an example in these respects; and of inflexible integrity. When a youth, he was desirous, above all things, to please GOD; and cautiously avoided every thing, that either *scripture*, or the dictates of his own *conscience*, taught him to believe was *offensive*.—As he grew up, this disposition increased: it cost him much anxiety, and much distress:—But at length he was satisfied, in respect to many

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many doubts he had admitted; and gained much experience by the things he had suffered.——This enabled him to instruct others: and about the year 1647, we find him travelling through several counties in England, seeking out such as had any religious tenderness, and exciting the enquiries of several concerning him.—Many embraced his opinions: and, indeed, he seems to have rouzed the public mind, as much as ever any individual did in those counties for the time, and under such circumstances. A man of low birth, without literature, merely by the sanctity of his life, and the simplicity of his doctrines, to have collected from all professions, and most ranks, men of character, fortune, and understanding, and embodied them as a religious society; to have instituted one of the best concerted plans of *civil discipline*; is a circumstance most true, and not unworthy the disquisitions of the ablest philosophers.

The name of *Quaker* was affixed to this people early, by way of reproach.---In their assemblies it sometimes happened that some were so struck with the remembrance of their *past follies*, and forgetfulness of their *condition*; others so deeply affected with a sense of God's *mercies* to them; that they actually *trembled* and *quaked*.---The nickname so suited the vulgar taste, that it soon became general. *Friends*, or the *Friends* of Truth, was the name they were commonly known by to *one another*: but the epithet abovementioned was stamped upon them by their adversaries, and perhaps indelibly.

The following abstract from the propositions of our countryman the eminent Barclay, will perhaps exhibit as clear a summary of their opinions, as can well be comprised within our present limits:

1. The height of all *happiness* is placed in the true knowledge of God.

2. The *true* knowledge of God is alone to be obtained by the revelation of the *spirit* of God.

3. The revelation of the *spirit* of God to the Saints has produced the scriptures of *truth*.

4. From whence it appears that mankind in general is *fallen* and *degenerated*.

5. That God, out of his infinite love, has offered *universal* redemption by *Christ*; who tasted death for *every* man.

6. That there is an evangelical and saving *light* and *grace* in all.

7. That in as many as *resist not* this light, but *receive* the same, in them are produced holiness, righteousness, purity, and the fruits which are acceptable to God:

8. Even so, as to arrive at a state of *freedom* from actual sinning and transgressing the law of God.

9. Yet with a *possibility* of sinning.

10. That as all true knowledge in things spiritual is received by the *Spirit* of God; so by it every *true* Minister of the Gospel is *ordained* and *prepared* for the Ministry: and as they have freely *received*, so are they freely to *give*.

11. That the true *worship* of God is in *Spirit* and in *Truth*; not limited to *place* or *time*, nor subject to the intervention of any *person*; but is to be performed under the moving of the *Holy Spirit* in our *hearts*; yet without derogating from the necessity and utility of Public United worship; in which their sufferings and constancy have been remarkable.

12. That *Baptism* is a *pure* and *spiritual* thing; the baptism of the *Spirit* and of *Fire*.

13. That the communion of the *body* and *blood* of Christ is *inward* and *spiritual*.

14. That it is not lawful for any human authority to force the *consciences* of others, on account of difference in *worship* or *opinion*; except such opinions tend to the *prejudice* of one's neighbour in his life or estate, or are inconsistent with human society.

15. That as the end of Religion is to redeem man from the *spirit* of *this world*, and to lead into inward communion with God; therefore all vain customs and habits are to be rejected, which tend to *divert* the mind from a sense of the fear of God, and that evangelical spirit wherewith Christians ought to be leavened.

Such are the sentiments of this People, as proposed to the public by their Apologist: who has largely commented on these topics, in a work that has passed through no less than eight editions in English, and has been printed in most of the modern languages.

Their particularities of address, language, and behaviour; their declining the use of arms; their refusing to pay tithes, or contribute to the support of Ministers (as such) in any shape; likewise their refusing to swear or take an oath on any occasion whatever, have subjected them to much obloquy, and many grievous sufferings. On what *principles*, and by what *arguments*, they vindicate themselves from the objections raised against them by their adversaries, may be seen in this

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this elaborate performance. Government has, however, in many instances, extended to this People great indulgences; convinced, no doubt, that their professions of conscientious scruples were sincere; and that nothing dangerous to society could be apprehended from a People, who disclaimed the use of arms both offensive and defensive.

The œconomy of this society likewise deserves our notice. It appears by their history, that soon after the preaching of George Fox had drawn together in many parts of England considerable bodies of people professing the same opinions, he found it expedient, for their better government, to establish regular meetings for *discipline*. The following is, as nearly as we can collect, the Plan that is established amongst them:

Where there are any Quakers, they meet together once a month, to consider of the necessities of their *poor*, and to provide for their *relief*; to hear and determine complaints arising from among themselves; to enquire into the conversation of their respective members in regard to morality, and conformity to their religious sentiments; to allow the passing of marriages; and to enjoin a strict regard to the peace and good order of the society, the proper education of their young people, and a general attention to the Principles and Practices of their Profession.

In every country where there are Monthly Meetings, a meeting of the like kind, and for similar purposes, is held every Quarter. This meeting consists of Deputies sent from the several monthly meetings; who are charged with answers in writing, to queries proposed to them respecting the good order of the society. At these meetings appeals are received, in case of any disputes; and differences settled, if possible. Advices are given, as occasions offer; and assistances afforded to any of the monthly meetings, in case of a larger proportion of the poor, or any similar expences. As there are Quakers in most parts of England, there are few counties which have not these quarterly meetings: and from these are deputed four, six, or eight of their members once a year, to attend their annual assembly at London.

The annual assembly is commonly held in Whitsun week; not from any superstitious reference, as they say, to the effusion of the Holy Ghost at the time of Pentecost; but merely as it is a season most convenient to the Body. At this anniversary meeting, consisting of members deputed from every quarterly meeting, and a number of the most judicious of their persuasion in London, (selected for the purpose of acting on all emergencies for the good of the society) accounts are received of the state of the society in every part of the world where it exists. The Deputies bring with them accounts, signed by the respective Quarterly Meetings, informing the Yearly Meeting if any disunion appears; if there is any neglect in the religious education of their youth; if the poor are well provided for; if they keep to their testimony against paying Tithes, and bearing of Arms; if they pay the King his duties, customs, and excise; and forbear to deal in goods suspected to be *run*. Appeals are there received, and finally determined; propositions received and considered; and rules formed on particular emergencies. And, lastly, such advices are sent to the subordinate meetings, as the particular or general state of the society requires.

Perhaps this is the only society in the world, that have allowed any share in the management of their affairs to the Female Sex; which they do upon the principle, that "Male and Female are all ONE in Christ." Accordingly we find them in every department of their institution. They have women preachers; for whom the celebrated Mr. Locke has made an excellent apology. These have also their meetings for discipline; in which the like care is taken with regard to the Female youth, and the good order of their sex, as is done by the Men in respect to their own. And when we reflect what a number of individuals of both sexes are kept in good order by the police of this society, how few of them are brought into courts of justice as delinquents, how peaceable their behaviour, and how exemplary their conduct; we cannot but think their principles deserve a more accurate examination than has hitherto been attempted; owing, perhaps, to the vulgar prejudices circulated against them.

We shall close this article with observing, that, according to the best of our information, neither their Ministers, nor those who have the principal care of the society, enjoy any pecuniary emoluments or advantages. A few clerks, only, receive salaries for keeping their records: so that, perhaps, there is not a religious society now existing, where PRINCIPLE has greater

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greater influence in promoting the ends of their inſtitution.

It is remarkable, that all the ſettlements of the Europeans in America, except the Quakers in Pennſilvania, "were made by force of arms," with very little regard to any prior title of the natives. The Kings of Spain, Portugal, France, and England, together with the States of Holland (then the only maritime powers) gave grants of ſuch parts of America as their people could lay hold on; ſtudying only to avoid interfering with their European neighbours. But Mr. Penn, being a Quaker, did not think his powers from King Charles II. a ſufficient title to the country, ſince called Pennſilvania. He therefore aſſembled the Sachems, or Princes, then in that country, and purchaſed from them the extent of land that he wanted.

The government of this country is moſtly in the hands of Quakers; who never have any quarrels with the natives. When they deſire to extend their ſettlements, they purchaſe new lands of the Sachems; never taking any thing from them by force. How unlike is this conduct to that of the Spaniards! who murdered millions of the natives of Mexico, Terra Firma, Peru, Chili, &c.! The barbarities uſed to the poor Indians, in conquering their country, and forcing them to diſcover their gold, are a reproach to Human Nature.

AN ACCOUNT OF
The SOCIETY of DUNKERS;
A RELIGIOUS SECT, in NORTH-AMERICA.

THERE is in North-America a religious ſect of Chriſtians, called DUNKERS, whoſe peculiarities have excited the attention of the public in that part of the globe. As they differ entirely from any ſociety we have here, the following deſcription, which may be depended on, cannot but be pleaſing to our readers.

The village of Ephrata, or Dunkertown, is ſituated on a beautiful little river, in a moſt romantic vale. This village and the adjoining lands are poſſeſſed by a religious ſect called Dunkers, whoſe principles and manners are very ſingular: they are for the moſt part Germans. Their name, I am told, is taken from their mode of baptiſing their converts, which is by dipping them in a river, as the Anabaptiſts do among us. Certain it is, that they took their riſe in that place about 50 years ago, and did not, as a ſect, emigrate from any other country. Their ſociety, however, at preſent, ſeems to be upon the decline, not exceeding one hundred members, though they have been heretofore more numerous. Both men and women are dreſſed in white linen for the ſummer, and woollen for the winter ſeaſon. Their habit is a kind of long coat or tunic, reaching down to their heels, having a ſaſh or girdle round their waiſt, and a cap or hood hanging from the ſhoulders, not unlike the dreſs of the Dominican friars. The men do not ſhave the head or beard. They are, in general, induſtrious, chearful, and extremely ſagacious.

The men and women have ſeparate habitations, and diſtinct governments: for theſe purpoſes they have created two large wooden buildings, one of which is occupied by the brethren, the other by the ſiſters of the ſociety; and in each of them there is a banquetting room, and an apartment for public worſhip; for the men and women do not meet together, even at their devotions. The reſt of the building is divided into a great number of ſmall cloſets, or rather cells, each affording juſt room enough to accommodate one perſon. They live chiefly upon roots and other vegetables, the ruler of their ſociety not allowing fleſh except upon particular occaſions, when they hold what they call a *love feaſt*; at which time the brethren and ſiſters dine together in a large apartment, and eat mutton, but no other meat. No member of the ſociety is allowed a bed, but in caſe of ſickneſs. In each of their little cells they have a bench fixed to ſerve the purpoſe of a bed, and a ſmall block of wood for a pillow. The Dunkers allow of no intercourſe betwixt the brethren and ſiſters, not even marriage; nevertheleſs, there are ſome that have ventured upon the conjugal ſtate. The married perſons, however, are no longer conſidered in full communion, or ſuffered to live under the ſame roof, no, nor in the ſame village with the unmarried, but are obliged to

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to remove to a place about a mile distant, called *Mount Sion*. They continue indeed to wear the habit, and in other respects are deemed members of the society. The principal tenet of the Dunkers is,---that future happiness is only to be obtained by penance and outward mortifications in this life. Nay, they go so far as to admit of works of supererogation, and declare that a man may do much more than he is in justice or equity obliged to do; nay, that his superabundant works may therefore be applied to the salvation of others.

Besides the two large buildings above mentioned, the Dunkers have several smaller ones, chiefly for the purpose of manufactories. They carry on several branches of business with great skill and industry. They have a convenient oil mill, paper mill, and printing press. They make parchment, tan leather, and manufacture linen and woollen cloth, more than sufficient to serve their own society. The sisters are ingenious at making wax tapers, curious paper lanthorns, and various kinds of pasteboard boxes, which they sell to strangers who come to visit them. They likewise amuse themselves with writing favourite texts of scripture in large letters, curiously ornamented with flowers and foliage: these seem to be rather works of patience than of genius. Several of them are framed and hung up to decorate their place of worship. I shall remark but one thing more. We were invited into the sisters chapel, and they, ranging themselves in order, began to sing one of their devout hymns.---The music had little or no air or melody, but consisted of simple long notes, combined in the richest harmony. The counter, treble, tenor and bass, were all sung by women, with sweet, shrill and small voices, but with a truth and exactness in the time and intonation that was admirable. It is impossible to describe my feelings upon this occasion. The performers sat with their heads reclined, their countenances solemn and dejected, their faces pale and emaciated (from their manner of living) their cloathing exceedingly white and picturesque, and their music such as thrill'd to the very soul.---I almost began to think myself in the world of spirits, and that the objects before me were etherial; in short, the impression this scene made upon my mind continued strong for many days, and I believe will never be wholly obliterated.

The following VERSES *were sent from a young Gentleman at* Philadelphia, *to the Principal of the society of* DUNKERS *at* Ephrata.

TH' Eternal God from his exalted throne
Surveys at once earth, heav'n, and worlds unknown:
ALL THINGS THAT ARE before his piercing eye
Like the plain tracings of a picture lie;
Unutter'd thoughts, deep in the heart conceal'd,
In strong expression stand to him reveal'd:
Thousands and twice ten thousands every day
To him or feign'd or real homage pay:
Like clouds of incense rolling to the skies,
In various forms their supplications rise:
Their various forms to him no access gain,
Without the heart's true incense, all are vain;
The suppliants secret motives there appear
The genuine source of every offer'd prayer.

Some place RELIGION on a throne superb,
And deck with jewels her resplendant garb;
Painting and sculpture all their powers display,
And lofty tapers shed a lambent ray.
High on the full-ton'd organ's swelling sound,
The pleasing anthem floats serenely round;
Harmonic strains their thrilling pow'rs combine,
And lift the soul to extacy divine.

In Ephrata's deep gloom you fix your seat,
And seek RELIGION in the dark retreat;
In sable weeds you dress the heav'n-born maid,
And place her pensive in the lonely shade;
Recluse, unsocial, you your hours employ,
And, fearful, banish every harmless joy.

Each may admire and use their fav'rite form,
If heav'n's own flame their glowing bosoms warm.
If love divine of God and man be there,
The deep-felt want that forms the ardent pray'r,
The grateful sense of blessings freely giv'n,
The boon, unsought, unmerited of heav'n,
'Tis true devotion—and the Lord of love,
Such pray'rs and praises kindly will approve.
Whether from golden altars they arise,
And wrapt in sound and incense reach the skies;
Or from your Ephrata, so meek, so low,
In soft and silent aspirations flow.

Oh! let the Christian bless that glorious day,
When outward forms shall all be done away,
When we, in spirit and in truth alone,
Shall bend, O God! before thy awful throne;
And then our purer worship shall approve
By sweet returns of everlasting love.

LOVE

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Engraved for the Monthly Miscellany.

Love and Generosity.

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For the MISCELLANY.

LOVE AND GENEROSITY;

A TALE, founded on FACT.

(With an ELEGANT ENGRAVING.)

IN the neighbourhood of ****, in the county of Eſſex, there is a ſmall but fertile manor, which had for ages been in the poſſeſſion of the family of the B----s; but the laſt poſſeſſor having got rather too far into what is called *polite life*, and having frequented the places of public reſort till his finances became nearly exhauſted, he was reduced to the neceſſity of diſpoſing of his eſtate, and the manor was purchaſed by Mr. Warner, a young gentleman of large fortune, and poſſeſs'd of every requiſite for adding to the felicity of mankind.

He had ſeen ſo much of the world, as made him no way inclined to follow the general purſuits of men.——The noiſy ſcenes of riot and diſſipation, which Oxford, as well as every other ſeminary produces, had driven him from thence with ſome kind of diſguſt: London was not more agreeable than Oxford had been; and thus he was in a manner *compelled* to take a retreat in the country, where he might live contented with himſelf, and in harmony with thoſe around him. To this he was the more eaſily induced, by a fondneſs for rural pleaſures; and it was a frequent amuſement to him, at his new reſidence, to ride around his enclоſures, and obſerve and encourage the labours of his ſervants. In harveſt time he was a conſtant companion in the field, and took much delight in attending to the different operations of getting in the corn. He practiſed at the ſickle, he bound up the ſheaves, and was in fact rather a partaker than a ſuperintendant of their labours.

One afternoon, during the firſt harveſt of his being there, Mr. Warner obſerved a young woman about eighteen coming in at the gate of the field, with a little baſket in her hand. He went to meet her, imagining her buſineſs was with him; and as they came near each other, he was aſtoniſhed with the beauty of her perſon, and the modeſty of her behaviour. She bluſhed, and dropped a profound curtſey, and when he enquired her errand, ſhe told him that her father was in the field, to whom ſhe was going to carry ſome refreſhment.

"And pray, my dear, (ſaid he) who is your father?"

"Goodman Jones, Sir, (replied the bluſhing maid.) He was once a ſervant of Mr. B——, and afterwards made ſhift to purchaſe the houſe and land that he had rented: but he has been unfortunate in the world, and is now reduced to work for other folks."

Many other queſtions followed, in anſwer to which Mr. Warner learnt, that Jones had once poſſeſſed lands to the value of 200l. a year, but that loſſes and misfortunes by fire, water, and other accidents, had fallen heavily upon him, and obliged him to take up with a little cot on the ſide of Mr. Warner's manor.

They then proceeded towards the reapers; and Mr. Warner, after complimenting the old man on having ſo fine a daughter, left him to his refreſhment, and returned to his own houſe.

At home, this fair villager engroſſed all his thoughts, and a thouſand ideas crouded to his imagination. Her perfections recurred in their moſt lively colours; and he knew not whether moſt to commend her beauty, modeſty, ſenſe, or neatneſs. From Mrs. Grove, his houſekeeper, he was informed that ſhe had been educated at a genteel boarding-ſchool, and that during her father's proſperity many young farmers, and other gentlemen, had paid their addreſſes to her; but that on a change of his condition, ſome of them forſook her, and others made uſe of the ſame circumſtance, to further their baſe and diſhonourable intentions; but that ſhe ſeemed to give up the one claſs without any concern, and withſtood the ſolicitations of the other with the utmoſt fortitude.

This was ſufficient for Mr. Warner.---It rivetted his affections in the firmeſt manner, and he determined with himſelf to make propoſals to her father the next day. Early in the morning, therefore, he went to their little cottage, and as he entered the gate that encloſed a garden-ſpot before the houſe, the door of their humble dwelling opened, and preſented to him the object of his admiration. Without ſeeming to take much notice of the confuſion his preſence had occaſioned in the countenance of poor Molly, he enquired for her father, and being told he

was

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was gone into the harveſt field, he deſired they would ſend for him. When the good old labourer arrived, Mr. Warner begged they might be left alone, and then addreſſed him thus:

"I have ſent for you, Mr. Jones, to aſk your opinion in an affair of ſome importance, and ſhall be glad if you will give it me impartially."

'Any thing that I can do, Sir, to be ſure ——'

"Nay, I aſk it not from you as a *ſervant*, but as a *friend*. You have got a *daughter*, Mr. Jones?"

'I have, Sir,' replied he, with ſome ſurpr ze.

"*That* daughter I yeſterday had an opportunity of converſing with; and I honeſtly confeſs to you ſhe has made a very forcible impreſſion upon me. I am not uſed to ceremony, and ſhall therefore plainly tell you, that I have no motive but the gratifying a ſincere and honourable affection, and if your daughter can think me worthy of being her huſband, I ſhall think myſelf made happy by her acceptance of me."

'Dear Sir,----forgive me,----ſhe is poor, and unworthy your attention. You cannot mean it, Sir---indeed you can't---and I hope you won't think of injuring my poor girl."

"Fear not, Goodman---I take no pleaſure in a bad action, and ſhall never propoſe any thing diſhonourable to you or your family. I would not repeat the ſtory of your misfortunes. I know that ſhe has not riches to recommend her, but ſhe has virtues, Mr. Jones, which would add a grace to nobility itſelf. I give you my honour that I am ſerious, and beg of you to conſult your daughter upon the matter."

The good man ſhed a tear of *thankfulneſs*,---but it was followed by another of *concern*. "I am afraid (ſaid he) to tell you of her ſituation; but I know ſhe never will be yours. But I will ſend her in to you, and you will perhaps learn it from herſelf." He then went into another room, and Molly ſoon after came out, trembling, pale, and dejected. Mr. Warner endeavoured to remove her fears, by telling her he came to aſk nothing but what ſhe might with the greateſt freedom anſwer; and placing a chair for her by his own, he repeated his offer. Molly heard him with attention, and then, with a few interruptions of ſighs and tears, ſhe made him this reply:

"As I have no doubt, Sir, of the ſincerity of your declarations, I am the more concerned that I am not able to accept of them; and if the general opinion of the neighbourhood be true, that your humanity is equal to the dignity of your ſtation, you will not be offended if I explain to you my preſent ſituation, and I hope I ſhall be entitled to your pity and forgiveneſs.

"When my parents were in their proſperity, and I had juſt returned from that part of education which their fondneſs had indulged me with, there were many young men of this neighbourhood, (and ſome by much ſuperior to myſelf) who were pleaſed to flatter me for what they termed my *beauty*, and to declare their affection and regard for me. I was then too young to think of entering the world, and beſides, I had no inclination to leave my parents; I therefore begg'd my ſuitors to deſiſt from their propoſals, giving them my reaſons for declining any matrimonial connection; but they were not to be denied, and ſtill continued to teaze me whenever I went out.---There was *one* alone, who believ'd me when I denied him, and it is to *him*, Sir, (ſaid ſhe, faultering) that I now confeſs a particular attachment.---"

'Excuſe my interruption,---ſaid Mr. Warner---may I beg to know his name?'

"It is young Wilſon, Sir, the ſon of one of your tenants. He had frequently declared an unalterable love for me, and tho' I had repeatedly given poſitive refuſals to the reſt of my admirers, yet,---I know not how it was,---he for ſome time paid his addreſſes to me without any hindrance. At length, he preſs'd me to tell him my opinion; and it was *then*, Sir, that I began to recollect myſelf. I was concerned that my imprudence had carried me ſo far, and intreated him to give up every thought of a connection, which I had unknowingly encouraged.---At theſe words he ſuddenly turned pale, and with a look of inward ſorrow, left me. I muſt own I was ſorry at his diſappointment, and tho' I could almoſt have wiſhed his return, yet I ſuffered him to go.---He took me at my word, and came no more, and I endeavoured entirely to forget him.

"About this time it was that my father's affairs took an unfavourable turn, and a ſucceſſion of misfortunes obliged him to diſpoſe of his farm, and retire to this little cottage. The inſincerity of men's proteſtations now became ſufficiently evident to me, and I learnt a ſevere but an inſtructive leſſon. I diſregarded the contemptuous ſneers of thoſe who had before been offering me their unmeaning adulations,

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tions, but I was inconceivably hurt by the villainy of those who thought to take advantage of my distress, and to make my poverty a foundation for their iniquitous proposals.

"Some months passed in this state of uneasiness, when, as I was walking towards the valley by the water-side, I met poor Wilson, whom I had not seen, but at a distance, since I refused his addresses.---

"At first he would have avoided me, but seeming to recollect himself, he came directly to me. Some indifferent conversation passed, when he introduced his former subject, and addressed me in terms which I believe I shall never forget.---'You must excuse me, Molly, (said he) if I now begin a subject which you once forbid me to think of. I have told you, in the most serious and solemn manner, how much I esteem and love you; and tho' you have once rejected the offering I would make you, I cannot be happy without again repeating it. The situation of your family affairs has given me much anxiety, and God knows, had it been in my power, I would have eased you of every burden; but I am not a favourite of fortune, and all I can now offer you is, an honest, faithful heart, that will leave nothing untried that may make you happy.'

"Much discourse of this kind he went on with, more than I ought to trouble you with repeating. I confess I listened to him; and really he had so much openness and honesty in his manner, that I felt a prejudice in his favour, and could not but assent to a renewal of our acquaintance. We see each other every day, and only wait till our circumstances will enable us to combat the cares of life together. I see him always busied in some useful and laudable employment, and so observing is he of whatever may promote our mutual interest, that I should be ungrateful indeed not to return so sincere a youth's affection. His father's corn not being very forward, he is at present working among your reapers; and when you were pleased to converse with me last night, I was carrying some refreshment to my father and himself.

"This, Sir, (continued she) is the story of my present connection, which I should not have presumed to trouble you with, but from the hope that you will not attribute my refusal of your goodness, to any want of respect, but to its real motive, an affectionate esteem for Mr. Wilson's son."

Having so said, she was going to retire, but Mr. Warner called her back, and kissing her, said, that he was charm'd with her ingenuousness, and could not refuse her any assistance that it was in his power to bestow. He then desired them to send for Wilson, and as his Molly was conducting him along, Mrs. Jones with her husband and Mr. Warner went out to meet him. The generous 'Squire took the hands of the two lovers, and joining them in the presence of the old people, told them that he was then making a sacrifice of his own heart, but was glad, nevertheless, that he could by that means add to the happiness of two deserving young people. He further told them to let the marriage take place immediately; that he would give away the old man's daughter, and would present her with 100l. to begin the world with. The young couple expressed their fervent gratitude to Mr. Warner; and the old man, with tears of joy trickling down his cheeks, fell upon his knees, and prayed to heaven to pour its blessings on their indulgent master. The mother was happy in her turn; their labour was suspended, and the marriage instantly took place; and Mr. Warner confess'd that that was the happiest day he had ever spent in his life.

A new Method of ASSAYING or TRYING GOLD and SILVER,

By a short PROCESS, in a few Minutes;

Discovered, and now communicated to the PUBLIC, by

FRANCIS SPILSBURY, Chymist, Mount Row, Westminster Bridge, Surry.

IN the year 1773, when the *Gold Act* took place, (a very necessary regulation) it occasioned a great scrutiny in the Coin, relating to the weight and intrinsic value. Many *Assays*, particularly *Gold*, were brought to me at that time, to try; and frequently gentlemen, not knowing the nature and general custom of only delivering *Assays* out once a day, viz. at six o'clock in the evening, importun'd me to try them sooner, and induced me to make trials of Assaying Gold by a short pro-

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ceſs, *without the aid of a furnace*, which took four or five hours in heating, with much expence and trouble.

After ſeveral experiments, I accompliſhed it; but before I made it public, was willing to have the opinion of other Aſſayers concerning it. At firſt I deſir'd ſome perſons to enquire of the Aſſayers at *Goldſmith's Hall*, and in that neighbourhood, whether they could Aſſay *Gold* without the aid of a *furnace*, or in about half an hour's time? but they in general deem'd it impracticable. Thus having their opinion, I then ſignified to ſeveral perſons, that it *was* practicable; much contention thereupon aroſe; and one Aſſayer in particular, who had much buſineſs in that art, becauſe he could not comprehend it, deem'd it an abſolute falſehood; alledging that if there was any *Copper* mixed with the Aſſay, it could not be extracted;---a weak and futile reaſoning! when it is well known by thoſe that are the leaſt acquainted with Aſſaying, that *Aqua-fortis* will diſſolve *Copper*; or will any Aſſayer be ſo bold as to affirm, that the art of Aſſaying is brought to that perfection as needs no further improvement?

Whence is it, that from one piece of bullion you have frequently three different reports from the ſame Aſſayer, or from other hands? Aſſaying of *Gold* and *Silver* is no more than the art of refining thoſe metals in miniature, by deſtroying the baſe parts, and leaving thoſe precious metals in their pure ſtate.

The general mode of Aſſaying *Gold* and *Silver* at the public offices, is by trying a number together, under a muffle, in a furnace, which is generally three or four hours in the operation; but as this doth not enter into the preſent deſign, I ſhall paſs it over.

When firſt I endeavoured to try *Gold* in a ſmall ſpace of time, I conſidered that as *Aqua-fortis* deſtroys all metals, excepting *Gold*, if I mixed the proper quantity of *Silver*, by melting it together in one maſs, and then diſſolved it in *Aqua-fortis*, it would anſwer the ſame purpoſe. I did ſo ſeveral times; but the Aſſay piece, when finiſhed, was neither *Gold* nor *Silver*, but a motley of both; from appearances, therefore, I concluded that the *Gold* and *Silver* were not thoroughly incorporated; I then tried the following: I took fine *Silver*, and flatted it; I then took the *Gold*, and flatted that; after nealing them, I rolled them up together, and then laid them on a piece of coal, and with a blow-pipe and lamp melted them into one fluid ſtate. After letting it chill on the coal, I turned it again, making it ſpin round with the heat of the lamp; then flatted it again, and by diſſolving it in *Aqua-fortis*, have obtained a good Aſſay in every reſpect as true and as fine a colour as by the uſual proceſs.---Where the flatting of the *Silver* and *Gold* is not perform'd, I melt them three times on the coal, turning them each time, that they may thoroughly incorporate.

After ſucceeding ſo well with *Gold*, I turned my thoughts on *Silver*; tho' I deſpaired of meeting with the like ſucceſs; as the trying of *Silver* is more intricate by ſhort methods, becauſe we are not yet acquainted with any fluid that will diſſolve *Copper*, and not the *Silver*. After making ſeveral unſucceſsful experiments, I tried the following: I took a very ſmall crucible, and placed a copple in the mouth, and then put coals around the crucible. I then placed my *Silver* Aſſay in the copple, after it was red-hot, and with hand-bellows gave the Aſſay ſo much air as is neceſſary to precipitate the *Lead* into the copple, and leave the *Silver* pure. There is ſome ſkill required in theſe proceſſes, which are learned only by experience, and which a few trials will convince; but on the whole I aver, that the difficulties this way are no greater than what attend the long proceſs, which is moſt proper for a great number, the other method for a few. The chief obſtacle here to guard againſt is making the Aſſay too hot with coals on the top, ſo that the ſmall particles will fly off; and by theſe means the *Silver* will be reported worſe than it is.

As theſe operations may be of great ſervice to the public, I am ready to give up every private emolument, and will therefore minutely explain the proceſs.

PROCESS *for* ASSAYING GOLD.

IN order to Aſſay *Gold*, you muſt be provided with a pair of fine ſcales, (in a ſquare glaſs lanthorn) which ſhould weigh to the hundredth part of a grain, and a ſet of weights in miniature, divided as follows:

24 carats * make one ounce troy.
20 grains troy make a carat.

Now one carat muſt be divided into four grains; ſo that each carat grain will be five grains troy; half a carat grain will be two grains and a half troy;

* The carat is a weight which ſeems to take its derivation from the Arabic word Kirat. It is here equal to the Apothecary's Scruple, or 20 grains troy.

and

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and a quarter of a carat grain will be one grain and a quarter troy; 22 carats of fine *Gold*, and two carats of fine *Silver* or *Copper*, make ſtandard *Gold*.

Your ounce troy, or 24 carats, for theſe ſhort methods, ſhould not weigh more than 6 grains troy; but whatever it weighs, all the other weights muſt be exactly proportioned and marked.

Example *of* Assaying Gold.

Suppoſe you have a piece of coin, or an ingot of *Gold* to try. Cut a little piece off, and reduce it by a file or ſheers till it balances in your ſcale againſt the ounce weight; for *Gold* is bought and ſold by the ounce: then add three times the quantity of fine *Silver* flatted thin, to the *Gold*; which *Silver* muſt have been aſſayed before, to ſee that no *Gold* is amongſt it; and as the ounce weighs ſix grains, ſo the *Silver* will be 18 grains. The reaſon why *Silver* is added to the *Gold* is, becauſe, unleſs it exceeds the *Gold* by two and a half or three times as much, the *Aqua-fortis* will not have the proper effect, ſo as to deſtroy all metals but the *Gold*; * and therefore this method of mixing *Silver* with the *Gold*, and then ſeparating it by *Aqua-fortis*, is called in Latin *Quartatio*.

Your *Gold* and *Silver* being thus carefully weighed, wrap the *Gold* up in the *Silver* (for which purpoſe its being *flatted* was intended) and lay it in a little hole dug in a piece of charcoal, which may be held in the hand, or placed in a ſmall crucible; and with a lamp and blow-pipe, (ſuch as the jewellers uſe) give it a ſtrong heat, ſo that when it is in effuſion it may appear of a clear whitiſh brightneſs. Then let it reſt till it is ſolid, and with ſmall nippers turn it, after which repeat the melting on the coal, as before; and this muſt be done *twice*, if the *Gold* and *Silver* were both flatted, but if not, *three* times, keeping it each time in a fluid ſtate for a quarter of a minute. If the *Gold* appears to be bad, add a few grains of borax, and it will melt ſooner.

After the aſſay is thus melted into one piece, flat it between the rollers, or beat it out thin with an hammer, till it is almoſt as thin as common writing-paper; then neal it, to burn out any greaſe or dirt it may have contracted, and which would hinder the *Aqua-fortis* from penetrating. Then put the aſſay piece rolled up (which now looks like all *Silver*) into a ſmall ſeparatory cucurbite, † and pour thereon *weak* ‡ *Aqua-fortis*, above one inch high; after letting it ſtand to heat gradually, make it boil, and when that liquor will diſſolve no more (which is known by the little ſparkles not riſing to the top) pour it off into an earthen pan, and add to the aſſay, *pure ſtrong Aqua-fortis*, and repeat the ſame ebullition; then pour it off, and add boiling water, to waſh the aſſay piece (which now appears a ſoft thin black ſubſtance, of the ſame ſhape it went into the glaſs, if a rich aſſay and good gold; but if otherwiſe, it will be ſmall duſt) from any acid ſalts the *Aqua-fortis* leaves behind; repeat the pouring on boiling water, till the water appears clear in the glaſs, taking care that no particles of the *Gold* are poured off with the *Aqua-fortis*, or the water.

Now pour the aſſay into a ſmall white clear crucible, and neal it red hot, carefully keeping the duſt from it; and now your aſſay piece appears of its true majeſtic yellow colour, and any aſſayer can tell by its appearance, if what remains be pure *Gold*.

When the aſſay is cold, place it carefully in one of the ſmall pans in the ſcale, which the ſcale-maker will give you with your ſcales, and in the other ſcales your ſtandard gold weight, viz. 22 carats; and then you will ſee how much your *Gold* is worſe or better; as for example: Your piece of *Gold* weighed at firſt one ounce, and now will not weigh the ſtandard of 22 carats; therefore you put in, to make it even, ſuppoſe 1 carat 2 grs. 3-4ths, then is the *Gold* reported *worſe* than ſtandard, by 1 car. 2 gr. 3-4ths; but if the *Gold* aſſay be *heavier* than the ſtandard you put in the ſtandard ſcale, ſuppoſe 1 car. 1 gr. 1-4th, then it is reported ſo much *better* than the ſtandard. And thus by the weights being made in miniature, the aſſayer at once knows the report, without the trouble of long calculations.

* All metals, before their true value can be obtained, muſt be reduced, as Gold by Silver, Silver by Lead, and Silver, Copper, and Tin ores by proper fluxes. It is erroneous, therefore, to uſe the common method of rubbing gold on a flint, and pouring on Aqua-fortis; for if the piece be only half Gold, it will defend the other parts from being eat away by the Aqua-fortis.

† The Cucurbite muſt be of thin tranſparent glaſs, about four or five inches long, and about 3-4ths of an inch over at the top, and may be made globular or flat at the bottom. The thinner they are, the better they ſtand the fire.

‡ Weak Aqua-fortis is made of one third of ſtrong Aqua-fortis, and two thirds of water.

PRO-

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PROCESS *for* ASSAYING SILVER.

The weights to try *Silver* by are different from those of *Gold*, particularly in the Assaying; and they are divided according to the following table:

24 grains make one pennyweight.
20 pennyweights one ounce.
12 ounces one pound troy.

Now your pound weight in miniature, for these short processes, should not be more than 12 grains; and all your ounces and pennyweights, even to a half pennyweight, must be equally divided, and marked thereon with your standard weight 11 oz. 2 dwts.

EXAMPLE *of* ASSAYING SILVER.

Take a piece of *Silver*, and reduce it till it balances your pound weight; then wrap it up in about six times the quantity of thin milled lead, that has been assayed, to see that there is only a small quantity of *Silver* in it, so as it may not affect your report; for in all *Lead* there is some *Silver* left, that will not pay the expence of getting it out. Besides, there may be some *Tin* in it, which is troublesome, and will require a larger quantity of *Lead* to evaporate it.

After heating your copple red hot, (fixed in the mouth of a small crucible, surrounded with charcoal) put your Assay thereon, and by a gentle blast with hand bellows, you will bring the whole into fusion, and then the Assay will brighten and begin to flow, and continue to do so till all the *Lead* is precipitated into the copple (and, was it worth while, might be extracted from thence again); when it is nearly finished, it must be kept in a strong heat, because the *Silver* being now almost fined, will require a greater heat to keep it in fusion, and entirely to divest itself of the *Lead*.

Your Assay being finished, let it stand on the copple in the fire a minute; then take the bead of *Silver*, which is now pure, and of a fine bright colour, in the shape of a small pea cut in two, and its size is bigger or less, in proportion to the richness of the *Silver* there is in the ingot you have assayed; likewise, if done right, it will easily separate from the copple; then give it a blow with a hammer, to take off any small particles that may adhere to it.

Observe, that the greater quantity of base metal is mixed with *Silver*, as *Copper*, *Tin*, &c. the greater is the quantity of *Lead* required to refine it; thus, *Copper* takes sixteen times the quantity of *Lead* to precipitate it into the copple.

Of REPORTING *the* SILVER ASSAY.

As *Silver* is made up of a certain standard * of goodness, by which it is reported, 11 oz. 2 dwts. of fine *Silver*, and 18 dwts of *Copper*, making 1 lb. troy; you must therefore put in one scale the standard weight, and in the other the Assay piece, and if deficient, put in as many ounces, pennyweights, &c. as are sufficient to balance; thus there is in the scale with the *Silver* 1 oz. 3 dwts. and a half;

* When Sheffield and Birmingham first petitioned for an Assay Act, in the year 1773, much conversation passed at the House of Commons, concerning the standard of Silver; but I do not remember any gentleman asking the question, Which was the proper standard by which Silver, considering its nature, should be made into wrought plate? Whether that which the laws prescribe, 11 oz. 2 dwts. or that which custom has adopted, 11 oz. owing to Silver in general not being so refined, or rather to be met with, better than 16 dwts. Messrs. Boulton and Garbett, of Birmingham, afterwards made a few ingots of fine Silver, (for experiments, in order to see how fine Silver could be made) which I assayed, and delivered in the reports of 17½ dwts. better, and with which the Tower reports exactly corroborated. The variation which custom has introduced in London is small, and, to appearance, was well intended; but since that good intention has been defeated, I could wish, for the dignity of these kingdoms, that no wrought plate was passed under the standard 11 oz. 2 dwts. which was made in King Richard the First's reign, and continued till another standard was introduced of finer Silver, viz. 11 oz. 10 dwts. fine Silver, 8 dwts. of Copper, called new Sterling, and mark'd with a Britannia; which standard was discontinued in the reign of William the Third, when the duty of 6d. per oz. was levied on all wrought plate; and in order that it might not affect trade too much, the standard of Silver was again lowered; then the old standard of 11 oz. 2 dwts. took place again. There might perhaps be another reason urged why the old was introduced, viz. the softness of the Silver, for fine Silver is almost as soft as Lead, and consequently would be more liable to wear out in the cleaning, and thereby soon deface the beauty of the workmanship. To this objection I answer, that Plate made of that fineness, called new Sterling, would not require cleaning more than once, where the old requires it six times; and whatever waste it might incur by its being fine and soft, was amply made up by its superior wire; for who can help taking notice, when they meet with a piece of new Sterling Plate, which, however battered and bruised it may be, still retains a dignity in its peculiar brightness over the other; or, if health is consulted, this must have the preference—for the less Copper the better. But I will shew it in a stronger light; for if Plate is made up of Dollars, which is about 5 dwts.

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half; then is your *Silver* reported *worse* by 1 oz. 3 dwts. and a half; on the other hand, if the Assay is *heavier* than the ſtandard, you put in weight enough to make them balance, and report the *Silver better* by that additional weight which you put in. If they balance even of themſelves, the report is ſtandard; and if you have only 2 oz. left of your Aſſay, then report it two ounces of fine *Silver* in the pound.

Gold is generally done this way in the furnace; by mixing it with a proper quantity of *Silver*, and adding *Lead* to refine it on the copple, may be done eaſily by this ſhort proceſs. Likewiſe *Gold* partings and common partings ſhould be performed by theſe operations, and then finiſh the proceſs as before, ſubtracting the *Silver* from the *Gold*. Alſo *Metal* Aſſays, containing only 10 dwts. of fine *Silver* in a pound of *Copper*, are done in ſixteen minutes; *Silver* Aſſays nearly ſtandard in eight minutes; *Silver*, 2 oz. worſe than ſtandard, in ten or twelve minutes; and *Gold* in twenty minutes.

Sometimes, for amuſement, I have taken a piece of uncertain *Silver*, juſt 12 grs. and by a pair of ſcales that will only turn to the 10th part of a grain, have been enabled to aſcertain the value by this ſhort proceſs in a few minutes, to the nicety of 2 dwts. in the pound. Sir John Pettus, in the firſt book of his *Fleta Minor* on *Silver Ores*, ſays, "If you are in a place where no Aſſay Ovens are, and yet would make a few Aſſay trials in haſte, you ſhould place a few tiles together in a ſquare, leaving in the ſides wind-holes, and in the fore-part a mouth-hole; and with a pipkin cut in two, make a muffle in it. In ſuch furnaces, Aſſays and trials may be well performed." How much eaſier is my method with a copple, a ſmall crucible, and a handful of charcoal.---

For a more particular account of Aſſaying Metals and Ores at large, ſee *Cramer on the Art of Aſſaying*.

A few GENERAL OBSERVATIONS.

The copples, made of bone aſhes in a mould, for theſe proceſſes, ſhould be about an inch over, and made ſome time before they are wanted. A copple ſerves but once.

For ſhort proceſſes, half Aſſays are beſt, being leaſt trouble, and equally accurate if done right.

In order to judge of the goodneſs of *Silver*, break it, that the grain may be ſeen; *Gold*, if fine, or nearly ſtandard, will cut ſoft.

To recover your *Silver* diſſolved in the *Aqua-fortis*, pour ſix or eight times the quantity of pure water to it, and throw in a piece of Copper, and you will ſoon ſee the *Silver* fall to the bottom. But there are other ways of precipitating the *Silver*, as by fixed alcali's and abſorbent earths; but by Copper it is commonly performed.

Much of the counterfeit Yorkſhire *Gold* was worth from 3l. 12s. to 3l. 15s. per oz. by the Aſſay.

There are ſeveral other obſervations in the art of Aſſaying, which can only be learnt by a little practice, and which will be no obſtacle to a perſon who is inclined to learn this pleaſing and uſeful art.

By an attention to theſe inſtructions, the Refiners, who are liable to be daily impoſed upon, may make their own Aſſays, and try any ingots of *Gold* or *Silver* in a few minutes. Artificers in *Gold* and *Silver* will not be obliged to wait thoſe tedious delays, ſo deſtructive to buſineſs; nor need the Country Shopkeeper, who perhaps lives one hundred miles from an Aſſay Office, be any longer obliged to wait for ſeveral days before he knows the value of any metal that may be offered him, or purchaſed by him; and a perſon who trades in foreign countries may by *this* means eaſily know the true value of his bullion, before he brings it home, only by the help of a ſmall apparatus.

Thus have I given to the public the ſimple proceſs of trying *Gold* and *Silver* in a few minutes; the diſcovery of which I may in ſome meaſure impute to the ungenteel behaviour I have received from perſons, whoſe ſtations and connections might have taught them better: And as I have no view to my own emolument in making this public, but rather for the benefit and information of the community, if any gentleman is deſirous of knowing the nature

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5 dwts. worſe than ſtandard, Plate ſo made will ſoon tarniſh, and often want cleaning: if we yet deſcend, and make Plate up worſe by 10 dwts. in the pound, (as foreigners do) it will ſcarcely take a poliſh for a day; but if made up of 15 dwts. 1 oz. worſe than the Silver, it bluſhes, and directly ſhews it is diſrobed of its characteriſtic mantle, and is no longer worthy to hold the ſecond place in Minerals; and is juſtly termed BASE Silver. Further it is ſaid, that at Sheffield and Birmingham they make work up to the ſtandard by law; if ſo, then it is a diſgrace for London to be excelled by the country artificers. For theſe reaſons I am perſuaded that the ſtandard ordained by Parliament is beſt, and that which ſhould be adhered to.

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nature of Aſſaying *Gold* and *Silver* by the furnace, in winter, I will very readily oblige them with the uſe of my apparatus; and ſhould I, in the courſe of any other experiments, meet with any thing that may be of general utility, it ſhall immediately be laid before the public, by

Their humble ſervant,

F. SPILSBURY.

MEMOIRS OF THE

LIFE and WRITINGS of the late Lord LYTTLETON.

THE family of this accompliſhed Nobleman has been diſtinguiſhed in this kingdom for many centuries paſt. His anceſtors had poſſeſſions in the vale of Eveſham, in the reign of Henry III. particularly at South Lyttleton, from which place ſome antiquarians have aſſerted they took their name. There were two grants of land belonging to Eveſham-abbey, in the poſſeſſion of the late learned Mr. Selden, to which one John de Lyttleton was witneſs, in the year 1160. The great judge Lyttleton, in the reign of Henry IV. was one of this family, and from him deſcended Sir Thomas Lyttleton, father of the late Peer, who was appointed a Lord of the Admiralty in the year 1727; which poſt he reſigned many years afterwards, on account of the bad ſtate of his health.

This Gentleman married Chriſtian, daughter to Sir Richard Temple, ſiſter of the late Lord Viſcount Cobham, and Maid of Honour to Queen Anne, by whom he had ſix ſons and ſix daughters, the eldeſt of which was George, afterwards created Lord Lyttleton, who was born at Hagley in Worceſterſhire, one of the moſt beautiful rural retirements in this kingdom, in the year 1708.

He received the elements of his education at Eton-ſchool, where he ſhewed an early inclination to poetry. His Paſtorals and ſome other light pieces were originally written in that ſeminary of learning, from whence he was removed to the Univerſity of Oxford, where he purſued his claſſical ſtudies with uncommon avidity, and ſketched the plan of his Perſian Letters, a work which afterwards procured him great reputation, not only from the elegance of the language in which they were compoſed, but from the excellent obſervations they contained on the manners of mankind.

In the year 1728, he ſet out on the tour of Europe, and, on his arrival at Paris, accidentally became acquainted with the Honourable Mr. Poyntz, then our Miniſter at the Court of Verſailles, who was ſo ſtruck with the extraordinary capacity of our young traveller, that he invited him to his houſe, and employed him in many political negociations, which he executed with great judgment and fidelity.

Mr. Lyttleton's conduct, while on his travels, was a leſſon of inſtruction to the reſt of his countrymen; inſtead of lounging away his time at the coffee-houſes, frequented by the Engliſh, and adopting the faſhionable follies and vices of France and Italy, his time was paſſed alternately in his library, and in the ſociety of men of rank and literature. In this early part of his life, he wrote a poetical epiſtle to Dr. Ayſcough, and another to Mr. Pope, which ſhew ſingular taſte and correctneſs.

After continuing a conſiderable time at Paris with Mr. Poyntz, who, to uſe his own words, behaved like a ſecond father to him, he proceeded to Lyons and Geneva, from thence to Turin, where he was honoured with great marks of friendſhip by his Sardinian Majeſty. He then viſited Milan, Venice, Genoa and Rome, where he applied himſelf cloſely to the ſtudy of the fine arts, and was, even in that celebrated Metropolis, allowed a perfect judge of painting, ſculpture and architecture.

During his continuance abroad, he conſtantly correſponded with Sir Thomas, his father, ſeveral of his letters are yet remaining, and place his filial affection in a very diſtinguiſhed light. He ſoon after returned to his native country, and was elected repreſentative for the borough of Okehampton in Devonſhire, and behaved ſo much to the ſatisfaction of his conſtituents, that they ſeveral times re-elected him for the ſame place, without putting him to the leaſt expence.

About this period he received great marks of friendſhip from Frederic Prince of Wales, father of his preſent Majeſty; and was, in the year 1737, appointed principal ſecretary to his Royal Highneſs, and continued in the ſtricteſt intimacy with him till the time of his death. His atten-

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attention to public buſineſs did not, however, prevent him from exerciſing his poetical talent. A moſt amiable young lady, Miſs Forteſcue, inſpired him with a paſſion, which produced a number of little pieces remarkable for their tenderneſs and elegance; and he had a happy facility of ſtriking out an extempore compliment, which obtained him no ſmall ſhare of reputation. One evening being in company with Lord Cobham and ſeveral of the nobility at Stowe, his Lordſhip mentioned his deſign of putting up a buſt of Lady Suffolk in his beautiful gardens, and, turning to Mr. Lyttleton, ſaid, George, you muſt furniſh me with a motto for it. I will, my Lord, anſwer'd Mr. Lyttleton, and directly produced the following couplet:

Her wit and beauty for a Court were made,
But truth and goodneſs fit her for a ſhade.

When Mr. Pitt, the preſent Earl of Chatham, loſt his commiſſion in the Guards, in conſequence of his ſpirited behaviour in Parliament, Mr. Lyttleton was in waiting at Leiceſter-houſe, and on hearing the circumſtance immediately wrote theſe lines:

Long had thy virtue mark'd thee out for fame,
Far, far ſuperior to a Cornet's name;
This gen'rous Walpole ſaw, and griev'd to find,
So mean a poſt diſgrace that noble mind;
The ſervile ſtandard from thy freeborn hand
He took, and bade thee lead the patriot band.

In the year 1742, he married Lucy, the daughter of Hugh Forteſque of Filleigh, in the county of Devon, Eſq; the Lady abovementioned, whoſe exemplary conduct, and uniform practice of religion and virtue, eſtabliſhed his conjugal happineſs upon the moſt ſolid baſis.

In 1744, he was appointed one of the Lords Commiſſioners of the Treaſury, and during his continuance in that ſtation, conſtantly exerted his influence in rewarding merit and ability. He was the friend and patron of the late Henry Fielding, James Thomſon, author of the Seaſons; Mr. Mallett, Dr. Young, Mr. Hammond, Mr. Weſt, Mr. Pope, and Voltaire. On the death of Thompſon, who left his affairs in a very embarraſſed condition, Mr. Lyttleton took that poet's ſiſter under his protection. He reviſed the tragedy of Coriolanus, which that writer had not put the laſt hand to, and brought it out at the Theatre-Royal at Covent-Garden, with a prologue of his own writing, in which he ſo affectingly lamented the loſs of that delightful bard, that not only Mr. Quin, who ſpoke the lines, but almoſt the whole audience ſpontaneouſly burſted into tears.

In the beginning of the year 1746, his felicity was interrupted by the loſs of his wife, who died in the 29th year of her age, leaving him one ſon, Thomas, the preſent Lord Lyttleton, and a daughter Lucy, who ſome time ſince married Lord Viſcount Valentia. The remains of his amiable Lady were depoſited at Over-Arley, in Worceſterſhire, and an elegant monument was erected to her memory in the church at Hagley, which contains the following inſcription, written by her huſband:

Made to engage all hearts, and charm all eyes;
Though meek, magnanimous; though witty, wiſe;
Polite, as all her life in Courts had been;
Yet good, as ſhe the world had never ſeen;
The noble fire of an exalted mind
With gentleſt female tenderneſs combin'd.
Her ſpeech was the melodious voice of love,
Her ſong the warbling of the vernal grove;
Her eloquence was ſweeter than her ſong,
Soft as her heart, and as her reaſon ſtrong.
Her form each beauty of her mind expreſs'd,
Her mind was virtue by the graces dreſs'd.

Beſides thoſe beautiful lines, Mr. Lyttleton wrote a monody on the death of his Lady, which will be remembered while conjugal affection and a taſte for poetry exiſt in this country.

His maſterly obſervations on the Converſion and Apoſtleſhip of St. Paul were written at the deſire of Gilbert Weſt, Eſq; in conſequence of Mr. Lyttleton aſſerting that, beſide all the proofs of the Chriſtian religion, which might be drawn from prophecies of the Old Teſtament, from the neceſſary connection it has with the whole ſyſtem of the Jewiſh religion, from the miracles of Chriſt, and from the evidence given of his reſurrection by all the other Apoſtles, he thought the converſion of St. Paul alone, duly conſidered, was of itſelf a demonſtration ſufficient to prove Chriſtianity to be a divine revelation; Mr. Weſt was ſtruck with the thought, and aſſured his friend, that ſo compendious a proof would be of great uſe to convince thoſe unbelievers that will not attend to a long ſeries of arguments; and time has ſhewn he was not out in his conjecture, as the tract is eſteemed one of the beſt defences of Chriſtianity which has hitherto been publiſhed.

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In 1754 he resigned the office of Lord of the Treasury, and was made Cofferer to his Majesty's household, and sworn of the Privy Council: previous to which, he married, a second time, Elizabeth, daughter of Field Marshal Sir Robert Rich, whose indiscreet conduct gave him great uneasiness, and from whom he was separated by mutual consent, a few years after his marriage.

After being appointed Chancellor and Under Treasurer of the Court of Exchequer, he was, by letters patent, dated the 19th of November 1757, 31st of George II. created a Peer of Great Britain, by the stile and title of Lord Lyttleton, Baron of Frankley, in the county of Worcester. His speeches on the Scotch and mutiny bills in the year 1747, on the Jew bill in 1753, and on the privilege of Parliament in 1763, shewed found judgment, powerful eloquence, and inflexible integrity. During the last ten years he lived chiefly in retirement, in the continual exercise of all the virtues which can ennoble private life. His last work was Dialogues of the Dead, in which the morality of Cambray and the spirit of Fontenelle are happily united.

He was suddenly seized with an inflammation of the bowels, in the middle of July 1773, at his seat at Hagley, which terminated in his death, on the 22d of that month. His last moments were attended with unimpaired understanding, unaffected greatness of mind, calm resignation, and humble, but confident, hopes in the mercy of God. As he had lived universally esteemed, he died lamented by all parties.

[*Univ. Mag.*]

A DESCRIPTION OF

The PERSON and BEHAVIOUR of OMIAH;

Who was lately brought to ENGLAND by Capt. FOURNEAUX, from *Otaheite*, a new-discovered Island, in the South Seas.

HE is about five feet ten inches high, rather lusty, and strong made, tho' not in the least heavy. His complexion much resembles that of an European accustomed to hot climates; his features are regular, and agreeable by a smile, which the pleasures he enjoys seems to produce. His hair is yet black, shining, and strong, and clubbed since he came over; he was dressed in a reddish brown coat and breeches, with a white waistcoat, made in the English taste, in which he appeared perfectly easy. His hands are *tataowed*, according to the mode in his native country. It is usual there to mark the right hand in a particular manner, upon occasion of taking a wife; and Omiah, who appears to be about eighteen years old, has been honoured with about eight or ten sets of these marks, having already had as many wives. He is also marked of *tataowed*, in some other parts; but they are hidden by his cloaths.

In company he is easy and polite, and behaves so at table, handles his knife and fork well, and conducts himself in every respect with great decency, cleanliness, and void of awkwardness. He is not confined to any regimen, but eats heartily of pudding, potatoes, and other vegetables; and he is fond of meat, and particularly of ham; but, with regard to its quantity, he is rather abstemious.

Omiah is so far from shewing such marks of simplicity and ignorance, as have been mentioned in the different accounts of him (published in the news-papers) that his deportment is genteel, and resembles so much that of well-bred people here, as to make it appear extraordinary to those who have known how little a time it is since he left the South-Sea islands, where the manners are so totally different from those of the polished people in Europe.

A few common expressions he pronounces with fluency, such as, "How do you do?"† &c. As the whole language of an Otaheitan, which is the same as that of the natives of Ulateiah, does not exceed a thousand words, he is extremely at a loss for terms to express the new ideas he has acquired, and objects he has seen in this country. As these southern people have only three quadrupeds, the dog, the rat, and the hog,‡ he has no term of describ-

† When presented to the King, it was in these words Omiah saluted him.

‡ Does not this circumstance, that these islands were peopled, and furnished with their stock of animals, by some vessel formerly wrecked upon these coasts.

ing

ing a horſe, but that of "a great hog that carries people;" or a cow, by that of "a great hog that gives milk," &c.

The fruits in theſe ſouthern iſlands are almoſt equally limited in number; and nothing affords Omiah more amuſement than a garden, and the fruit on the trees againſt the walls. The plants and ſhrubbery for ornament, he ſays, he would take away, and replace them with others that bear ſomething to eat.

When he firſt ſaw a houſe, it was matter of aſtoniſhment, as it muſt naturally prove to a perſon who had never ſeen any thing but ſheds, and low covered rooms. Carriages drawn by horſes were alſo wonderful to him once: but now he ſees them without any marks of ſurpriſe.

In the ſouthern iſles abovementioned, no perſon is buried, but laid to rot above ground in a *Morai*. The other day Omiah was at a funeral at Hertford; but he was incapable of ſeeing it finiſhed: he wept upon the occaſion, and went from ſo painful a ſcene. When he firſt ſaw the churchyard at Hertford, and was told that people were buried in it, he aſked if all the people buried there died by inoculation.

He evidently has an affable, as well as a tender diſpoſition; he poſſeſſes likewiſe much diſcernment and quickneſs. A mark of ſenſibility he ſhewed very lately. He was obſerving ſome anglers fiſhing near Hertford, and was pleaſed to learn in what manner they were employed; but, when he ſaw the hooks baited with a live worm, he turned away to avoid a ſight ſo diſagreeable, and declared his antipathy to eat any fiſh taken by ſo cruel a method. An inſtance of his diſcernment and quickneſs he exhibited when he was introduced to the Ducheſs of Glouceſter, previous to his going to Hertford. The Ducheſs not being prepared with a preſent proper for Omiah, it occurred to her, that a pocket handkerchief, embelliſhed with her coronet, might be acceptable to him: it was preſented to him. Omiah immediately kiſſed the coronet, and made a moſt complaiſant bow to the Ducheſs. As this mark of his attention, politeneſs, and quickneſs, was unexpected, it gained him the good graces of all preſent.

Similar to this, Omiah diſtinguiſhed himſelf when he was introduced to Lord Sandwich. He firſt pointed to the butler, and ſaid, "He was king of the bottles;" that Capt. Fourneaux "was king of the ſhip;" but Lord Sandwich "was king of all the ſhips."

He has relinquiſhed ſeveral of his wives on account of their ſterility; but he ſtill retains ſome; and has intimated, that although he was happy in England, he ſhould certainly be happier, had he a wife in this country alſo. Capt. Fourneaux took up Omiah from Ulateiah; but his father, who is a man of very great conſequence, owns large poſſeſſions in Otaheite, as well as in that iſland, and Omiah was born at Otaheite, where he had ſeen Mr. Banks and Dr. Solander, and knew them again when he arrived here. He was deſigned for the prieſthood; and his friends, who entertained the higheſt eſteem for him, uſed every argument they could ſuggeſt againſt his venturing with Capt. Fourneaux: they obſerved, that none of their friends had ever been brought back—and that they had certainly been killed and eaten*; in which they were confirmed by ſeeing ſome ſalted beef on board the Engliſh ſhips; for, as theſe natives had never ſeen any quadrupedes, except thoſe before enumerated, they were perſuaded the ſalted meat could not be any of them, and therefore muſt have been human. They ſaid likewiſe, that theſe ſhips ſailed from place to place, and thus the ſailors ſupported themſelves among the iſlands, for that they had not any home of their own. But all theſe tremendous ſuggeſtions had no effect upon Omiah; he was reſolved to die, or know the truth for himſelf.

Perhaps, if the hiſtory of his countrymen be conſidered, the doubts that muſt naturally be preſented to him, and the circumſtances of his independence, family, and popularity, there is not in any hiſtory of the world a much greater inſtance of reſolution, intrepidity, and curioſity, if a parallel, to what Omiah has evinced.

He has lately been inoculated by Baron Dimſdale, at Hertford; and ſince his recovery has been entertained by Lord Sandwich at Hinchinbrooke, and ſeveral others of the Nobility. He is now on a tour to the North of England.

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* It is a melancholy fact, that cannibals exiſt. When Captains Cook and Fourneaux lay off New Zealand, near Cook's Straits, which divides this country into two iſlands, a boat was manned with eleven men, armed by Capt. Fourneaux's veſſel, who were ſent on ſhore; but they never returned. The next day another boat was manned, and at a cave near theſe Straits, they found ſome of the limbs, ſhoes, and heads, &c. of their murdered and eaten fellow-ſeamen; but they could never diſcover the boat. This ſo enraged the ſurvivors, that they fired upon a large number of natives gathered on the ſhore, and killed about 18 before the reſt diſperſed.

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EXPERIMENTS FOR THE RECOVERY of STRANGLED PERSONS.

MONS. Janin, a member of the Royal College of Surgery in Paris, has lately publiſhed a memoir on the cauſes of violent and ſudden death; wherein it is proved, that thoſe who become victims to it, may be recovered. The reflections it contains are thoſe of a good citizen, an intelligent naturaliſt, and an attentive obſervator, who, perceiving the great analogy between the *drowned* and *ſtrangled* perſon, would have the ſame helps adminiſtered to the latter, which experience has found ſerviceable to the former. He cites a number of caſes, but the following is a very powerful inſtance, and does M. Janin much honour.

A nurſe had once the misfortune to ſtifle her nurſe-child in its bed. Her huſband ran immediately to entreat Monſ. Janin's aſſiſtance, and there was not a moment to be loſt, as the man could not inform him at what time the child died. On his arrival, he found the little victim in its cradle, without any ſigns of life, no pulſation in the arteries, no reſpiration, the face livid, the eyes open, dull, and tarniſhed, the noſe full of ſnivel, the mouth gaping; in ſhort, he was almoſt cold. While ſome linen cloths and a parcel of aſhes were warming, he had him unſwathed, and laid upon his ſide in a very warm bed. He then was rubbed all over with very fine linen, for fear of fretting his tender and delicate ſkin. As ſoon as the aſhes had received their due degree of heat, M. Janin buried him in them, all except the face, (placing him on the oppoſite ſide to that on which he lay in the bed) and covered him with a blanket. He happened to have a bottle of Eau de Luce in his pocket, which he put to the child's noſe from time to time, and between whiles, ſome puffs of tobacco were blown up his noſtrils. To theſe ſucceeded the blowing into his mouth, and ſqueezing tight his noſe. Animal heat began thus to be excited gradually; the pulſations of the temporal artery were ſoon felt; breathing became more frequent and free, and the eyes cloſed and opened alternately. At length the child fetched ſome cries, expreſſive of his want of the breaſt, which being applied to his mouth, he catched at it with avidity, and ſucked as if nothing had happened to him. An attention and care, which ſcarcely laſted half an hour, was ſufficient to recal this poor innocent to life. Though the pulſations of the arteries were very well re-eſtabliſhed, and it was hot weather, the child was ſtill left three quarters of an hour under the aſhes. He was afterwards taken out, cleaned, and dreſſed as uſual, and a gentle ſleep ſucceeding, the child required nothing further, and grew up full of health and vigour.

Monſ. Janin adds, that it would be difficult to deſcribe the deſpair and conſternation the poor nurſe appeared in, when he entered the houſe; much more the exceſs of joy that ſhe felt, on ſeeing her nurſe-child brought to life. How delicious were the tears ſhe then ſhed! They ſucceeded to tears of bitterneſs and grief.

This ingenious author alſo relates an inſtance of a young man, who had hanged himſelf through deſpair, and who was recovered by means ſimilar to the preceding.

Theſe two examples are ſufficient to prove, that it is poſſible to bring back to life, not only *drowned* perſons, but thoſe alſo who are *ſtifled* and *hanged*. This ſhould therefore make us conceive the beſt hopes of adminiſtering help to perſons ſtruck with ſudden death, or in other ſuch accidental diſtreſs. Monſ. Janin admits but two general cauſes which may deprive us of life. The firſt of theſe is the perverſion or total putridity of the humours; the ſecond, the deſtruction of ſome one of the viſcera, or principal organs, or a great hurt in thoſe parts; or, laſtly, the embarraſſment or obſtruction they may be under, from ſome acting cauſe. The author hence concludes, that as often as one of theſe cauſes takes place, it is impoſſible to reſtore breath again to a man who has loſt the play of the organs of reſpiration; and in conſequence of this principle, it is very eaſy to conceive, what a number of unfortunate perſons muſt have fallen victims to the precipitation of burying them.

Amongſt the hiſtorical facts relative thereto, Monſ. Janin has not omitted to relate the melancholy end of Cardinal Spinola, who had contracted an illneſs thro' vexation of mind, occaſioned by ſome ill-treatment he had received. The Cardinal on a ſudden fell into fainting fits; one of which operated ſo ſtrongly upon him, that he was ſuppoſed to be dead. His people, from an imprudent haſte, ordered his body to be immediately opened, and embalmed; but his lungs were ſcarce opened, when it was perceived that his heart ſtill beat, and the unfortunate man, by the pain of the operation, came to himſelf, and had ſtrength enough to ſtretch forth

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forth his hand, towards the ſurgeon's inſtrument, and puſh it back; but it was too late; the mortal wound had been given him, and he was gone paſt all recovery.

Our own obſervation muſt have pointed out to us many inſtances ſimilar to this, and the reflection of ſuch ſhocking ſcenes is a ſtrong accuſation of our neglect in ſeconding the reſources of nature.

A REMEDY FOR THE POISONOUS BITE of a MAD DOG.

THERE is nothing, perhaps, ſo much to be dreaded as the bite of a mad dog, for the poiſon is ſo very infectious and penetrating, that it takes effect thro' the cloaths, without fetching blood; by the breath of the animal drawn into the lungs; by a touch of the tooth, if recent; and applying it to the lips or tongue, when it has been long dried; by handling the wound, or inſtrument, which was the death of the animal; or by handling things which have been infected by any of the former means.

To prevent the fatal conſequences that too often attend theſe accidents, the following, (which is the famous Eaſt-India Specific) is recommended to be given in a glaſs of brandy.

Take Native Cinnabar, and Cinnabar Faciti, of each twenty-four grains, Muſk, ſixteen grains, make it into a powder, and give it in one doſe, as it was given in the following caſe:

A poor man was bit by a mad dog, and after uſing divers medicines, was invaded with a ſtrong hydrophobia, and being confined at Greenwich, was treated with the above medicine as follows: his teeth being forced aſunder with a knife, he took one doſe; three hours after the hydrophobous ſymptoms were abated; when he ſwallowed a ſecond doſe, which by the next morning almoſt totally recovered him; he took a third doſe in a fortnight, and a fourth in a month after, and never felt more of his complaint.

The ADVANTAGES of PLANTING WHEAT.

MANY of thoſe writers who have made huſbandry their ſtudy, have ſaid much in favour of the practice of *planting* Wheat, in preference to that of *ſowing* it; alledging that the ears would thus grow ſtronger, the corn more plentiful, and that both the farmers and the community in general would be conſiderable gainers by it. As the proper ſeaſon for that purpoſe is now approaching, permit me to ſtate a few facts, which may probably ſerve as an inducement for beginning this laudable work.

All farmers know, that in a ſtatute acre there are 160 ſquare perches; but all farmers may not have attended to the diviſion and ſubdiviſion of that ſpace ſo minutely, as to aſcertain the preciſe number of grains that are ſufficient to repleniſh it with ſeed. This taſk, therefore I ſhall endeavour to demonſtrate, and ſhall ſubmit my calculations to the judgment of the intelligent reader.

Let it then be remembered, that in 160 ſquare perches there are 4840 ſquare yards, and 43,560 ſquare feet. Then if the grain was to be planted regularly, in rows ſix inches aſunder, and each grain ſix inches apart in the rows, then 174,240 grains, equal to two gallons two quarts and half a gill of ſeed, would plant an acre, and each grain would have a portion of earth to nouriſh it, equal to 36 ſquare inches ſuperficial, and in depth the whole ſtaple of the land to that extent, or in proportion to the depth of the tillage.

But that no fallacy may be apprehended from a wrong calculation, in a matter of the utmoſt conſequence to millions, it may be neceſſary to explain the data I have adopted.

To enable me to proceed with the greater accuracy, I conſulted Chambers's Dictionary, where it is ſaid that 24 grains of wheat are ſaid to be the ſtandard penny-weight, and the foundation of all other weights and meaſures uſed throughout England; but I was very much aſtoniſhed, on referring to the Statutes at Large, to find Mr. Chambers's aſſertion to be erroneous; for by Stat. 12 of Hen. IV. cap. 4. thirty-two grains of wheat are made the ſtandard penny-weight, 20 pennywts. the ounce troy, 12 ounces the troy pound, 8lb. the wine gallon, and 8 wine gallons the buſhel, the 8th part of a qtr. of wheat.

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From these premises I calculate, that in every gallon there are 69,240 grains of wheat, and that in two gallons two quarts and two ounces, there are 174,400 grains of seed, or 160 more than are absolutely necessary to plant an acre; for I believe it will scarcely be objected, that the space I have allotted for each grain to grow to maturity, is more than is necessary for its nourishment.

This point being settled, I shall now proceed to shew the advantages that would arise from this method of planting wheat, instead of the random practice of throwing it away.

It is agreed by the practical writers on husbandry, that two bushels and a half are the medium quantity of wheat sown upon an acre throughout England; and if we allow two millions and a half of acres to be the medium quantity of land annually employed in the culture of that grain, it will follow, that in the first instance there will be a saving of seed, amounting to 644,500 quarters of wheat, which, at the rate of 40s. a quarter, come to 1,289,000l. sterling, and yielding bread for 850,000 persons, at one pound a day for each.

Let the public then judge what influence such a quantity of wheat would have on the price, were it to be brought to market, instead of its being wasted upon the ground.

[*Gent. Mag.*]

SAYINGS and SENTIMENTS of WISE MEN,

On EXCESSES in EATING and DRINKING.

MOSES.

IF the parents shall say to the elders of the city, This our son is stubborn and rebellious; he is a glutton and drunkard: All men of the city shall stone him with stones that he die.

SOLOMON.

When thou sittest to eat with a Ruler, consider diligently what is before thee; and put a knife to thy throat, if thou be a man of appetite. Be not desirous of his dainties, for they are deceitful meats.

Be not amongst wine-bibbers, amongst riotous eaters of flesh; for the drunkard and the glutton shall come to poverty.

He that is a companion of riotous men shameth his father.

The earth cannot bear a fool, when he is full of meat.

Who hath woe, who hath sorrow, who hath contentions, who hath babblings, who hath wounds without cause, who hath redness of eyes? They that tarry long at the wine, they that go to seek mixed wine.

Look not on the wine when it is red, when it giveth its colour in the cup, when it moveth itself aright: At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder: Thine eyes shall behold strange women, and thine heart shall utter perverse things.

ISAIAH.

Woe unto them that rise up early in the morning, that they may follow strong drink, that continue until night, till wine inflame them. Woe unto them that are mighty to drink wine, and men of strength to mingle strong drink.

SON OF SIRACH.

By surfeiting many have perished, but he that taketh heed prolongeth his life.

JESUS.

If the evil servant shall say in his heart, My Lord delayeth his coming, and shall begin to smite his fellow-servants, and to eat and drink with the drunken: The Lord of that servant shall come in a day when he looketh not for him, and in an hour when he is not aware of, and shall cut him asunder, and appoint him his portion with hypocrites; there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth.

Take heed to yourselves, lest at any time your hearts be overcharged with surfeiting and drunkenness, and so that day come upon you unawares.

PAUL.

Let us walk honestly as in the day, not in rioting and drunkenness, not in chambering and wantonness: But put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make not provision for the flesh to fulfil the lusts thereof.

Whose end is destruction, whose God is their belly, whose glory is their shame.

The grace of God that bringeth salvation hath appeared unto all men, teaching us that, denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously, and godlily in this world.

I have written to you, if any one that is called a brother be a drunkard, with such an one not to keep company, nor to eat with him.

Drunkenness, revellings and such-like, of which I tell you, as I have often told you

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you in time paſt, that they that do ſuch things ſhall not inherit the kingdom of God.

HOMER.

Soon in the luſcious feaſt themſelves they loſt,
And drank oblivion of their native coaſt.
Inſtant her circling wand the Goddeſs waves,
To hogs transforms them, and the ſty receives. POPE.

PYTHAGORAS.

Drunkenneſs is the ſtudy of madneſs.

Chuſe the beſt kind of life, and cuſtom will ſoon make it agreeable.

ZENO.

A wiſe man will drink wine, but will not ſuffer himſelf to be intoxicated by it.

HIPPOCRATES.

If a man eat little and drink little, he brings no diſorder upon himſelf.

It is very injurious to health to load the body with more food than it is able to bear, and uſe no exerciſe to carry off this exceſs.

It is alſo prejudicial to ſwallow a variety of heterogeneous food; for the diſcordant qualities of ſuch diſſimilar aliment create inteſtine commotion, and are digeſted, ſome ſooner, others later.

PLATO.

On my arrival in Sicily, that life, vulgarly pronounced happy, was a perpetual round of Italian and Syracuſan luxury, was by no means agreeable to me--to eat to ſatiety twice in one day---never to ſleep alone. This is a way of life in which no perſon will ever become wiſe.

ANACHARSIS.

This famous Scythian philoſopher, being aſked how it was poſſible a perſon might contract a diſlike to wine, anſwered by beholding the indecencies of the drunken.

SOCRATES.

Nature's real wants are few; but the cravings of fancy are infinite.

EPICURUS.

Give me but bread and water, and I will diſpute the point of felicity with Jupiter himſelf.

CICERO.

Temperance is the ſource of great peace and tranquility to men, for it brings their deſires and averſions under the laws of reaſon.

SENECA.

Inebriety is nothing elſe than a voluntary inſanity.

CORNARO.

O wretched and unhappy Italy! cannot you ſee, that intemperance murders every year more of your ſubjects, than you could loſe by the moſt violent plague, or by fire and ſword in many battles?—Thoſe truly ſhameful feaſts, now ſo much in faſhion, and ſo intolerably profuſe, that no tables are large enough to hold the diſhes, which renders it neceſſary to heap them one upon another; thoſe feaſts, I ſay, are ſo many battles; and how is it poſſible to live amongſt ſuch a multitude of jarring foods and diſorders? Put a ſtop to this abuſe for God's ſake, for there is not, I am certain of it, a vice more abominable than this in the eyes of the Divine Majeſty, nor more pernicious to yourſelves.

Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE.

O Temperance, thou virtue without pride, and fortune without envy. That giveſt indolence of body, and tranquility of mind. The beſt guardian of youth, and ſupport of old age. The precept of reaſon as well as religion, and phyſician of the ſoul as well as the body. The tutelar goddeſs of health, and univerſal medicine of life. That clears the head, and cleanſes the blood. That eaſes the ſtomach, and purges the bowels. That ſtrengthens the nerves, enlightens the eyes, and comforts the heart; in a word, that ſecures and perfects digeſtion, and thereby avoids the fumes and winds, to which we owe the cholic and ſpleen, thoſe crudities and ſharp humours, that feed the ſcurvy and gout, and thoſe ſlimy dregs, of which the gravel and ſtone are formed within us—diſeaſes to which mankind is expoſed rather by the viciouſneſs than by the frailty of our nature; and by which we often condemn ourſelves to greater torments and miſeries of life, than have perhaps been yet invented by anger or revenge, or inflicted by the greateſt tyrants upon the worſt of men.

ADDISON.

It is ſaid of Diogenes, that, meeting a young man, who was going to a feaſt, he took him up in the ſtreet, and carried him home to his friends, as one who was running into imminent danger, had not he prevented him. What would that Philoſopher have ſaid, had he been preſent at the gluttony of a modern meal? Would not he have thought the maſter of a family mad, and have begged his ſervants to tie down his hands, had he ſeen him devour fowl, fiſh, and fleſh; ſwallow oil and vinegar, wines and ſpices; throw down ſallads of twenty different herbs, ſauces of an hundred ingredients, confections and fruits of numberleſs ſweets and flavours? What unnatural motions, and counter ferments muſt ſuch a medley of intemperance

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rance produce in the body! For my part, when I behold a fashionable table set out in all its magnificence, I fancy that I see gouts and dropsies, fevers and lethargies, with other innumerable distempers, lying in ambuscade among the dishes.

Temperance, says Mr. Addison, has those particular advantages above all other means of health, that it may be practised by all ranks and conditions, at any season or in any place. It is a kind of regimen into which every man may put himself, without interruption to business, expence of money, or loss of time. If exercise shows off all superfluities, temperance prevents them; if exercise clears the vessels, temperance neither satiates nor overstrains them; if exercise raises proper ferments in the humours, and promotes the circulation of the blood, temperance gives Nature her full play, and enables her to exert herself in all her force and vigour; if exercise dissipates a growing distemper, temperance starves it.

HOFFMAN.

Intemperance may be properly termed the executioner of mankind [*generis humani carnifex.*]

Dr. CADOGAN.

However common it may be for men, that suffer, to complain of the evils of life, as the unavoidable lot of humanity, would they stop but for a moment to consider them in the light of reason and philosophy, they would find little or no foundation for them in Nature; but that every man was the real author of all or most of his own miseries. Whatever doubts may be entertained of moral evils, the natural, for the most part, such as bodily infirmity, sickness, and pain; all that class of complaints which the learned call chronic diseases; we must undoubtedly bring upon ourselves by our own indulgences.

Dr. PRICE.

I have represented, particularly, the great difference between the probabilities of human life in towns and country parishes; and from the facts I have recited it appears, that the further we go from the artificial and irregular modes of living in great towns, the fewer of mankind die in the first stages of life, and the more in its last stages. The lower animals (except such as have been taken under human management) seem in general to enjoy the full period of existence allotted them, and to die chiefly of old age: and, were any observations to be made among savages, perhaps the same would be found to be true of them. Death is an evil to which the order of Providence has subjected every inhabitant of this earth; but to man it has been rendered unspeakably more an evil than it was designed to be. The greatest part of that black catalogue of diseases which ravage human life is the offspring of the tenderness, the luxury, and the corruptions introduced by the vices and false refinements of civil society. That delicacy which is injured by every breath of air, and that rottenness of constitution which is the effect of intemperance and debauchery, were never intended by the Author of Nature; and it is impossible that they should not lay the foundation of numberless sufferings, and terminate in premature and miserable deaths. Let us then value more the simplicity and innocence of a life agreeable to Nature, and learn to consider nothing as savageness but malevolence, ignorance, and wickedness. The order of Nature is wise and kind. In a conformity to it consist health and long life; grace, honour, virtue and joy. But Nature turned out of its way will always punish. 'The wicked shall not live out half their days.' Criminal excesses imbitter and cut short our present existence; and the highest authority has taught us to expect, that they will not only kill the body, but the soul, and deprive us of an everlasting existence.

[*Univ. Mag.*]

Description of the SUPERB PIECE of PLATE, Lately presented to Lady LEWES.

THE Ladies of Worcester, in compliment to Sir Watkin Lewes, Knt. the late patriotic Candidate for the City of Worcester, have presented his Lady with an elegant Piece of Plate, adorned with many curious devices; of which the following is an exact description.

The field, or ground for the ornaments, is a *Shield*, surrounded with a *wreath of palm*, inclosing the following groupe of figures:

I. In the middle, *Fortitude*, the principal figure, standing on a *rock*, an helmet on his head, and leaning against a *pillar*, whose

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whose top reaches to the extremity of the shield, and seems there as if lost in the clouds.

II. Beneath *Fortitude* is *Britannia*, with her usual emblems, and *Magna Charta* in her hand.

III. *Justice* descending in a cloud, armed with a *thunderbolt*, and *lightnings* flying from her, as destroying *Bribery*, a groveling figure, which lies struck to the earth; a bag of money in his hand, the money falling out.

IV. *Temperance* chaining down *Licentiousness*, represented by a Satyr, in whose hand is a goblet inverted, the liquor pouring from it.

SUPPORTERS.

I. *Eloquence*, on the right side, standing in the attitude of an Orator; her left hand flat on her breast, as holding her loose flowing robe together; her right hand extended; at her feet a Caduceus.

II. On the left, *Hope*, an exact figure, standing in front; her head inclined towards the shield, looking forwards, her eyes rather elevated; in her right hand a *cup*, with this inscription — *Spes P. B.* or, *The Hope of the People of Britain*; her left hand leaning upon an *Anchor*.

CREST.

Fame, beautifully surrounded by a *Glory*.

On the base, on the right side, in an oval compartment, a *Dove*, perched on an *Olive Branch*, and a *Cornucopia*.

On the left, in an oval compartment, *Three Pears*, depending from one very slight thread, a *Sword* in a hand in armour held over them in a threatening posture, as just ready to cut them off.

MOTTO, in an oval compartment,

Firm in the Glorious Enterprize.

INSCRIPTION.

"The Ladies of Worcester present to Lady Lewes this mark of their esteem, in acknowledgment of the noble and disinterested efforts of Sir Watkin Lewes to destroy the influence of bribery and corruption in the Election of Members to represent their county in Parliament; and particularly to restore to the Citizens of Worcester their rights and privileges."

With the above piece of plate was presented a rich and complete set of Worcester China, of a very curious pattern, and manufactured solely for the above purpose.

[*West. Mag.*]

The various PURSUITS of MANKIND, In their SEARCH after PLEASURE.

THE world in general build all their happiness on the pursuit of their pleasures; and those pleasures to the human mind are as different as their complexions. There is no defining what Pleasure is; for what gives rapturous satisfaction to one, is a dull, tedious unimportant scene to another. Perhaps, the Deity of Nature in our very formations intended this general difference; for the human mind is of that motley cast, that few things strike two minds alike. What is highly pleasing to one, to another is irksome and tedious. It is thus in regard to beauty. One man will be all agony, rage, fury, and love for an object; while another will look upon the virgin without desire or emotion. One man will pursue the chace with unrelaxed ardour, while another hates the yell of a hound and the jolt of a horse. Another, again, is indefatigable in shooting, while his brother detests the smell of gunpowder. Some with unrelaxing assiduity will hold the trembling rod over the brook for hours, without the satisfaction of a bite; the very confinement to a spot would drive another distracted. So that there is no defining what Pleasure really is; for what is one man's gratification in this, may be said to be another's detestation.

The Antients were not less absurd than ourselves; that is, if we have any right to fix a standard for Pleasure, and call any thing absurd because it gives another pleasure, and we do not like it ourselves; for they had as extravagant ideas as any men since, and their pleasures were as absurd and extraordinary. Domitian the Emperor amused himself, in preference to any other thing, in catching flies; Augustus, to play with nuts amongst children. Alexander Severus was often pleased to play with whelps and young pigs; and at this time there is a Lord, an Admiral to George the Third, who takes more pleasure in the company of his pig than his lady. Perhaps some may not wonder at this.

Cæsar, Lepidus, and Anthony, used to pass their time in gathering shells on the

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ſea ſhore. The Ladies of Turkey, who are mewed up from thoſe recreations which Ladies of other countries enjoy, paſs moſt of their leiſure hours in dalliance with their favourite cats, as more modern dames do with monkies, ſquirrels, and Italian dogs.

There is ſuch a variety of Pleaſures, that there is no fixing upon one as univerſal; for whatever amuſement one half the world may follow with the utmoſt eagerneſs, the other half will as earneſtly deſpiſe.

Some have ſuch a thirſt of pleaſure, united with knowledge, that we ſee them exploring the burning latitudes of India, and the intenſe froſts of Iceland, only in purſuit of ſome natural rarity, as ſhells and butterflies, and plants and animals.

One Mr. Leſlie, a man of very conſiderable fortune, is juſt returned from China, where he went in his fortieth year to ſee the manners and cuſtoms of the Chineſe; nay, ſo very great is his thirſt, that he means to make a ſecond expedition.—There are men who prefer the converſe of dead authors to that of the living; while others live in the ſmoak of tobacco, and the noiſe of a ſkittle-ground, and prefer it to the voice of Linley, and the catgut of Giardini.

Some, more refined in their ears, purſue ſweet ſounds all over the globe, and are as much bewildered as Proſpero's friends led aſtray by the inviſible Ariel.—Other men have ſouls ſo cruſted with dullneſs, that it is not in the power of Muſic to awaken their ſenſes. Many men moſt rationally purſue the ſtudy of Gardening, while others look on the faireſt plant, or the moſt blooming flower without emotion. Some devote their time to collect old medals and ruſty bits of ancient helmets, hilts of ſwords, and other antiquated utenſils; while an Egyptian vaſe is looked upon by another with coolneſs and contempt.

I remember the ſtory of a great Floriſt, who had got a prodigious beautiful blow of tulips; when, amongſt the reſt of his viſitors, there came a Student of Inſects; and while the Floriſt was expatiating with rapture on the beauty of his flowers, the Naturaliſt ſuddenly diſcovered a fine butterfly among the tulips, and ſpringing over the bed, in extacy cried out, "An *Emperor*, an *Emperor!*" and trampled down his flowers, regardleſs of oaths and blows, till he left the ground in purſuit of the object of his favourite ſtudy.

I have known a lady go through the hot fatigue of a week's waſhing, for the pleaſure of hanging out the linen, and taking it in, when dry, from the hedge: ſhe would often declare, that the ſmell of it freſh from the thorn, was more grateful to her ſenſes, than any other fragrance or ſenſation.

In the early part of life, and in the maturer too, we find people pleaſed with various narrations that even terrify them: ſuch as murders, ghoſts, and dæmons; and expreſs ſo much anxiety on the ſubject, that when you ceaſe to fright them, they will keenly importune you to purſue the ſtory.

There was an extraordinary character, belonging to Drury-Lane Theatre, (his name was Clough) who had not miſſed an execution for thirty years. He once walked up from Portſmouth, when he belonged to that company, to ſee the execution of two criminals on Kennington-Common; but their being reprieved ſo diſappointed his promiſed *pleaſure*, that he was heard to go away ſwearing in an uncommon language. He uſed to be frequently attended by a brother Comedian, on whom he called one morning to go with him to an execution; but his friend not being willing to riſe, he exclaimed in a great rage, "D—n it, Jemmy, you have no true taſte for pleaſure!"

This ſame Mr. Clough, when in the laſt ſickneſs, which put a period to his days, was very deſirous of attending an execution to Tyburn; and though in ſo weak a condition as hardly to be able to ſpeak, he took a chair, and went to Newgate. One of the criminals was in hopes of a pardon; and ſeeing a ſedan coming in this manner through the mob, they concluded the joyful tidings were therein contained; when, lo! to their aſtoniſhment, he came from the chair in the preſs-yard, ſaying, with a faint and languid voice, "I'm juſt come, my boys, to have the *pleaſure* of ſeeing your irons knocked off."

The human mind is of ſo motley a complexion, that it is difficult to define what is pleaſure to it. I ſhould conclude that there are certain things which would be equally pleaſing to every rational mind; but every day, in the common occurrences of things, we are convinced to the contrary. Every mind forms its own ideas of pleaſure; and according to the ſtrength of genius, and the power of fancy, ideal pleaſures are the ſtronger painted; and few men have been ſo fortunate as to have the poſſeſſion of any pleaſure equal to the colouring of fancy before it was poſſeſſed.

Perhaps

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Perhaps I may venture to say, that the first rapturous pleasure of this life, is the meeting of two lovers with a mutual zeal and affection; which meeting is highly improved by being clandestine. If these expecting fair ones have a few days to pass before the happy moment arrives, does not the joys, the bliss, the rapture, and incantation which the mind so lively delineated, exceed far the tumult of their joys when possessed? This, again, depends upon the vigour of the mind and the constitution; and therefore people of a poetical fancy and ability must certainly doubly enjoy every pleasurable scene of this life above all other minds.

The Poet's eye, in a fine phrenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;
And as Imagination bodies forth
The form of things unknown, the Poet's pen
Turns them to shape, and gives to airy Nothing
A local habitation and a name.

[*West. Mag.*]

A DESCRIPTION OF THE KINGDOM OF POETRY.

THE kingdom of Poetry is very large and well peopled, bordered on the one side with Rhetoric, on another with Statuary and Painting, and on the other with Music. This country is divided into high and low, after the manner of several other populous regions. High Poetry is inhabited by a sort of grave, four-looking, melancholy people, whose language, compared with the other provinces, is as Welsh to the English. The men are generally heroes by profession, and make nothing of cleaving a giant armed capapee, if he falls in his way, down his backbone at one stroke. As for the women, the sun itself must not be compared to them, tho' they have never so little beauty. The very horses within this division out-run the wind, and the trees shoot their summits into the clouds.

The capital of this province is named Epic Poem, built on a sandy and ungrateful soil, which few have attempted to cultivate. This city is reported to be more extensive than Nineve, and tires most travellers that attempt to survey its utmost dimensions; and its natives, and generally the inhabitants of the whole kingdom, pay little regard to truth, entertain their guests with feigned stories, and are very careful to conduct the curious traveller to the antient Mausoleum of Homer, and the modern superb monument of the Episcopal author of Telemachus, lately finished, and highly embellished with the trophies of a French politician. But what renders it most disagreeable, are the continual quarrels, fightings, and murders we meet with in our way out of this city. However, its most extensive suburbs, which is called Romance, and by far exceeds the city, take off much of the terror of their neighbours; for being filled with the most beautiful and accomplished people in the world, great travellers, and very passionate lovers, they are always full of mirth, and seldom permit their guests to go away without the regale of a marriage feast. Here I was informed that a certain Westminster Justice of the Peace had agreed for a piece of ground to erect a monument in memory of Tom Jones, a foundling, in these parts, in gratitude for the favours received by his friendship. From hence you discover the mountains of Tragedy, which are very high craggy hills, with many dangerous precipices, and make up the greatest part of this country, are chiefly adorned with the beautiful ruins and remains of some ancient cities, and inhabited by a set of people, whose very women delight so much in blood, that they are often seen to laugh and clap their hands for joy, when some wretch is executed, or kills himself. In the same province there was formerly a gaudy inchanted castle, called Opera, contrived by an Italian magician, in such a manner, that, like the house of Loretto, it was moveable into all parts of the universe; but time and chance having defaced its beauty, and weakened its garrison, it has been forced to yield to the wooden sword of Harlequin, who has given to his new foundation the name of Farce, as more agreeable to its situation on the borders of Low Poetry, whose chief city is Burlesque, and its inhabitants either stand mute, like statues, run about like merry-andrews, or detain you two or three hours with an idle story, that has not the least word of truth.

In the neighbourhood of Farce is situated, in a much better and pleasanter place, the ancient city of Comedy, whose inhabitants are very good painters, did

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they not sometimes give too pleasing images of Vice in their pictures: and they have an excellent talent at laughing others out of their faults, had they but conduct enough to keep themselves blameless; yet with all their imperfections, they must be allowed to be, the best Moralists in the world. This city has five wards, at the entrance of each the traveller is always received with a band of music, and sometimes entertained with a dance: the avenues to this place of mirth and morality is defended by a castle, which the natives call Prologue, from whence you are informed of the merits of the place, before you gain admittance into the city, and are humbly intreated to behave with civility during your abode therein; and, if possible, to keep out the nation of Critics, who are a captious people, and generally at war with Poetry. It is but a step from this to a small hill, inhabited by persons of the best rank and fashion, who have long endeavoured to eclipse the last-mentioned city, with a new foundation called Tragi-comedy.

Between High and Low Poetry lies a vast desart, called the Solitudes of Good Sense, in which is neither city, town, nor village, only a few huts dispersed up and down on the plain, which is the most pleasant part of the kingdom; and affords whatever the heart can wish; which scarcity of inhabitants is generally attributed to the narrow, difficult, and rugged ways that lead to it, and to the want of sufficient guides. Besides, it borders on the province of False Thoughts, where people are lulled asleep with ease, and the inchantments of pleasures; so that few or none take pains to travel through to the Solitudes of Good Sense. Elegy is the capital of this province, and is surrounded with woods, rocks, brooks, and caves, where the inhabitants always walk solitary, make them the confidents of their amours, and are so afraid of being betrayed or overheard, that they used to enjoin them an eternal silence.

This kingdom of Poetry is watered by the rivers of Rhyme and Reason. The former springs up at the foot of the mountains of Thoughtfulness, and entertains great numbers of travellers in the palace of Trifling, which is finely built on her banks. The latter is contained within the limits of the Solitudes of Good Sense, and therefore not so much frequented.

In Poetry is the dark forest of Nonsense, whose trees are so thick, bushy, and entangled in one another, that neither the sun beams, nor light itself was ever known to penetrate into it. It is so old, that men have made it almost a point of religion not to meddle with its trees; nor is there any hopes that ever any will dare to follow the example of the Dunclad in weeding and clearing it. On this borders the large province of Imitation; which is very barren, and produceth nothing, and in consequence its inhabitants are extreme poor; and though they get their bread by gleaning in their neighbour's field, and sometimes grow rich by that trade, have not the gratitude to acknowledge the kindness.

Poetry is very cold towards the north, and inhabited by people of low stature, finical and affected to such a degree, that, according to their own wills, they would always converse with you in the Latin tongue; and confine the sense of their discourse within the narrow boundaries of some favourite word or name. Here is the city of Acrostic and Anagram, and several others of like sort. But what is most remarkable, there is scarce an old face to be seen throughout the whole province.

This province, however, is bounded on one side by the ocean of Learning, in which lies the isle of Satyr, under the absolute jurisdiction of the kingdom of Poetry. It much resembles the Isle of Wight, on the Hampshire coast, for situation and fertility; but the inhabitants are more of the cast of your Flint-skinners, and are as revengeful and malicious as the Islanders in Man. It is surrounded with a bitter sea, and abounds very much with a black sort of soil, which is supposed to influence their inclinations, to be humoursome, blunt, and so conceited of their own wit and abilities, that they scruple not to sacrifice their friend to their jest. However, here is a state anciently ruled by one Juvenal, while Poetry was under the Roman dominion, but of late years reduced under the British yoke by Mr. Pope, where the people are generally of greater capacity, and despising the little arts of Punning and Repartee, set themselves fairly to correct their neighbours, and do all in their power to remove their vices.

Near this island is the Peninsula of Epigram; it hath a sharp point, and though it is but of a very small extent, is most pleasantly situated, but has been long neglected. If death had not deprived us of Dr. Goldsmith, there was an intention, we hear, to have erected a castle on this promontory, to be called the Laureat,

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Laureat, and to be given to the Doctor to guard the coaſt from the ſhoals of Songs, Sonnets, Catches, Odes, &c. which being the emptieſt things in the world, float up and down continually, and are bold enough ſometimes to attempt a deſcent on the confines of Good Senſe, which terminates in this neck of land.

There are ſeveral other provinces in this vaſt empire, which I have not yet had time to ſurvey; nor indeed have I, at preſent, ſufficient leiſure to delineate all the beauties and curioſities of thoſe parts we have gone through; but at ſome future time I may probably ſend you a more accurate deſcription.

[*St. James's Mag.*]

ANECDOTES.

The EPICUREAN PRINCE.

SOLYMAN the Great, at the commencement of his reign, was more luxurious than became ſo wiſe a Prince. One might have judged of the vaſtneſs of his empire by the variety of diſhes at his table: ſome were ſent from the Tigris; ſome from the Euphrates; others from Oxus and the Caſpian ſea. One day, when he gave a dinner to his Nobles, Muſtapha, Keeper of the Three Tombs, was placed next to the beſt diſh of all the feaſt, out of reſpect for the ſanctity of his office; but inſtead of falling to, and eating heartily, as holy men are wont to do, he fetched a diſmal groan, and fell a weeping. Solyman, amazed at his behaviour, ordered him to explain it to the company.

"Know then, (ſaid he) O Monarch of the Earth, that when I ſaw thy table covered in this manner, it brought to my mind a dream, or rather a viſion, which was ſent me from the Prophet whom I ſerve. On the ſeventh night of the moon Rhamazan, I was ſleeping under the ſhade of the ſacred tombs, when methought the holy ravens of the ſanctuary bore me up on their wings into the air, and, in a few moments conveyed me to the loweſt heavens, where the Meſſenger of God (on whom be peace) was ſitting in his luminous tribunal, to receive petitions from the earth. Around him ſtood an infinite throng of animals, of every ſpecies and quality, which all joined in preferring a complaint againſt Solyman, for deſtroying them wantonly and tyrannically, beyond what any neceſſity could juſtify, or any natural appetite demand. It was alledged by them that ten or twelve of them were often murdered to compoſe one diſh for the niceneſs of thy palate; ſome gave their tongues only, ſome their bowels; ſome their fat; and others their brains or blood. In ſhort, they declared ſuch conſtant waſte was made of them, that, unleſs a ſtop was put to it in time, they ſhould periſh entirely by thy gluttony. The Prophet hearing this, beat his brows, and ordered ſix vultures to fetch thee alive before him: they inſtantly brought thee to his tribunal, where he commanded thy ſtomach to be opened, to ſee whether it was bigger or more capacious than thoſe of other men; when it was found to be juſt of the common ſize. He permitted all the animals to make repriſals on the body of their deſtroyer; but, before one in ten thouſand could get at thee, every particle of it was devoured; ſo ill proportioned was the offender to the offence."

This ſtory made ſuch an impreſſion on the Monarch, that he would not ſuffer above one diſh of meat to be brought to his table ever after. [*Univ. Mag.*]

LADY C***** *and* DR. ****.

PERHAPS Nature never exhibited a ſtronger inſtance of credulity, than ſhe did in Lady C-----; but the moſt remarkable part of her character was, a perſuaſion that every man who ſaw her was in love with her. It will eaſily be imagined, that ſuch an idea was the cauſe of many ſingular embarraſſments, either to herſelf or her viſitors. The following is related as an inſtance of it.

A well-known Doctor, who from a walking Phyſician is transformed into a walking Author, having written a treatiſe upon the virtues of Muſtard Seed, was ambitious of the honour of dedicating it to Lord C-----, which favour he hoped to gain through the influence of his lady.---Accordingly, having bruſhed up his ſuit of ſable, he one morning waited upon her Ladyſhip at C----- houſe, and requeſted an audience upon an affair of conſequence. The Doctor was admitted; and the firſt ſalutation being over, he proceeded to aſſure her how much he was her Ladyſhip's humble ſervant; which ſhe, as uſual, miſtaking for a regard for her perſon, aſked him, with a tremulous accent, where he had ſeen her before?---"Madam, (replied the Doctor) to the beſt of my knowledge this is the firſt time I ever had the honour of

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of seeing your Ladyship." 'Perhaps then you have heard me described; I have read of astonishing effects from such a circumstance.' "Yes, (answered the author) I have frequently heard your Ladyship's character painted in the most amiable colours." 'Well, Sir, and what would you have me do for you?' "Why if your Ladyship would but indulge me so far, as to grant me the favour"—'*Grant you the favour?* (interrupted the Lady) Merciful Heaven! what have I done to deserve such usage? From your appearance, Sir, I expected at least common civility; but I find I am deceived. However, I consider it more my misfortune than yours, and I insist that you immediately quit my presence.'---In vain did the astonished investigator of mustard-seed endeavour at an explanation; in vain he affirmed he had no intention of offending her Ladyship; she was deaf to all his remonstrances, and he was forced to take his departure without an opportunity of boasting of her Ladyship's *favours*.

[*West. Mag.*]

NEW THEATRICAL PIECE.

HAY-MARKET.

The WATERMAN;---a BALLAD OPERA.

THIS little musical piece is the production of Mr. Dibdin, and for a Ballad Opera, indeed it has great merit---the plot, exclusive of the airs, being extremely pretty and natural. The principal characters of the piece are Tug, an honest young Waterman, and Robin, a kind of Macaroni Gardener, who has made himself master of a few theatrical and romantic speeches, which he lets off at pleasure, as proofs of his wit and sense. These two young fellows are suitors to Wilelmina, the daughter of Mr. Bundle, a Battersea Gardener, with whom Robin works, and the solicitations of each to obtain Wilelmina's favour, (Tug assisted by the father's interest, and Robin by Mrs. Bundle's) afford much entertainment. The following extract will give a specimen of their endeavours.

WILELMINA.

Two youths for my love are contending in vain,
For do all they can,
Their sufferings I rally, and laugh at their pain;
Which, which is the man
That deserves me most? let me ask of my heart;
Is it Robin, who smirks, and who dresses so smart?
Or Tom, honest Tom, who makes plainness his plan?
Which, which is the man?

Indeed to be prudent, and do what I ought,
I do what I can;
Yet surely papa and mama are in fault;
To a different man
They, each, have advis'd me to yield up my heart;
Mama praises Robin, who dresses so smart;
Papa honest Tom, who makes plainness his plan;
Which, which is the man?

Be kind then, my heart, and but point out the youth,
I'll do what I can,
His love to return, and return it with truth;
Which, which is the man?
Be kind to my wishes, and point out my heart,
Is it Robin, who smirks, and who dresses so smart?
Or Tom, honest Tom, who makes plainness his plan?
Which, which is the man?

Enter TUG.

TUG. Take my advice, Miss, and let it be honest Tom.

WIL. Oh, you brute! did you hear me?

TUG. Why, Miss, suppose if I did, you a'n't afraid of speaking your mind, be ye?

WIL. My mind! why you have not the assurance to pretend, that I said any thing in favour of you?

TUG. Why no, I can't say directly that you said as how you'd have me; but I'm sure you can't help saying yourself, that it sounded a little that way.

WIL. And do you imagine then, I cou'd prefer you to Robin, sweet Robin, as the song says, that's all over a nosegay, and the very pink of good breeding?

TUG. For my part, I makes no comparisments, as a body may say; but I'd be sorry, Miss, if there was not others as agreeable, and well behaved as he, however.

WIL. What, yourself I suppose?—Do you know, you odious creature, that he can spout Romeo by heart, and that he's for ever talking similies to me?

TUG. I know he's for ever talking nonsense to you.

WIL. Oh! hold your filthy tongue: Did you but hear him compare my cheeks to carnations, my hands to lilies, my beautiful blue veins to violets, my lips to cherries, my teeth to snow drops, and my eyes to the sparkling dew that hangs upon the rose trees in the morning—what would you say then?

TUG. Ah! but you know, Miss, that's all in his way.

WIL. Then he writes verses, Oh, dear me! the author of the opera book, in the parlour window, is a fool to him for writing. Oh! he's a very Ovid's Metamorphose!

TUG.

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Tug. Why, for the matter of that, Miſs, there are other folks that can write as well as he; what would you ſay now, if I had wrote ſomething about and concerning my falling in love with you?

Wil. I ſhould then begin to have ſome hopes of you.

Tug. Shou'd you?—Why then I have.

Wil. Oh, dear! let's ſee it.

Tug. It's a ſong, Miſs; I'll ſing it to you, if you pleaſe.

SONG.

And did you not hear of a jolly young waterman,
Who at Black-friars bridge uſed for to ply;
And he feather'd his oars with ſuch ſkill and dexterity,
Winning each heart, and delighting each eye:
He look'd ſo neat, and rowed ſo ſteadily,
The maidens all flocked in his boat ſo readily,
And he eyed the young rogues with ſo charming an air,
That this waterman ne'er was in want of a fare.

What ſights of fine folks he oft row'd in his wherry,
'Twas clean'd out ſo nice and ſo painted with-all;
He was always firſt oars when the fine city ladies,
In a party to Ranelagh went or Vauxhall.
And oftentimes would they be giggling and leering,
But 'twas all one to Tom, their gibing and jeering,
For loving, or liking, he little did care,
For this waterman ne'er was in want of a fare.

And yet, but to ſee how ſtrangely things happen;
As he row'd along, thinking of nothing at all,
He was ply'd by a damſel ſo lovely and charming,
That ſhe ſmiled, and ſo ſtraitway in love he did fall;
And won'd this young damſel but baniſh his ſorrow,
He'd wed her to-night before to-morrow:
And how ſhould this waterman ever know care,
When he's married, and never in want of a fare?

Well, Miſs, how do you like it?

Wil. Like it! why it is the very moral of yourſelf!—If you had not paſs'd half your time between Wapping and the Tower Stairs, you could never have wrote ſuch a ſong.

Tug. Didn't I tell you as how it was the thing?—Well, now, I hope you will conſent!

Wil. Conſent to what?

Tug. Why, to marry me: To be certain you won't find me like your Mr. Robin, an inconſiderate puppy, that will ſay more in half an hour, than he'll ſtand to in half a year! I am a little too much of an Engliſhman, I thank you, Miſs, for that; my heart lies in the right place, and, as we ſay, 'tis not always the beſt looking boat that goes the ſafeſt.

Wil. And ſo, Mr. Thomas, you really think by all this fine talking to make me dying for love of you?

Tug. Why, Miſs, for the matter of that, I don't ſee why I ſhou'd not.

Wil. Well, then, I'll tell you what, if you ever expect to have any thing to ſay to me, you muſt kneel at my feet, kiſs my hand, ſwear that I'm an angel, that the very ſun, moon, and ſtars are not half ſo bright as my eyes; that I am Cupid, Venus, and the three Graces put together.

Tug. Why, to be ſure, all this may be very fine: but why ſhould I talk to you in a lingo I don't underſtand?

Wil. This, as my dear Robin ſays, is the only language of true lovers, and if you don't underſtand it already, you'll learn it for my ſake.

Tug. I'll tell you what, Miſs, if you don't marry me, till I make ſuch a fool of myſelf, 'tis my mind you'll never marry me at all. I love you, to be ſartin; there's no body can ſay to the contrary of that; but you'll never catch me at your Cupids and Weniſſes; I am plain, and downright; I'd do all that in my power lay to make you happy, if you'd have me, and if you won't, I have nothing to do but to caſt away care, and go on board a man of war; for I could never bear to ſtay here if you was married to another.

Wil. What, then, you'd leave England and all for the love of me?

Tug. That's what I wou'd, Miſs.

Wil. Well, that wou'd be charming! Oh! how I ſhou'd doat upon it, if I was to hear them cry through Batterſea ſtreets, "The unfortunate ſailor's lamentation for the loſs of his miſtreſs!"

Tug. I'll ſtick to my word, I aſſure you! if you won't have me, I'll go on board a man of war.

Then farewell my trim-built wherry,
Oars, and coat and badge, farewell;
Never more at Chelſea ferry,
Shall your Thomas take a ſpell.

But to hope and peace a ſtranger,
In the battle's heat I go;
Where expos'd to ev'ry danger,
Some friendly ball ſhall lay me low.

Then may-hap, when homeward ſteering,
With the news my meſs-mates come;
Even you, the ſtory hearing,
With a ſigh may cry—poor Tom!

[Exit.

Wil. Well, 'tis a moſt charming thing to plague theſe creatures—die for me!—if I had not given myſelf ſome airs to him, he never could have thought of ſuch a thing; but that's the way, if one does not uſe them like dogs, there's no getting any thing civil from them—but here comes Robin, I muſt plague him in another way.

Enter Robin.

Rob. Miſs Wilelmina, may I have the unſpeakable happineſs to tell you, how much words fall ſhort of the great honour you wou'd prefer upon me, if you wou'd grant me the requeſt, of favouring me with your hand this evening at the hop.

Wil. Why, Mr. Robin, what particular inclination can you have to dance with me?

Wil.

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ROB. What inclination, Miſs! aſk the plants why they love a ſhower? aſk the ſunflower why it loves the ſun? aſk the ſnowdrop why it is white? aſk the violet why it is blue? the trees why they bloſſom? the cabbages why they grow? 'tis all becauſe they can't help it; no more can I help my love for you.

WIL. Lord, Mr. Robin, how gallant you are!

ROB. Oh, my Wilelmina! thou art ſtraiter than the ſtraiteſt tree! ſweeter than the ſweeteſt flower! thy hand is as white as a lily! thy breath is as ſweet as honey-ſuckles! and when you ſpeak, grace is in all your ſteps! heav'n in your eye! in every geſture—Oh dear!

WIL. Lord, Mr. Robin, you have ſaid that ſo often.——

ROB. Well, you never heard me ſay this in your life—now mind. My heart is for all the world juſt like a hot-bed, where the ſeed of affection, ſown by your matchleſs charms, and warmed by that ſun, your eyes, became a beautiful flower, which is juſt now full blown; and all I deſires, Miſs, is that you'll condeſcend to gather it and ſtick it in your boſom.

WIL. And what pretenſions have you to think I ſhall ever conſent to ſuch a thing.

ROB. Pretenſions, Miſs! becauſe my love is boundleſs as the ſea, and my heart as full of Cupid's arrows, as a ſweet-brier is full of thorns.

WIL. But I am afraid, if I was fooliſh enough to believe you, you wou'd ſoon forget me.

ROB. Forget you, Miſs! 'tis impoſſible! ſooner ſhall aſparagus forget to grow, ſeed forget to riſe, leaves to fall, ſooner ſhall trees grow with their roots in the air, and their branches buried in the earth, than I forget my Wilelmina.

WIL. Well, I do declare there's no reſiſting you.

ROB. Reſiſting me, Miſs! no, I don't know how you ſhou'd; my heart is ſtock'd with love, as a flower garden is ſtock'd with flowers. The Cupids that have fled from your eyes and taken ſhelter there, are as much out of number as the leaves on a tree, or the colours in a bed of tulips; you are to me what the ſummer is to the garden, and if you don't revive me with the ſunſhine of your favour, I ſhall be over-run with the weeds of diſappointment, and choak'd up with the brambles of deſpair.

WIL. That wou'd be a pity indeed.

ROB. So 'twould, indeed, Miſs.

WIL. Do you really love me then?

ROB. Love you!

Eid the bloſſoms ne'er be blighted,
Birds by ſcare-crows ne'er be frighted,
From the firm earth the oak remove,
Teach the jeſſamine how to blow,
Teach the holy-oak to grow,
Trees bear cherries,
Hedges berries,
But prithee teach not me to love.

Graſs ſhall grow than cedars higher,
Pinks ſhall bloom upon the briar,
Lilies be as black as jet,
Roſes ſmell no longer ſweet,
Melons rip'n without heat,
Plumbs and cherries,
Taſte like berries,
When Wilelmina I forget.

[Exeunt.

The Gardener and his wife bear a conſiderable ſhare in the quarrels which this piece affords, as Mrs. Bundle (who to a love of vociferation, has added a ſmattering of high life, and an itch for hard words, plays, and novels) is perpetually endeavouring to further the marriage of Robin with her daughter---nay, even *commands* it to be done; while Bundle as earneſtly, tho' with rather more privacy, exerts himſelf in favour of the Waterman. The girl, however, reſolves to conſult her own heart upon the ſubject, and to give her hand to him alone who ſhall do ſomething to deſerve her.

At length the firſt of Auguſt comes, when the Coat and Badge, left by a Mr. Dogget, is annually row'd for by young Watermen; and Wilelmina is preſſed by Tug to ſee the ſhew from the New Swan; to which place ſhe is alſo invited by Robin for the ſame purpoſe, where Mrs. Bundle intends they ſhall have a dance in the evening. She goes with the latter, accompanied by her father and mother, and the rowers preſently make their appearance. They approach, and Tug is found to be the winning man.

Immediately on getting on ſhore, he comes to the Swan, and is aſked by Wilelmina why *he* was one of the candidates; to which he replies in the following

AIR.

I row'd for the prize,
To receive from thoſe eyes
A kind look, from theſe lips a ſweet ſmile;
But leſt I ſhould loſe,
And you for that fault your poor Tom ſhould refuſe,
My heart it went pit-a-pat all the while.
Wh-n we came to the pull,
How I handled my ſkull,
'Twould have done your heart good to have ſeen us;
There was never a boat's length between us.
But the Swan once in view,
My boat how it flew,
And verily b'lieve 'twas all thinking of you.

Wilelmina thereupon gives him her hand, to the ſatisfaction of Mr. Bundle, but to the utter mortification of his wife, and Robin.

The

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The LITERARY REVIEW.

ART. 17. *An Addreſs to the Public on the frequent and enormous Crime of Suicide: Delivered at the Old Jewry on the 2d of Jan. 1774. By John Herries, M. A.* 4to. 1s.

THE Revd. Author, in treating this awful ſubject, has, in the firſt place, conſidered the character and diſpoſition of thoſe who are guilty of Suicide; under the ſecond head, he has taken notice of the moſt plauſible arguments that are uſually urged in its defence, and has concluded the whole with ſome ſerious admonitions to diſſuade from the commiſſion of it.—Under the firſt head, the Doctor ſays:

"In order to conſider the character and diſpoſition of thoſe who have been deluded into this crime, it may be proper to mention a few examples.

Such, however, do not frequently occur in the ſacred writings. It is ſomewhat remarkable, that in the Moſaic diſpenſation, which contains almoſt every kind of precept relating to our conduct in life, there is not found one prohibition againſt Self-murder. Hence we may infer, that ſuch a crime was judged to be ſo contrary to nature, that it was hardly probable it would ever be attempted. And, indeed, if it was not ſo frequently committed, it would ſcarce appear credible."

He then inſtances the ſeveral perſons who are recorded in the Bible to have been guilty of this crime, viz. Sampſon, Saul, Achitophel, and Judas. And alſo Cato, Brutus, Anthony, and Nero, who either from miſtaken pride, or from the agonies of guilt and deſpair, were prompted to this violent and irretrievable act; but where, ſays the Doctor, is there in reaſon or in religion one pretext or palliation of this crime?

He then obſerves that the commiſſion of this crime is contrary to the ſtrongeſt law of nature, ſelf-preſervation; that it indicates a weakneſs and timidity of mind, a want of fortitude to reſiſt or ſupport the calamities of life; that it diſcovers an indolent, unaſpiring mind; a want of ambition to be either great or uſeful; that it proceeds from want of benevolence, or concern for the good of ſociety; of gratitude to his creator by abuſing his moſt precious gift; and then goes on as follows:

"This crime proceeds frequently from a gloomy and miſguided imagination, by which a man is tempted to diſtruſt Providence and almoſt to accuſe it of cruelty and injuſtice. He imagines that he is now as miſerable as he can be, and that his Maker has no more happineſs in ſtore for him. How weak and fallacious is ſuch a concluſion! Tell me the ſituation when any of you has a right to ſay, "Now I am arrived at the utmoſt criſis of diſtreſs, and the enjoyment of life is for ever fled." Have not you often found, that when your heart has been ſinking in ſorrow, and your officious imagination has preſented before you the moſt unpleaſing proſpects, that in a ſhort time the cloud was removed, and the dawn of hope aroſe upon your ſoul? This life is a varying ſcene of ſuffering and of pleaſure. Nothing is fixed and permanent. Let us therefore be cautious of indulging a deſponding temper. Though "weeping endures for a night, yet joy may come in the morning." Shall we not wait at leaſt till that morning arrive? Shall we put it out of the power of Omnipotence itſelf to make us happier in the preſent ſtate? What though you are ignorant of the hour to come, have you not reaſon to believe that every thing is conducted for the beſt? Wait therefore on the Lord, and do not miſtruſt his adminiſtration. Have you not heard of men, who, on ſome diſtreſsful tidings which concerned their fortune or other views, have given themſelves over to deſpair, and inſtantly put an end to their life? And yet, in a ſhort time, perhaps the very next day, the face of things was changed, and Providence was ready to pour down the richeſt bleſſings on him who was then incapable of receiving them! on him who was lying a cold and ſenſeleſs corſe! Had he lived that day longer, he might have poſſeſſed greater ſucceſs and happineſs than his moſt ſanguine hopes had anticipated.

Examples of this melancholy nature happen frequently, and ſhould teach us not to be premature in our concluſions, but to wait with reſignation till the gloom of adverſity be diſpelled. Such fatal raſhneſs is highly impious, as it proceeds from a ſtubborn unwillingneſs to ſubmit to the ſupreme diſpoſal.

We ſhould likewiſe conſider, that the moſt violent mental pain is ſeldom of long continuance; that it carries its own remedy along with it; and that it often terminates in that ſerene tranquility which is more deſirable than pleaſure itſelf.

We ſhould conſider, that even our happy moments receive their higheſt reliſh from the experience of paſt pain; that our very errors are often the occaſion of our virtues; and that, on the knowledge of our former follies, we raiſe the ſtructure of our future wiſdom. In ſhort, we ſhould conſider that apparent evil often ends in real good; that the moſt beau-

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tiful order springs out of a seeming confusion; and that health, fortune, joy, are often the result of sickness, poverty, and anguish. There is no one in this audience who can look back upon his past life without acknowledging the truth of these reflections. If, therefore, our present state is full of unforeseen vicissitudes, let us hope and endeavour for the best, and beware lest we totally extinguish the lamp of life, instead of waiting till it burn brighter.

This most atrocious crime comprehends in it likewise a want of submission to the Judge and Arbitrator of Human Affairs. He it is who 'does his will in the armies of heaven, and among the inhabitants of this lower earth. None can stay his hand from working, or say unto him, What dost thou? It is his prerogative to wound, and to heal; to kill, and to make alive." Wilt thou, O blind man, assume *his* right, disputing (as it were) his authority and challenging him to do his worst? Does he not see thy repining thoughts? Is he not a witness of thy impious resolution? Dost thou know what vengeance he has in store for such presumptuous offenders? How canst thou withstand the terrors of his indignation? Learn then to tremble at the thought of offending him who is the potentate of heaven, earth, and hell; at whose imperial mandate the various ranks of being, bow adoring!

In the last place, the self-murderer appears to be totally unimpressed with that reverence and awful dread which ought to attend the thoughts of a future state.

Remember, O man, that the soul, which now animates thy frame, is destined to survive the pang of dissolution. Allow me therefore to reason a little with thee before thou committest the act of frenzy. Pause, ponder. Where art thou? Whither art thou going? What wilt thou soon be? Thou art about to launch into that awful ocean, whose domains are unbounded and unknown! Thou art standing on the very brink of eternity. Eternity! what art thou? Our weak faculties are lost in the contemplation of thee. We soar; we stretch; but all is dark beyond! No one is permitted to return and bring us tidings of thee. Yet let us not be presumptuously inquisitive. A short time hence and we shall explore thy vast dominions. We then shall know what it is to die. But, O thou all-wise Disposer, forbid that the solemn hour should find us unprepared; much less that we should accelerate its approach. No! "all the days of our appointed time we will wait till our change come."

In considering the most plausible arguments urged in defence of this crime, our Author says, addressing himself to the Reasoner:

"Perhaps thou wilt advance a motive which impells thee to the fatal resolution, that thou art surrounded by indigence and distress, by means of the cruelty or fraud of others; that sharp hunger gnaws thy vitals; that the scanty garment scarcely covers thee; that balmy sleep denies its visits; and, to add to thy anguish, that thou beholdest an helpless offspring pouring out their souls in unavailing tears. To thee they cry, on thee they depend, and yet thou art unable to relieve them. Thou feelest the pang of nature; paternal affection yearns within thee; it almost rends thee to distraction. But hold—Suppress the wild idea.—If thou hast one spark of affection for these shivering, defenceless babes, it will prompt thee to preserve thy life for their sake. Wilt thou abandon them to a cruel, inhospitable world, where they may have cause to imprecate vengeance on thy head? If thy departed spirit be allowed to visit earth, must it not behold with compassion and remorse those wretched relicts who by thy crime are perhaps deprived of the necessaries of life; seduced into the snares of the abandoned; lost to every noble and generous feeling, and breathing their last in the agonies of remorse and despair? It was thy cruelty, thou unnatural father, which reduced them to this deplorable state. Methinks I behold them standing along with thee before the tribunal of God: they give in their evidence; they accuse thee as the voluntary author of all their woes, in deserting them in their utmost need, at a time when there was none to help them How could'st thou bear a reproach so inconceivably bitter, and yet so just? Learn then, that every argument for suicide drawn from indigence and distress, is weak, delusive, and wicked.

What, likewise, though thou art languishing on a bed of sickness, or even tortured with the keenest pain; be taught by religion, that every affliction comes from the hand of an affectionate Father, who wounds only that he may heal, who chastens that he may save for ever; who will not punish his creatures more than they are able to bear; but in his own good time and manner will relieve them from all their distresses. Wait, therefore, his all-ruling will, and forbear to murmur at his disposal. The noblest duty of man is to be grateful for what he enjoys, and acquiescent in what he suffers.

But, perhaps, thou wilt urge in thy vindication, that the retrospect of thy past life distracts thee with horror, and that thou art unable to bear the reflections of thine own mind. This indeed is a most dreadful situation. But where is the remedy? What medicine can soothe thy mental pain? I am afraid that even the sleep of death will render it more acute! Dost thou not tremble at the thought of rushing into Eternity

'With all thine imperfections on thy head.'

Learn, therefore, first to secure peace with that power within, which is thy kind monitor, thy strict witness, thine impartial judge, and most bitter tormentor. Learn to silence its sharp upbraidings. How?—By obeying its friendly dictates. The more thy past life hath

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hath been polluted with guilt, thou haſt need of a longer time to eraſe the impreſſion. Begin, therefore, by inſpecting that invenomed wound which gnaws thine heart; probe it to the quick; the balm of penitence will ſoon give it eaſe, and health and joy be reſtored to thy ſoul. But if, in this ſtate of agitation, thou perpetrateſt the hell-prompted deed, thou wilt act the part of a madman, who, when he finds his houſe in diſorder, inſtead of repairing it, pulls it down upon his own head."

The Doctor afterwards concludes his diſcourſe in the following pathetic addreſs:

"Let me conjure each individual in this large audience, by all that is dear to you in time or eternity, to "conſider thoſe things that belong to your peace, before it be too late, and they be for ever hid from your eyes." Reflect on the indiſpenſable duty of preſerving your health and your life. If you be diſtreſſed in mind, Live! ſerenity and joy may yet dawn upon your ſoul; if you are contented and chearful, Live! and diffuſe that happineſs to others.——If misfortunes have befallen you by your own miſconduct, Live! and be wiſer for the future; if they have befallen you by the fault of others, Live! you have nothing wherewith to reproach yourſelf.—If you are indigent and helpleſs, Live! the generous heart will relieve you; if you are rich and proſperous, Live! and enjoy what you poſſeſs.—If another has injured you, Live! his own crime will be his puniſher; if you have injured another, Live! and recompenſe it by your good offices.—If your character be attacked unjuſtly, Live! time will remove the aſperſion; if the reproaches are well founded, Live! and ceaſe to deſerve them for the future.—If you are at preſent obſcure and undiſtinguiſhed, Live! to be one day more conſpicuous; if you are already eminent and applauded, Live! and preſerve the honours you have acquired.—If you have been negligent and uſeleſs to ſociety, Live! and make amends by your future conduct; if you have been active and induſtrious, Live! and communicate your improvements to others.—If you have ſpiteful enemies, Live! and diſappoint their malevolence; if you have kind and faithful friends, Live! to bleſs and protect them.—If hitherto you have been impious and wicked, Live! and repent of your errors; if you have been wiſe and virtuous, Live! for the farther benefit of mankind. If you diſbelieve a future ſtate, Live! and be as uſeful and happy in this as you can; if you hope for immortality, Live! and prepare to enjoy it.

Thus it is, that in whatever condition you are placed, Reaſon informs you that it is your duty to do all the good you can to ſociety, and to fulfil the intention of your Creator, by enjoying with gratitude the bleſſings he has ſent. This is the only life of wiſdom, utility, and inward peace."

18. *An Hiſtory of the Earth, and animated Nature. By Oliver Goldſmith. In eight vols. 8vo. 2l. 8s. boards. Nourſe.*

A judicious ſyſtem of natural hiſtory, blending entertainment with information, has hitherto never appeared in the Engliſh language, nor indeed been accompliſhed in any other. The ſeveral works of this kind that have been publiſhed originally in our own tongue, are univerſally defective with reſpect to the eſſential quality which alone can render the ſtudy of natural knowledge both uſeful and agreeable. The only book on this ſubject, in which the author has endeavoured to unite philoſophy with deſcription, is la Pluche's Nature Diſplayed. But even this juſtly admired work is far from being void of imperfections. Though it preſents us with a pleaſing idea of natural hiſtory, it is too ſuperficial, and it receives an air of puerility from being written in the form of dialogue. To theſe objections we may add, that it contains many diſſertations entirely foreign to natural hiſtory, gives no account of the latter improvements that have been made in the ſcience, and is raiſed upon the foundation of the exploded ſyſtems of the Carteſian and Ramiſtic philoſophy.

Many of the defects of Nature Diſplayed are carefully obviated in the work now under our conſideration, in which Dr. Goldſmith appears to have exerted great application, and to have conſulted the whole accumulated tribe of the writers on natural hiſtory; particularly Buffon, Linnæus, Duhamel, Hale, &c. &c.

In the beginning of this work, we are preſented with a Sketch of the Univerſe, or the Solar Syſtem; to which ſucceeds a Short Survey of the Globe, from the Light of Aſtronomy and Geography; with a View of the Surface of the Earth. The author then delivers a conciſe account of the different theories of the earth, the moſt conſpicuous of which are thoſe of Burnet, Whiſton, Woodward, and Buffon. Though theſe ſyſtems be merely imaginary, we agree with the author, that it is incumbent on the natural hiſtorian to be acquainted at leaſt with the out-lines of them; as ſuch a knowledge may prevent his indulging himſelf in ſimilar ſpeculations, from the idea of their being his own invention. For this reaſon we ſhall lay before our readers a part of each of theſe ſyſtems.

"The firſt who formed this amuſement of earth-making into ſyſtem was the celebrated Thomas Burnet, a man of polite learning and rapid imagination. His Sacred Theory, as he calls it deſcribing the changes which the earth has undergone, or ſhall hereafter undergo, is well known for the warmth with which it is imagined, and the weakneſs with which it is reaſoned, for the elegance of its ſtyle, and the meanneſs of its philoſophy. The earth, ſays he, before the deluge,

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was very differently formed from what it is at preſent: it was at firſt a fluid maſs; a chaos compoſed of various ſubſtances, differing both in denſity and figure: thoſe which were moſt heavy ſunk to the center, and formed in the middle of our globe an hard, ſolid body; thoſe of a lighter nature remained next; and the waters, which were lighter ſtill, ſwam upon its ſurface, and covered the earth on every ſide. The air, and all thoſe fluids which were lighter than water, floated upon this alſo; and in the ſame manner encompaſſed the globe; ſo that between the ſurrounding body of waters, and the circumambient air, there was formed a coat of oil, and other unctuous ſubſtances, lighter than water. However, as the air was ſtill extremely impure, and muſt have carried up with it many of thoſe earthy particles with which it once was intimately blended, it ſoon began to defecate, and to depoſe theſe particles upon the only ſurface already mentioned, which ſoon uniting together, the earth and oil formed that cruſt, which ſoon became an habitable ſurface, giving life to vegetation, and dwelling to animals.

"This imaginary antediluvian abode was very different from what we ſee it at preſent. The earth was light and rich; and formed of a ſubſtance entirely adapted to the feeble ſtate of incipient vegetation: it was an uniform plain, every where covered with verdure: without mountains, without ſeas, or the ſmalleſt inequalities. It had no difference of ſeaſons, for its equator was in the plain of the ecliptic, or, in other words, it turned directly oppoſite to the ſun, ſo that it enjoyed one perpetual and luxuriant ſpring. However, this delightful face of nature did not long continue the ſame, for, after a time, it began to crack and open in fiſſures; a circumſtance which always ſucceeds when the ſun dries away the moiſture from rich or marſhy ſituations. The crimes of mankind had been for ſome time preparing to draw down the wrath of heaven; and they, at length, induced the Deity to defer repairing theſe breaches in nature. Thus the chaſms of the earth every day became wider, and, at length, they penetrated to the great abyſs of waters; and the whole earth, in a manner, fell in. Then enſued a total diſorder in the uniform beauty of the firſt creation, the terrene ſurface of the globe being broken down: as it ſunk, the waters guſhed out into its place; the deluge became univerſal; all mankind, except eight perſons, were puniſhed with deſtruction, and their poſterity condemned to toil upon the ruins of deſolated nature."

—— "The next theoriſt was Woodward, who, in his Eſſay towards a Natural Hiſtory of the Earth, which was only deſigned to precede a greater work, has endeavoured to give a more rational account of its appearances; and was, in fact, much better furniſhed for ſuch an undertaking than any of his predeceſſors, being one of the moſt aſſiduous naturaliſts of his time. His little book, therefore, contains many important facts, relative to natural hiſtory, although his ſyſtem may be weak and groundleſs.

"He begins by aſſerting that all terrene ſubſtances are diſpoſed in beds of various natures, lying horizontally one over the other, ſomewhat like the coats of an onion; that they are replete with ſhells, and other productions of the ſea; theſe ſhells being found in the deepeſt cavities, and on the tops of the higheſt mountains. From theſe obſervations, which are warranted by experience, he proceeds to obſerve, that theſe ſhells and extraneous foſſils are not productions of the earth, but are all actual remains of thoſe animals which they are known to reſemble; that all the beds of the earth lie under each other, in the order of their ſpecific gravity; and that they are diſpoſed as if they had been left there by ſubſiding waters. All theſe aſſertions he affirms with much earneſtneſs, although daily experience contradicts him in ſome of them; particularly, we find layers of ſtone often over the lighteſt ſoils, and the ſofteſt earth under the hardeſt bodies. However, having taken it for granted, that all the layers of the earth are found in the order of their ſpecific gravity, the lighteſt at the top, and the heavieſt next the centre, he conſequently aſſerts, and it will not improbably follow, that all the ſubſtances of which the earth is compoſed, were once in an actual ſtate of diſſolution. This univerſal diſſolution he takes to have happened at the time of the flood. He ſuppoſes that at that time a body of water, which was then in the center of the earth, uniting with that which was found on the ſurface, ſo far ſeparated the terrene parts as to mix all together in one fluid maſs; the contents of which afterwards ſinking according to their reſpective gravities, produced the preſent appearances of the earth. Being aware, however, of an objection that foſſile ſubſtances are not found diſſolved, he exempts them from this univerſal diſſolution, and, for that purpoſe, endeavours to ſhew that the parts of animals have a ſtronger cohefion than thoſe of minerals; and that, while even the hardeſt rocks may be diſſolved, bones and ſhells may ſtill continue entire.

"So much for Woodward; but of all the ſyſtems which were publiſhed reſpecting the earth's formation, that of Whiſton was moſt applauded, and moſt oppoſed. Nor need we wonder; for being ſupported with all the parade of deep calculation, it awed the ignorant, and produced the approbation of ſuch as would be thought otherwiſe, as it implied a knowledge of abſtruſe learning, to be even thought capable of comprehending what the writer aimed at. In fact, it is not eaſy to diveſt it of its mathematical garb; but thoſe who have had leiſure, have found the

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the reſult of our philoſopher's reaſoning to be thus. He ſuppoſes the earth to have been originally a comet; and he conſiders the hiſtory of the creation, as given us in ſcripture, to have its commencement juſt when it was taken by the hand of the Creator, to be more regularly placed as a planet in our ſolar ſyſtem. Before that time, he ſuppoſes it to have been a globe without beauty or proportion; a world in diſorder; ſubject to all the viciſſitudes which comets endure; ſome of which have been found, at different times, a thouſand times hotter than melted iron; at others, a thouſand times colder than ice. Theſe alternations of heat and cold, continually melting and freezing the ſurface of the earth, he ſuppoſes to have produced, to a certain depth, a chaos entirely reſembling that deſcribed by the poets, ſurrounding the ſolid contents of the earth, which ſtill continued unchanged in the midſt, making a great burning globe of more than two thouſand leagues in diameter. This ſurrounding chaos, however, was far from being ſolid: he reſembles it to a denſe though fluid atmoſphere, compoſed of ſubſtances mingled, agitated, and ſhocked againſt each other; and in this diſorder he deſcribes the earth to have been juſt at the eve of creation.

"But upon its orbits being then changed, when it was more regularly wheeled round the ſun, every thing took its proper place; every part of the ſurrounding fluid then fell into a ſituation, in proportion as it was light or heavy. The middle, or central part, which always remained unchanged, ſtill continued ſo, retaining a part of that heat which it received in its primæval approaches towards the ſun; which heat, he calculates, may continue about ſix thouſand years. Next to this fell the heavier parts of the chaotic atmoſphere, which ſerve to ſuſtain the lighter: but as in deſcending they could not entirely be ſeparated from many watery parts, with which they were intimately mixed, they drew down a part of theſe alſo with them; and theſe could not mount again after the ſurface of the earth was conſolidated: they, therefore, ſurrounded the heavy firſt deſcending parts, in the ſame manner as theſe ſurround the central globe."

—— "Mr. Buffon begins his ſyſtem by making a diſtinction between the firſt part of it and the laſt; the one being founded only on conjecture, the other depending entirely upon actual obſervation. The latter part of his theory may, therefore, be true, though the former ſhould be found erroneous.

"The planets, ſays he, and the earth, among the number, might have been formerly (he only offers this as conjecture) a part of the body of the ſun, and adherent to its ſubſtance. In this ſituation, a comet falling in upon that great body might have given it ſuch a ſhock, and ſo ſhaken its whole frame, that ſome of its particles might have been driven off like ſtreaming ſparkles from red hot iron; and each of theſe ſtreams of fire, ſmall as they were in compariſon of the ſun, might have been large enough to have made an earth as great, nay many times greater than ours. So that in this manner the planets, together with the globe which we inhabit, might have been driven off from the body of the ſun by an impulſive force: in this manner alſo they would continue to recede from it for ever, were they not drawn back by its ſuperior power of attraction; and thus, by the combination of the two motions, they are wheel'd round in circles.

"Being in this manner detached at a diſtance from the body of the ſun, the planets, from having been at firſt globes of liquid fire, gradually became cool. The earth alſo having been daſhed obliquely forward, received a rotatory motion upon its axis at the very inſtant of its formation, and this motion being greateſt at the equator, the parts there acting againſt the force of gravity, they muſt have ſwollen out, and given the earth an oblate or flatted figure.

"As to its internal ſubſtance, our globe having once belonged to the ſun, it continues to be an uniform maſs of melted matter, very probably vitrified in its primæval fuſion. But its ſurface is very differently compoſed. Having been in the beginning heated to a degree equal to, if not greater than what comets are found to ſuſtain; like them it had an atmoſphere of vapours floating round it, and which cooling by degrees, condenſed and ſubſided upon its ſurface. Theſe vapours formed, according to their different denſities, the earth, the water, and the air; the heavier parts falling firſt, and the lighter remaining ſtill ſuſpended.

"Thus far our philoſopher is, at leaſt, as much a ſyſtem-maker as Whiſton or Burnet; and, indeed, he fights his way with great perſeverance and ingenuity through a thouſand objections that naturally ariſe. Having, at laſt, got upon the earth, he ſuppoſes himſelf on firmer ground, and goes forward with greater ſecurity. Turning his attention to the preſent appearance of things upon this globe, he pronounces from the view that the whole earth was at firſt under water. This water he ſuppoſes to have been the lighter parts of its former evaporation, which, while the earthy particles ſunk downwards by their natural gravity, floated on the ſurface, and covered it for a conſiderable ſpace of time."

After exhibiting the above mentioned theories, which, as being an hiſtory of opinions rather than things, the author has related ſuccinctly, he proceeds to give a ſhort account of thoſe animal productions that are found either on the ſurface of the earth, or at different depths below it. Theſe are ſhells, and other extraneous foſſils, the exiſtence of which within the bowels of the earth, has afforded ample ſubject of ſpeculation to natural hiſtorians. The philoſophers of this claſs have for a long time conſidered theſe marine ſubſtances

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ſubſtances as productions, not of the ſea, but of the earth; though, upon cloſer examination this opinion has at length been exploded; it being found that ſuch ſhells have, in every reſpect, the properties of animal and not of mineral nature. In conſequence of this diſcovery, ſome extraordinary conjectures have been formed, reſpecting the means by which thoſe foſſils have been depoſited in the earth. Our author obſerves, that an Italian ſuppoſes this depoſition to have been made at the time of the Cruſades, by the pilgrims who returned from Jeruſalem.

"But, ſays he, this conjecturer ſeems to have but a very inadequate idea of their numbers. At Touraine, in France, more than an hundred miles from the ſea, there is a plain of about nine leagues long, and as many broad, from whence the peaſants of the country ſupply themſelves with marle for manuring their lands. They ſeldom dig deeper than twenty feet, and the whole plain is compoſed of the ſame materials, which are ſhells of various kinds, without the ſmalleſt portion of earth between them. Here, then, is a large ſpace, in which are depoſited millions of tons of ſhells, which pilgrims could not have collected though their whole employment had been nothing elſe. England is furniſhed with its beds, which though not quite ſo extenſive, yet are equally wonderful."

"In ſeveral parts of Aſia and Africa, travellers have obſerved theſe ſhells in great abundance. In the mountains of Caſtravan, which lie above the city Barut, they quarry out a white ſtone, every part of which contains petrified fiſhes in great numbers, and of ſurprizing diverſity. They alſo ſeem to continue in ſuch preſervation, that their fins, ſcales, and all the minuteſt diſtinctions of their make, can be perfectly diſcerned."

The following remark is ſo pertinent on this ſubject, that we cannot omit quoting it.

"From all theſe inſtances we ſee in what abundance theſe petrifactions are to be found; and, indeed, Mr. Buffon, to whoſe accounts we have added ſome, has not been ſparing in the variety of his quotations, concerning the places where they are moſtly to be found. However, I am ſurprized that he ſhould have omitted the mention of one, which, in ſome meaſure, more than any of the reſt, would have ſerved to ſtrengthen his theory. We are informed, by almoſt every traveller, that has deſcribed the pyramids of Egypt, that one of them is entirely built of a kind of free-ſtone, in which theſe petrified ſhells are found in great abundance. This being the caſe, it may be conjectured, as we have accounts of theſe pyramids among the earlieſt records of mankind, and of their being built ſo long before the age of Herodotus, who lived but fifteen hundred years after the flood, that even the Egyptian prieſts could tell neither the time nor the cauſe of their erection; I ſay it may be conjectured that they were erected but a ſhort time after the flood. It is not very likely, therefore, that the marine ſubſtances found in one of them, had time to be formed into a part of the ſolid ſtone, either during the deluge, or immediately after it; and, conſequently, their petrifaction muſt have been before that period. And this is the opinion Mr. Buffon has all along ſo ſtrenuouſly endeavoured to maintain; having given ſpecious reaſons to prove, that ſuch ſhells were laid in the beds where they are now found, not only before the deluge, but even antecedent to the formation of man, at the time when the whole earth, as he ſuppoſes, was buried beneath a covering of waters."

The depoſition of theſe extraneous foſſils is now generally aſcribed to the ſea by the writers on natural hiſtory; and undoubtedly this conjecture appears to be the beſt ſupported. The author of the work before us, however, makes one remark which tends to invalidate this opinion. It is, that we find foſſil trees, which no doubt once grew upon the earth, as deep and as much in the body of ſolid rocks, as theſe ſhells are found to be; and that ſome of the former have lain at leaſt as long, if not longer, in the earth than the latter; being found ſunk deep in a marly ſubſtance, compoſed of decayed ſhells, and other marine productions. Mr. Buffon, he obſerves, has proved that foſſil ſhells could not have been depoſited in ſuch quantities all at once by the flood; and, from the above inſtance, the author of the Hiſtory thinks it is plain, that, in whatever way they were depoſited the earth was covered with trees before their depoſition: conſequently, that the ſea could not have made a very permanent ſtay; as he ſuppoſes, for the ſame reaſon, that the earth was habitable, if not inhabited, before theſe ſubſtances were depoſited.

"How then ſhall we account, ſays he, for theſe extraordinary appearances in nature? A ſuſpenſion of all aſſent is certainly the firſt, although the mortifying conduct. For my own part, were I to offer a conjecture, and all that has been ſaid upon this ſubject is but conjecture, inſtead of ſuppoſing them to be the remains of animals belonging to the ſea, I would conſider them rather as bred in the numerous freſh water lakes that, in primæval times, covered the face of uncultivated nature. Some of theſe ſhells we know to belong to freſh waters: ſome can be aſſimilated to none of the marine ſhells now known; why, therefore, may we not as well aſcribe the production of all to freſh waters, where we do not find them, as we do that of the latter, to the ſea only, where we never find them? We know that lakes, and lands alſo, have produced animals that are now no longer exiſting, why, therefore, might not theſe foſſil productions be among the number? I grant that this is making a very harſh ſuppoſition; but I cannot avoid thinking, that it is not attended with ſo many embarraſſ-

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ments as ſome of the former, and that it is much eaſier to believe that theſe ſhells were bred in freſh water, than that the ſea had for a long time covered the tops of the higheſt mountains."

After conjectural ſubjects, the author advances to the internal ſtructure of the earth, which is deſcribed in the ſubſequent chapter.

The firſt layer that is commonly found at the ſurface where it has not been waſhed off by rains, or removed by ſome other external violence, is a light coat of blackiſh mould, which ſeems to have been formed from animal and vegetable ſubſtances. Under this mould there generally lies gravel or ſand, then clay or marle, next chalk or coal, marbles, ores, ſands, gravels, and thus an alternation of theſe ſubſtances, each growing more denſe as its ſituation is deeper. Such in general is obſerved to be the diſpoſition of the different materials where the earth ſeems to have remained unmoleſted; but this order is frequently inverted, whether in conſequence of original formation, or from accidental cauſes. In our next review we ſhall finiſh the entertaining account which the author has delivered of the earth.—*Crit. Rev.*

19. *Virtue in humble Life: Containing Reflections on the reciprocal Duties of the wealthy and indigent, the Maſter and the Servant: Thoughts on the various Situations, Paſſions, Prejudices, and Virtues of Mankind: Fables applicable to the Subjects: Anecdotes of the Living and Dead: In a Dialogue between a Father and his Daughter, &c. By Jonas Hanway, Eſq.* 8vo. 2 *Vols.* 12s. *Dodſley, &c.*

MR. Hanway is entitled to the acknowledgments of the public for the uncommon application with which he has endeavoured to render them ſervice in a variety of reſpects. The pamphlets, and larger works, which he has publiſhed, amount to a conſiderable number; and it muſt afford him great ſatisfaction to be able to ſay, as he does in the introduction to the preſent performance, "All the tracts which I have introduced into the world, my travels not excepted, have been deſigned for purpoſes which I apprehended might be for the public welfare, or for the benefit of public charities, or to be *given* to the individual. Theſe offerings were made with a view to promote a ſenſe of religion and morality, in which many of our fellow-ſubjects ſeemed very deficient"

Mr. Hanway appears to be aware, that his writings may, by ſome readers, be deemed "too diffuſe and prolix;" and thus he anſwers the objection:

"It is the property of fancy, ſays he, to enlarge, and the office of judgment to contract: but amidſt ſuch a diverſity of ſubjects calculated to entertain and inſtruct, I found it difficult ſo ſay leſs, and at the ſame time familiarize my thoughts to my unlettered readers. As this book is branched out luxuriantly, and will probably be the cloſe of my labours of this kind, I hope it will be generally uſeful, and ſerve as a library to ſuch, whoſe reading is within a ſmall compaſs.—In every view, this book is the beſt legacy which I ſhall be in a capacity of leaving, either to thoſe who want, or to them that abound; and if they think it good, they will ſeek it."

The following paragraph is intended as an anſwer to a farther objection to this publication; "I am ſenſible, obſerves our Author, how ſubject a work of this kind is to be treated as an ebullition of pious zeal; nor ſhould I be ſurprized to hear it ſaid by a female acquaintance, perhaps in moſt reſpects highly valuable, "Lord! what *good* will you do, by taking ſo much pains to build this *monſtrous pile* of piety?" My anſwer is, "Your *ladyſhip* will be beſt able to determine this queſtion, if you ſhould condeſcend to read what I have written; otherwiſe I can poſſibly do you no good: your women ſervants may perhaps become the better for it, and *you* may reap ſome benefit from their virtues. If any one proves an example of piety, you will ſecretly bluſh and amend your ways.—You will not be ſurprized that *I* ſhould *preach*: I am deſcending into the vale of years; *you* are going up the hill, to take a view of what I have often ſeen. Many a long day have I beheld the vanities of the world! Many of the faults of others are obvious to me;—and ſo are ſome of my own. Things wear a different aſpect in your eyes:—If I now officiouſly intrude on your gayer hours, I remind you that it is not always *ſpring* nor *ſummer*. You wiſh in due time to reach the *winter* of your days; and what do you imagine will *then* contribute moſt to your comfort, and brighten your proſpect beyond the grave?—You have my ſincereſt wiſhes that your hopes may always bloſſom in the fulleſt charms of vernal beauty, till in the great progreſs of human wiſdom, your paſſions being lulled to reſt, your enjoyments may become pure as the limpid ſtream, bright as the meridian ſun, and calm as a ſummer ſea. Some degree of ſorrow is the lot of every mortal; but I truſt that *your proſperity* will never be impaired by the want of virtue, nor your *adverſity* be devoid of conſolation. Ere long you muſt deliver up your *material* part to be the ſport of elements; but as Nature, in her yearly courſe, reſtores the beauty of the *faireſt flowers*, though appearing irrevocably loſt, your frame being diſſolved will again unite with your angelic ſpirit: and may you *now* look up to heaven in ſuch humble purity and elevation of heart, as will render you acceptable to the great Lord of all, without whoſe favour there can be no happineſs in either world."

The dialogues contained in theſe two volumes turn upon a great variety of important ſubjects, on which we find many uſeful reflections and admonitions, enlivened by a number

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number of characters, ſtories, fables, &c. adapted to intereſt the reader in the different topics offered to his conſideration. Altho' it is a kind of work which does not well admit of extracts, we ſhall preſent our readers with one ſhort paſſage, and two of the fables.

The paſſage we ſhall inſert is in the ſeventh converſation of the firſt volume, where the daughter converſes with her father about opinions in religion: it is as follows:

"*D.* How comes it, my father, that *wiſe men* puzzle their brains ſo much about *religious* doctrines and opinions? I have heard that there are millions of books written on ſuch ſubjects, and that ſome are on points which the authors themſelves never comprehended.

"*F.* I cannot tell thee much about perſons whom thou calleſt *wiſe men*; or, as I ſuppoſe, thou meaneſt, *learned men*; only that I think, thou art happier than thoſe who take pains to perplex themſelves. Do thou endeavour to pleaſe God in that which thou perceiveſt to be right; and whenever thy *conſcience* even whiſpers thee that any thing is wrong; whenever there is any doubt, which affords a preſumption, that what thou art about to ſay, or do, will be diſpleaſing to God, forbear and avoid it.—I am under no anxiety on thy account, but that thy life be *virtuous*; the reſt will follow: for whilſt thou art good, thou never wilt be forſaken of God, or totally rejected by thy fellow creatures: but if thou ſhouldſt become *wicked*, even though the world ſhould ſmile on thee with all its blandiſhments; though all things ſhould wear a pleaſing aſpect, yet in the *end*, as ſurely as the wicked will be puniſhed, thou wouldſt be miſerable."

One of the fables is againſt the unwarrantable purſuit of pleaſure: "Two bees went in queſt of honey: one was an epicure, the other temperate; or we may call him a philoſopher.——At length they found a wide-mouth'd phial, hanging beneath the bough of a peach tree. It was enchanting to the eye and to the ſmell, for it was filled with *honey* ready tempered. The *epicure*, in ſpite of the remonſtrances of his friend, ventured in to indulge himſelf. The philoſopher, ſuſpicious of the danger, flew off to fruits and flowers, where the moderation of his meals improved his reliſh of the true enjoyment of them. In the evening, returning that way home to his hive, he found his friend ſurfeited with ſweets, as unable to *leave* the honey as to *feaſt* on it; his wings were clogged; his feet enfeebled; his whole frame was enervated and unhinged; he was only able to bid his friend a laſt farewell, lamenting that he was too late ſenſible of the good advice which had been given him; acknowledging that unreſtrained indulgence in *falſe pleaſure*, is unavoidable deſtruction."

The other fable is *The Farmer and the Lawyer*: "A farmer came to a neighbouring lawyer, expreſſing great concern for an accident, which he ſaid had juſt happened;—'One of *your oxen*, continued he, has been gored by an unlucky *bull of mine*, and I ſhould be glad to know how I am to make you reparation.' "Thou art a very honeſt fellow, replied the *lawyer*, and *will* not think it unreaſonable, that I expect one of thy oxen in return." 'It is no more than juſtice, quoth the farmer, to be ſure. But what did I ſay? I miſtake: it is *your bull* that has killed one of my oxen.' "Indeed, ſays the lawyer, *that* alters the caſe, I muſt enquire into the affair, and if——" '*And if!* ſaid the farmer,—the buſineſs, I find, would have been concluded without an *if*, had *you* been as ready to *do* juſtice to *others*, as to exact it from them."——If our author's fables have not the merit of new invention, they have indiſputably that of being well choſen.

The latter part of the ſecond volume is called a manual of devotion, conſiſting of prayers, extracts from ſcripture, pieces of poetry, &c. Some of the poetry is borrowed from the volume publiſhed by Miſs Aikin, now Mrs. Barbauld.—*Monthly Review.*

19. *The Grecian Hiſtory, from the earlieſt State to the Death of Alexander the Great. By Dr. Goldſmith.* 2 *vols.* 8*vo.* 10*s.* *Rivington.*

THE *applauſe* beſtowed on the *Roman Hiſtory*, written by Dr. Goldſmith, induced him, as we are told, to write this *Grecian Hiſtory*. We were afraid there had been a more prevailing motive and incitement—money. The work before us, is a tolerable good abridgement of the general hiſtory of Greece, as to ſize—and both the plan and ſtile are perſpicuous. We are ſorry to remark, that there are too many ſigns of precipitation, if not inattention: ſuch as, miſnomers, inaccuracies of language, and defects in chronology. That our readers may form a judgment of the author's deſcriptive ſtile, we ſubjoin the following extract of the *death of Socrates*.

Socrates fell a ſacrifice to popular diſſentions—when by his anſwer, he appealed from the tribunal of his judges to that of juſtice and poſterity; when inſtead of confeſſing himſelf guilty, he demanded rewards and honours from the ſtate, the judges were ſo much offended, that they condemned him to drink hemlock. "Socrates received this ſentence with the utmoſt compoſure. Apollodorus, one of his diſciples, launching out into bitter invectives and lamentations that his maſter ſhould die *innocent*: 'What, (replies Socrates with a ſmile) would you have had me die guilty? Melitus and Anytus may kill, but they cannot hurt me."

"Socrates paſſed the laſt day of his life with his friends, and diſcourſed with them with his uſual chearfulneſs and tranquility. The ſubject of converſation was the moſt important, but adapted to the preſent conjuncture, that is to ſay, the immortality of the ſoul. What gave occaſion to this diſcourſe was a queſtion introduced in a manner

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ner by chance, Whether a true philoſopher ought not to deſire, and take pains to die? This propoſition, taken too literally, implied an opinion, that a philoſopher might kill himſelf. Socrates ſhews, that nothing is more unjuſt than this notion; and that man appertaining to God, who formed and placed him with his own hand in the poſt he poſſeſſes, cannot abandon it without his permiſſion, nor depart from life without his order. What is it then that can induce a philoſopher to entertain this love for death? It can be only the hope of that happineſs which he expects in another life; and that hope can be founded only upon the opinion of the ſoul's immortality.

"Socrates employed the laſt day of his life in entertaining his friends upon this great and important ſubject; from which converſation, Plato's admirable dialogue, entitled the Phædon, is wholly taken. He explains to his friends all the arguments for believing the ſoul immortal, and refutes all the objections againſt it, which are very near the ſame as are made at this day.

"When Socrates had done ſpeaking, Crito deſired him to give him, and the reſt of his friends, his laſt inſtructions, in regard to his children and other affairs, that by executing them they might have the conſolation of doing him ſome pleaſure. I ſhall recommend nothing to you this day, replied Socrates, more than I have already done, which is, to take care of yourſelves. You cannot do yourſelves a greater ſervice, nor do me and my family a greater pleaſure. Crito having aſked him afterwards, in what manner he thought fit to be buried? As you pleaſe, ſaid Socrates, if you can lay hold of me, and I not eſcape out of your hands. At the ſame time, looking on his friends with a ſmile, I can never perſuade Crito, that Socrates is he who converſes with you, and diſpoſes the ſeveral parts of his diſcourſe, for he always imagines, that I am what he is going to ſee dead in a little while; he confounds me with my carcaſe, and therefore aſks me how I would be interred. In finiſhing theſe words, he roſe up, and went to bathe himſelf in a chamber adjoining. After he came out of the bath, his children were brought to him; for he had three, two very little, and the other grown up. He ſpoke to them for ſome time, gave his orders to the women who took care of them, and then diſmiſſed them. Being returned into his chamber, he laid himſelf down upon his bed.

"The ſervant of the eleven magiſtrates entered at that inſtant, and having informed him that the time for drinking the hemlock was come, (which was at ſun-ſet) the ſervant was ſo much afflicted with ſorrow, that he turned his back and fell a-weeping. See, ſaid Socrates, the good heart of this man: ſince my impriſonment he has often come to ſee me, and to converſe with me: he is more worthy than all his fellows: how heartily the poor man weeps for me. This is a remarkable example, and might teach thoſe in an office of this kind, how they ought to behave to all priſoners, but more eſpecially to perſons of merit, when they are ſo unhappy to fall into their hands. The fatal cup was brought. Socrates aſked what it was neceſſary for him to do. Nothing more, replied the ſervant, than as ſoon as you have drank off the draught, to walk about till you find your legs grow weary, and afterwards lie down upon your bed. He took the cup without any emotion, or change in his colour or countenance; and regarding the man with a ſteady and aſſured look, 'Well, (ſaid he) what ſay you of this drink; may one make a libation out of it?' Upon being told, that there was only enough for one doſe, 'At leaſt, (continued he) we may ſay our prayers to the gods, as it is our duty, and implore them to make our exit from this world, and our laſt ſtage happy, which is what I moſt ardently beg of them.' After having ſpoke theſe words, he kept ſilence for ſome time, and then drank off the whole draught with an amazing tranquility, and ſerenity of aſpect, not to be expreſſed or conceived.

"Till then his friends, with great violence to themſelves, had refrained from tears; but, after he had drank the potion, they were no longer their own maſters, and wept abundantly. Apollodorus, who had been in tears during almoſt the whole of the converſation, began then to raiſe great cries, and to lament with ſuch exceſſive grief, as pierced the hearts of all that were preſent. Socrates alone remained unmoved, and even reproved his friends, though with his uſual mildneſs and good nature. 'What are you doing? (ſaid he to them.) I admire at you! Oh, what is become of your virtue? Was it not for this I ſent away the women, that they might not fall into theſe weakneſſes? for I have always heard ſay, that we ought to die peaceably, and bleſſing the gods. Be at eaſe, I beg you, and ſhew more conſtancy and reſolution.' He then obliged them to reſtrain their tears.

"In the mean time he kept walking to and fro; and, when he found his legs grow weary, he lay down upon his back, as he had been directed.

"The poiſon then operated more and more. When Socrates found it began to gain upon his heart, uncovering his face, which had been covered, without doubt to prevent any thing from diſturbing him in his laſt moments, 'Crito, (ſaid he) we owe a cock to Æſculapius: diſcharge that vow for me, and pray do not forget it.' Soon after which he breathed his laſt. Crito went to his body, and cloſed his mouth and eyes. Such was the end of Socrates, in the firſt year of the ninety-fifth Olympiad, and the ſeventieth of his age.

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"It was not till some time after the death of this great man, that the people of Athens perceived their mistake, and began to repent of it; their hatred being satisfied, their prejudices expired, and time having given them an opportunity for reflection, the notorious injustice of the sentence appeared in all its horrors. Nothing was heard throughout the city but discourses in favour of Socrates. The Academy, the Lyceum, private houses, public walks, and market-places, seemed still to re-echo the found of his loved voice. 'Here, (said they) he formed our youth, and taught our children to love their country, and to honour their parents. In this place he gave us his admirable lessons, and sometimes made us seasonable reproaches, to engage us more warmly in the pursuit of virtue. Alas, how have we rewarded him for such important services!' Athens was in universal mourning and consternation. The schools were shut up, and all exercises suspended. The accusers were called to a severe and strict account for the innocent blood they had caused to be shed. Melitus was condemned to die, and the rest banished. Plutarch observes, that all who had any share in this black calumny were in such abomination amongst the citizens, that no one would give them fire, answer them any question, nor go into the same bath with them, and had the place cleaned where they had bathed, lest they should be polluted by touching it, which drove them into such despair, that many of them killed themselves.

"The Athenians, not contented with having punished his accusers, caused a statue of brass to be erected to him, of the workmanship of the celebrated Lysippus, and placed it in one of the most conspicuous parts of the city. Their respect and gratitude rose even to a religious veneration; they dedicated a chapel to him, as to a hero and a demi-god, which they called the Chapel of Socrates."——*Lond. Mag.*

22. *Poems, chiefly rural. By Mr. Richardson.* 8vo. 2s. 6d. *boards. Murray.*

HALF of these poems consists of Odes, Idyllos, and Anacreontics. We will give the first in the collection as a specimen.

HYMN to VIRTUE.

"Ever lovely and benign,
Endow'd with energy divine,
Hail Virtue! hail! from thee proceed
The great design, the heroic deed,
The heart that melts for human woes,
Valour, and truth, and calm repose.
Though fortune frown, though fate prepare
Her shafts, and wake corroding care,
Though wrathful clouds involve the skies,
Though lightnings glare, and storms arise,
In vain to shake the guiltless soul,
Chang'd fortune frowns, and thunders roll.
Pile, Avarice, thy yellow hoard;
Spread, Luxury, thy costly board;
Ambition, crown thy head with bays;
Let Sloth recline on beds of ease;
Admir'd, ador'd, let beauty roll
The magic eye that melts the soul;
Unless with purifying fires
Virtue the conscious soul inspires,
In vain, to bar intruding woe,
Wealth, fame, and power, and pleasure flow.
To me thy sovereign gift impart,
The resolute unshaken heart,
To guide me from the flowery way
Where Pleasure tunes her siren-lay:
Deceitful path! where Shame and Care,
The poisonous shaft conceal'd, prepare!
And shield me with thy generous pride
When Fashion scoffs, and fools deride.
Ne'er let Ambition's meteor-ray
Mislead my reason, and betray
My fancy with the gilded dream
Of hoarded wealth, and noisy fame.
But let my soul consenting flow
Compassionate of others woe;
Teach me the kind endearing art
To heal the mourner's broken heart,
To ease the wrankling wounds of Care,
And sooth the frenzy of Despair.
So, lovely virgin, may I gain
Admission to thy hallow'd fane,
Where Peace of Mind, of eye serene,
Of heavenly hue, and placid mien,
Leads, smiling, thy celestial choir,
And smites the consecrated lyre,
And may that minstrelsy, whose charm
Can Rage, and Grief, and Care disarm,
Can passion's lawless force controul,
Sooth, melt, and elevate my soul!"

The following HYMN to HEALTH is distinguished by a *profusion* of gay and beautiful poetic imagery.

"O by the gentle gales that blow
Refreshing from the mountain's brow,
By the vermil bloom of morn,
By the dew-drop on the thorn,
By the sky-lark's matin lay,
By the flowers that blooming May
Sprinkles on the meads and hills,
By the brooks and fuming rills,
Come, smiling Health, and deign to be
Our queen of rural sports and glee.
What sudden radiance gilds the skies!
What warblings from the groves arise!
A breeze more odoriferous blows!
The stream more musically flows!
A brighter smile the valley wears!
And lo! the lovely queen appears.
O Health! I know thy blue-bright eye,
Thy dewy lip, thy rosy dye,
Thy dimpled cheek, thy lively air
That wins a smile from pining care.
Soft-pinioned gales around thee breathe,
Perfuming dews thy tresses bathe,
The zone of Venus girds thy waist,
The young Loves flutter round thy breast,
And on thy path the rose-wing'd hours
Scatter their variegated flowers.
See! the nymphs and every swain
Mingle in thy festive train,

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With roguiſh winks, and winning wiles,
And whiſpering low, and dimpling ſmiles,
And many a tale, deviſed with care,
To win the bathful maiden's ear;
And ſweetly ſoothing blandiſhment,
And the coy air of half conſent;
And Joy, and roſe-complexion'd Laughter
With tottering footſtep following after.
Goddeſs ever blyth and fair,
Ever mild and debonair,
Stay with us, and deign to be
Our queen of rural mirth and glee."

The remaining part of the volume preſents us with Rural Tales, a Poem on Runny-Mead, Corſica, an Elegy on the Death of a Lady, Miſcellaneous Verſes, and the Progreſs of Melancholy, all written in blank verſe. That our readers may be able to judge of the author's manner in this ſpecies of poetry, we ſhall lay before them the concluſion of Runny-Mead.

" Famed Runny-Mead! thee I ſurvey with awe
And holy reverence! May no impious ſtep
Profane thy hallow'd bounds. O ye, immerſt
In luxury or ſhameful ſloth, the ſlaves
Of pleaſure, who neglect the warning voice
Of public virtue, when a nation's tears
Implore deliverance from oppreſſion's rod,
Or baleful penury—O ye who dare,
In ſpite of ſhame, regardleſs of contempt,
For paltry gold, or titles falſely deem'd
Honours, your peerleſs birth-right ſell, and bend
Submiſſive to the yoke—O ye who bathe
Your ſpeech in honied flattery, who mould
Your pliant features to aſſenting ſmiles,
And heap mean incenſe on the ſplendid ſhrine
Of arrogating pride—O falſe of heart,
Ye who enflam'd with avarice, or revenge,
Or envy, or ambition, dare aſſume
The ſemblance of fair liberty, to fire
The madding multitude, and from her dens
Infernal to provoke the ſnaky fiend,
Frantic Sedition—Hence ye tainted crew,
Nor taſte this air, nor with licentious ſtep
Profane this hallow'd ground. The virgin choir
Pierian here, ſhall ſcatter garlands wove
With flowers of Attica, and thoſe that bloom
By Aganippe's tuneful fount. The powers
And virtues delegated to protect
The human race, with Albion's antient chiefs,
Shall here aſſemble, and high councils hold
To blaſt the might, to counteract the ſpells
Of Vice, arch-necromancer; and ſecure
The happineſs ordain'd to mortal man.
" And now return my vagrant Muſe! full bold
Haſt thou adventured, and haſt ſwell'd a note
Of higher utterance than befits the reed
Of an unpoliſh'd miniſtrel. Yet the lay
Flows not in vain, nor without high reward
Of honour, if the illuſtrious few approve,
Who value independence, and have vow'd
By truth and virtue to maintain her power."

We may obſerve, on the whole, that Mr. Richardſon diſcovers a rich vein of ſentimental and deſcriptive poetry, adorned with harmonious verſification; and that he is, ſo far as we know, the firſt perſon that ever wood the Muſes, at leaſt ſucceſsfully, at St. Peterſburgh, where ſeveral of the poems have been written.——*Crit. Rev.*

22. *Muſical Travels through England. By Joel Collier, Organiſt.* 8vo. 1s.

THE author of this humorous performance, (which is a profeſſed burleſque on Dr. Burney's Introduction to the Hiſtory of Muſic) in an ironical Dedication to the Governors of the Foundling-hoſpital, ſpeaking of the intention of founding a ſchool in that hoſpital for Muſic, ſays, " When I was informed of this event, I hailed the happy omen, the dawn of an Auguſtan æra; and reſolved to offer my tribute of congratulation and applauſe, and to dedicate this work to a ſet of gentlemen, who have ſo diſtinguiſhed their zeal for the intereſt and advancement of muſic. Perhaps it will at firſt appear a bold undertaking in the guardians of deſerted orphans, chiefly ſupported by parliamentary grants of public money, to declare, that they cannot be maintained by the public for a more uſeful purpoſe, than to be taught to ſing and play Italian airs. For men of narrow and contracted minds, who have neither ear, nor voice, nor hand, will ſtill imagine, that it might prove of more national utility, to breed theſe adopted children of the public to Huſbandry, Navigation, &c. the objects of their original deſtination; than to convert one of the nobleſt of our public charities into a nurſery for the ſupply of muſical performers at our theatres, gardens, and hops.—But this is a vulgar prejudice. The improvement of the fine arts ought to be the firſt object of public attention in an age of luxury, peace, and plenty, like the preſent; when we have rivalled the Italians in muſic, it will be time enough to think of our navy, and our agriculture. We have already (to our ſhame be it ſpoken) better ſailors than fidlers, and more farmers than contrapuntiſts. But as I take this circumſtance to ariſe entirely from the different degree of encouragement thoſe occupations have hitherto received, I do not deſpair of ſeeing the reverſe take place, when gentlemen of your rank deign to ſtand forward, and correct the errors of the public, by the influence and ſanction of your example."

The author then humorouſly gives an account of his taſte for muſic from his infancy; and having been informed (he ſays) that the infancy, and indeed the riper years of the great Muſ. D. or muſical doctor, whom I call, *par excellence*, DR. MUS) paſſed in much the ſame manner, and that having obſerved with what eclat, his ingenious account of his ingenious travels has been received, he

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conceived a design of following so illustrious an example, and travelling thro' the dominions of England, Scotland, and Ireland, with the town of Berwick upon Tweed, to give a true state of the musical improvement and progression in these kingdoms.

"Before I set forward on my travels, (says our author) I chose to change my name from Collier to Coglioni, or Collioni, as more euphonious; and on the first of April, having torn myself from the arms of my weeping wife, and four small children, I put my bassoon into a green bag, and slung it across my shoulders; my large violoncello was laid on my knee as I sat in the waggon, and my cloaths, with a bottle of brandy and some biscuits, were packed up in the viol case.—As I was neither patronized, nor franked on my tour by any Dilettanti Lord, I must confess, the low state of my circumstances, and the poverty in which I had left my family, cast a damp on my spirits; but this was always soon dissipated by an air on the violoncello, and by recollecting the great advantages my travels, to enquire into the state of music in this island, would be to my dear native country, and the fame and glory I should acquire by the publication of my work, perhaps only inferior to that of the great Dr. Mus himself.

Inspir'd by taste, o'er lands and seas he flew,
Europe he saw, and Europe saw him too;
Thro' lands of singing, or of dancing slaves,
Love-echoing woods, and lute-resounding waves.
O while along the stream of time, that name
Expanded flies, and gathers all its fame;
Say, shall my little bark attendant sail,
Pursue the triumph, and partake the gale?—

Mr. Collier then gives a very whimsical account of his travels through Lincoln, Sheffield, York, Durham, Carlisle, and Bristol.

The complexion of the whole piece may be judged of by the following extract, which we have selected for the entertainment of our readers:

"Dr. Dilettante was so kind as to make me a present of a place in the stage coach to Sheffield in my road to York, that I might enquire into the present state of the music of that city and cathedral. Among the passengers was a gentleman of a grave aspect, who, from his not attending to me at the inn, when I played a most inchanting solo on my hautboy, appeared at first to have no ears; but on further conversation I found him a most agreeable companion. He cried up the ingenuity of the Sheffield manufacturers, and told me of a new musical instrument, more complicate, he thought, and louder than an organ. The next day he was so good as to accompany me to hear this new organic instrument. The first thing I could observe was a number of iron pipes, and a water-wheel to work the large bellows, like that organ of which there is a print in Kempleri Musurgia. When the wheel was in motion, I observed many of the notes higher than in any organ I had ever heard; and was told, that these ingenious people had found the only way to produce these was, by boring gun-barrels; to these a symphony was adduced by files, which cut the teeth of large saws, and the mellow tones of two great hammers, which at intervals struck on large pieces of red-hot iron, made a more tremendous and affecting concert, than all the mingled whistles of Cecilia's organ.

"Having paid a shilling to the performers of this stupendous piece of harmony, at which my grave companion seemed much delighted, and listened to my remarks upon it with the greatest avidity and approbation; "Signior Collioni, says he, your observations enchant me; the most antient music, as you well explain, was made with hammers beating upon anvils, as invented by Tubal Cain, and practised in the shop of his successor Vulcan, though Saturn is thought to have been the first of the *castrati*.—But this invention was not compleat, Signior Collioni, it was not compleat, till this excellent treble made by boring guns, and cutting saws, was added.—It is now become the true antient, celebrated, long-lost, and long-deplored chromatic, which that heathen Plato, who had doubtless ass's ears, expelled from his artificial commonwealth.

"Doubtless you are right in your conjectures, replied I, Mr. Hummings, (for that was my kind companion's name) it was music like this, which could disenchant the moon, and make trees and stones dance *allemands*. Would you believe it, Mr. Hummings, I once cured a girl bit with a tarantula with this simple bassoon?

"*Trut, turrut, phub, phub, bush!*——This was the air, Mr. Hummings, you shall hear it—*trut, turrut, phub, phub, bush*:—the girl, rising from her melancholy attitude, danced till the sweat ran down to the hem of her scarlet petticoat; and after I had presented her with a bit of money, became so lively as to strip herself like King David, and danced like a Heinel. I can assure you, Mr. Hummings, I drove away the evil spirit, and cured her of her tarantulism that night.

"Not unlike this, is a fact recorded by the divine Homer. Ulysses had a large rent made in his thigh by a wild boar,—a terrible animal, Mr. Hummings:—well, and what happened?—why, he only sent for the town-waits, and after the first bar or two were played, the blood stopped; and as the fiddles proceeded, the wound contracted, and by the time they had finished *Alley Croaker, Moggy Lauder*, and *A lovely Lass to a Friar came*, (which are all antient Greek tunes, Sir,) the wound was quite healed, and the cicatrix as smooth as the back of my hand.

"During this conversation, an unfortunate accident had happened near us. One of the performers on the hammer and iron by a fall had broken his leg. A surgeon was sent

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ſent for with all diſpatch, but Mr. Hummings ſaid I might as well try the effect of the baſſoon upon him; and pointing to me, told the people they need ſeek no farther, for I was ſuperior to any ſurgeon. Upon this, untying my green bag, the man cried out, he begged no inſtruments might be uſed.—"No, ſays I, none but a muſical inſtrument." So I began with a gentle blaſt, and played and ſung alternately,—*You'll ne'er go the ſooner to the Stygian Ferry. Let not your noble Spirits be caſt down, but drink, drink, drink, and be merry.*—"Give me ſome ale, (cries the wounded man) I like this Doctor." Afterward I blew till I nearly had burſt my cheeks, and then ſung, *If 'tis joy to wound a Lover*; but the bone would not knit:—indeed I could not make it knit at all—and I don't believe, as Mr. Hummings ſaid, that if Dr. Mus himſelf, and all the muſicians of Britain, fiddlers, violoncellos, double violoncellos, trumpets, and trumpet-marinos, together with every *Maeſtro di Capella* in Italy had been preſent, they could have made this bone knit—which, I ſuppoſe, was owing to the ſcorbutic habit of body of the patient; indeed, Mr. Hummings attributed it entirely to this cauſe; for the blood ſtopped before I had finiſhed the firſt ſong."

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FLOWERS OF PARNASSUS.

LYCIDAS; A POETICAL TALE.

[*Illustrated with a fine Engraving.*]

'TWAS at that time, when solitary eve
Spreads her grey robe; as o'er the lily'd vale
Stray'd my lone steps, to a sequester'd shade
Immur'd with rustling boughs, I mark'd a swain
Stroll pensively along; his hoary head
Was silver'd o'er by age; his bending hand
Lean'd on the propping staff; o'er his wan cheeks
(Shrunk by slow-stealing time) corroding care
Had cast her deep'ning furrows, whence the tear
Rill'd softly down; and from his lab'ring breast
The sighs of woe burst in repeated moans.
Compassion thrill'd my frame; I urg'd my way,
And hail'd the rev'rend mourner.—Now discourse
Ensu'd on either side; while all his pangs
I felt, as thus he told his piteous tale:

"My name is LYCIDAS; in yonder cot
(Hedg'd round with spreading shrubs) my wife and I
Late had our blest abode;—we had one son,
Pride of our age;—whose willing hands sustain'd
His feeble parents; for he gave his thoughts
To crown our heads with joy, and all our cares
Smooth'd, soften'd, and allay'd. The flush of health
Crimson'd his mellow cheek; and genial joy
Beam'd in his eye; with a superior mien
He trod amid the swains, while heart-felt peace
Adorn'd each feature.—Oh! to stain the traits
Of former scenes—fled like a fleeting dream
Ne'er to return—what, and how vast the pang!

"A Nymph, the fairest of the rural throng,
Engag'd his heart, nor did he woo in vain
The blooming virgin; and th' appointed day
Had near arriv'd, to crown their tender loves.

"Who to themselves shall promise issuing joys?
None but the fool.—We thought of circling
In future periods;—active fancy saw [bliss
Their little prattlers grasp our trembling knees,
Hang o'er our words with rapture, and repay
Our fondness with their smiles; but oh! how vain,
How transient are our wishes! This day gives
Joys unexpected; and returning dawn
Crowds on its mighty woes.

"One fatal eve,
My son, as wont, drove his accustom'd charge
To *Tweed*'s pure current. Limpid was the stream,
And all serene the sky; the setting sun
Stoop'd from the crimson'd cloud, and pour'd his beams
Full on the amber pool; the crystal stream
Reflecting back the rays, unto his eye
Disclos'd its pebbled bed. The vocal choir,
Melodious thrilling thro' the quiv'ring trees,
Chear'd all around; e'en nature's self conspir'd [stream
To please, and tempt him in the cooling
To bathe his wearied limbs. Lur'd by the scene,
He plung'd amid the wave, and fail'd awhile
Triumphant o'er its surface; till at once
Red rush'd the river down, and o'er the plains
Spread desolation. Thrice his nervous arm
Repell'd the swelling surge, and thrice the tide
Broke o'er him: Snatch'd at once from life, from joy,
His much-lov'd parents, and his eager hopes,
He sunk precipitate, till rous'd again
By death's dread struggles, (for the angry flood
Gush'd from his nostrils, and his heart beat thick
Within its pent-up chest) he gasp'd for breath,
And made a faint essay; casting his eyes
O'er the extending deluge to the plain
In silent agony, he gaz'd for aid;
Alas, how vain! for no relief was near.
Ye fathers, who have felt the throbs of woe
For a beloved son, O pity me,
While I relate, that from a distant mount
I saw afar his ruin. Swift as wind
I left the clift, and hast'ning on to save
My fondling from the stream, met greater woe,
His aged mother, and his beauteous bride,
Unknown to me, had climb'd a rising hill,
To view the rolling deluge; when at once
A breaking wave unto their eyes disclos'd
A bulky object, whirling round and round
With the tempestuous billow; till at last
They dash'd it on the shore. Both, stooping down,
To eye it nearer, started with amaze
To view their darling's corpse; aghast they look'd
At other speechless, while convulsions shook
Their quiv'ring frames, and with a hollow shriek
They downward fell, and mix'd the frothy stream.

"Oh

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Engraved for the Monthly Miscellany.

LYCIDAS.

Both stooping down
Eyeing it nearer, started with amaze
To view their darling's corpse; aghast they look'd.

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"Oh ye whose tender bosoms pity thrills,
Shed soft'ned anguish; ye who feel the hand
Of ruthless want, bereav'd of all ye lov'd,
Give me the feeling tear; and guide your steps
To yonder lonely vale, where their lov'd dust
Adds to the mould'ring ruins. Oft at eve
I speed my way, and stroll the peaceful graves
With tears of poignant pain. For now to earn
A small subsistence, these week, feeble hands
Manure the rugged glebe; and my grey hairs
Sink to the dust with anguish, pain, & woe.

[*Edinb. Mag.*]

PRIZE POEM.

For the MONTHLY MISCELLANY.

An ODE to CONTENTMENT.

COME, welcome guest, DIVINE CONTENTMENT, come!
And breathe into my soul the soothing strains
Of peace, and love, and heart-felt joy serene:
For nought save *peace*, and *love*, and *heart-felt joy*
Serene, with thee can ever dwell. O thou
Transparent fountain of terrestrial bliss!
Fair Virtue's daughter! Deign to smile as erst
On *Eden*'s happy fields; where joy unmix'd,
And purest streams of love, devoid of art,
In sacred channels flow'd,—till *Adam* fell,
And innocence was lost:—Yes, deign to smile
On him, who now in chearful lay assays
At once to sing, extol, and court thy charms.

Companion sweet! how worthy of my choice!
The mind's best nourisher!—What but that FIRST
CREATIVE POW'R, that out of *Chaos* call'd
Into existence angels bright, and taught
The heav'nly choir one general song, cou'd raise
A form so fair? And what but boundless love
To smile on mortals cou'd that form permit?--
What but impartial, condescending love
(That shines in all its deeds conspicuous)
Cou'd lead to *Irus*' solitary cot
Thy willing steps? While vaunting *Florio*, rob'd
In all the glare and worthlessness of pomp,
(Ingrate!—His own, not Heav'n's injustice!)—sighs
In vain for thee.—'Tis on the *virtuous mind*
Thou ever pour'st thy balmy sweets. The good,
And wise, the honest, unaspiring heart,
That bends to Nature's, and to Reason's laws,
From false desire refin'd, and undebas'd
With guilty fears, in thee is sure to find
The bosom-friend.—Thou grateful relisher
Of all the sweets, and soother of the cares
Of life! Exil'd from thee, what's all the pomp
And pageantry of state? the flow of wealth?
The fame of heroes; and the pride of kings?--
What but the common *gibbet* of a name?
All false ambition, and all mean parade!
All airy splendor, and fanatic bliss!
Let *sceptre'd Monarchs* mount unenvied thrones;
Let *fawning Courtiers* spread the well-feign'd smile,
Involv'd in all the mazy labyrinth
Of state; let *Epicurus' pupils* quaff
The baneful sweets of *Circe*'s cup; dwell on
The *Siren*'s fascinating charms; and fill
The goblet full of luxury and death;
And let the stupid *money-loving wight*
Brood o'er the bags of splendid indigence,
And hourly venerate his *idol-god*;—
While *I, thy suppliant votary*, serene
In COOL RETIREMENT, such as virtue loves,
Abstracted from the vain variety
Of fancied pleasures, but of real pains,
With thee hold converse sweet.

Cœlestial Maid!
When fair *Aurora*, with her dappled wings,
First sweeps the mountain's top, and jocund day
With youthful step ascends the eastern scale;
Or when the potent monarch of the light
Shoots vertical his fervid rays, and darts
On man, and beast, on herb, tree, fruit, and stream,
His strong meridian influence; or when
His chariot visits *Amphitrite*'s shades,
(As *Græcian* fable sings) and twilight gray
Steals softly on,—be THOU my darling theme!
Be thou my morning, noon-tide, evening song!
Whether (as fancy leads) I bend my steps
Along the winding streams;—or muse along
The flow'ry meads, and suck the fragrant gale;—
Whether delighted tread the verdant plain,
And hear the blended voice of lowing herds
In lusty droves, and bleating innocence,
The watchful shepherd's care; (whilst he, reclin'd
Beneath the *peaceful hawthorn*, whistling mocks
The gilded state of *canopies*)—or court
(As *oft*) the silent shade, where breezes fan,
And glimmering sun-beams play;—or careless rove
(As *now*) amid the waving fields, and view
The *sickled swains*, (*thrice happy, if they knew
Their happy state!) in chearful band array'd,
Robust, and bending to the golden sheaves,
While rural tales, and simple jest beguile
The time, and steal the sultry hours away;—
Or when the SACRED, or POETIC vein,
Alternate flowing, warms my raptur'd heart,
Still let me live with THEE, supremely blest!

Nourish'd by *Thee*, the infant Muse exalts
Her tuneful voice, adorns th' instructive page
With subject, diction, imagʼry, and song,
And soothes the wayward passions into peace.
With

* *O fortunatos nimiùm, sua si bona nôrint,*
Agricolas! Virg.

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With Thee ſerene *Philoſophy* delights
To fix her bleſt abode; whether ſhe ſoars
On contemplation's wings, and views intent
The rolling wonders of th' *Etherial plain*,
Sees worlds unnumber'd in the boundleſs ſpace,
And ſcans their various rounds; or penetrates
The dark receſſes of *Dame Nature*'s laws,
And with inſpection keen inveſtigates
The *Strata* of the *vegetable world*,
" The ſyſtem, more complex, of *animals*,"
Or, more exalted ſtill,—the *human frame*.

Thou ſweet enliv'ner of each potent ray,
That ſhoots from SCIENCE' tow'ring brow, and ſtrikes
Th' illumin'd mind! th' expreſſive *Claſſic* ſtile,
The flow'rs of *Roman*, and of *Grecian* ſong,
All bloom with Thee.—With Thee the *Mantuan* ſwain
Tunes ſweeteſt his melodious lays, and paints
(Delightful taſk!) the pleaſing rural ſcenes
In all the matchleſs harmony of verſe.—
With Thee *Mæonidas* on rapid wing
Advent'rous ſoars aloft, and lifts the ſoul
Aſtoniſh'd at his flight. And by his ſide
The *Britiſh muſe* with equal ſteps aſcends
The hill of Fame:——Invention's honour'd Sire,
Great *Milton*, firſt in rank, (dear *Albion*'s boaſt)
Tho' *dark*, yet clear his *intellectual* fight,
Fair as the paradiſe he ſung, as heav'n
Sublime; and *Shakeſpeare*, fancy's fav'rite ſon,
Who trod the windings of the human breaſt;
And that delightful bard, who whilom ſung
In *Twit'nam*'s bow'rs inſpir'd;—and he who tun'd
Th' harmonious *ſeaſons* of the circling year;
(Grateful viciſſitude!) and thouſands more,
(Who, without *thee*, thou ſoul of genius, taſte,
Philoſophy, and ſong! wou'd faintly ſhed
Their chearleſs light) of worth exalted, claim
The tribute of my muſe;—too weak to count
Their numbers; but far weaker ſtill to ſing
Their pow'rful influence on the glowing heart.—
Enough that I, bleſt with a grateful ſenſe
Of INDEPENDENCE, and a MIND AT EASE,
In pleaſing, unambitious ſtrains invoke
That other jewel in the crown of bliſs,
Sweet roſy HEALTH, the godhead to beſtow.

THIS is the golden life, which *ſteeled guilt*,
And ſordid *mammon*, never knew; the life
Of virtue, honor, honeſty, and truth;
That " ſoul's clear ſunſhine", and that *inward calm*,
In ſpite of *ſtorms without*; that *hears*, nor *feels*
The human tempeſt beat; ſecurely wrapt
In conſcious peace; that yet with feeling heart
Deplores the vices of an age corrupt;
Smiles at its follies, and its rage diſdains.—
THIS was the charming, eligible life,
Led in the bliſsful bow'rs of *Paradiſe*,
" Where Angels dwelt, and God himſelf with man."

D——, *Aug.* 20, 1774. C. A.

For the MONTHLY MISCELLANY.

HAPPINESS: A POETICAL ESSAY.

SAY Happineſs where doſt thou dwell,
In poliſh'd courts, or hermits' lonely cell?
Reſid'ſt thou with the rich and great;
The pomp of pow'r and pageantry of ſtate?
Or ſhunning the debauch of court,
Say doſt thou to the ſtraw-thatch'd hut reſort?
On the laborious peaſant ſmile,
His labours crown, and recompence his toil?
Or do the learned and the wiſe,
Poſſeſs th' ineſtimable prize?
Whilſt thus I reaſon, veil'd from human eyes,
An angel form deſcends, and thus the Goddeſs cries:
" The ſculptur'd dome, whoſe marble columns riſe
" Superbly great, and charm the gazer's eyes,
" With all the oſtentatious coſt of art,
" Nor peace can give nor happineſs impart,
" To him who owns the ſuperſtructure; who
" May e'en this moment be diſſolv'd in woe.
" Nor is the rich man happy in his ſtore,
" Poſſeſs'd of thouſands, ſighing ſtill for more.
" Not all the riches *Peru*'s mines can boaſt,
" Not all the wealth of fam'd *Golconda*'s coaſt,
" Her glitt'ring di'monds and her precious ſtones,
" That deck the pride of kings and pomp of [thrones;
" Nor ſcepter'd monarchs with their regal pow'r,
" Can bribe my preſence for a ſingle hour.
" Amidſt the pamper'd luxury of courts,
" Seldom, ah! ſeldom, Happineſs reſorts;
" Baniſh'd from thence, I ſeek the diſtant ſhade,
" The cot enlighten, or illume the glade.
" *There* pleaſure, folly, pride, poſſeſs the ſoul,
" Uſurp my throne and reign without controul.
" But ſhort their reign—for ſoon the viſion flies,
" And ſoon ſucceeds a train of miſeries;
" Pale poverty and heart-diſtracting care,
" And all the family of black deſpair.
" At night, when on the needful couch reclin'd,
" What dire ideas rack the guilty mind;
" What terrifying dreams alarm the breaſt,
" Deny repoſe, and neceſſary reſt;
" Before their eyes what ghaſtly ſpectres glide,
" Augment their miſeries, and their woes deride;
" Awaken'd conſcience ſharpens all her ſtings,
" And to remembrance their paſt actions brings;
" Virtue abus'd, and innocence betray'd,
" Point to the boſom of the injur'd maid,
" And ſhew the blood yet reeking on the blade;
" The tears yet flowing from her radiant eyes,
" Her blood for vengeance, ſpeedy vengeance cries;
" Nor cries in vain, the awful thunders roll,
" And vivid lightnings flaſh from pole to pole.
" Trembling

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"Trembling aghaſt, in vain on heav'n they call,
"Fix'd is their fate,—nor diſtant is their fall;
"They die, and gain the merited reward,
"The endleſs wrath of heav'n's avenging lord.
Ah! what you cry can HAPPINESS beſtow,
Say from what ſpring ſubſtantial pleaſures flow?
"Know, mortal know, 'tis from a ſource divine,
"Tread Virtue's path, and Happineſs is thine.
"Virtue alone can happineſs beſtow,
"The virtuous only happineſs ſhall know.
"There's no diſtinction with the king of heav'n,
"To ev'ry mortal equal chance is given;
"The ſcepter'd monarch, the untutor'd ſwain,
"Alike obeying, ſhall alike obtain;
"A well-ſpent life will endleſs bliſs enſure,
"And virtuous acts eternal peace procure.
"When life's gay viſionary ſcene is o'er,
"And tinſel toys and bubbles charm no more,
"Then ſhall the ſoul exulting wing its way,
"Loos'd from the maſs of long-impris'ning clay;
"And ſoar to realms of everlaſting day,
"Virtue ſhall riſe, and rob'd in native white,
"Aſcend the regions of celeſtial light,
"There join the heavenly ſymphony, and ſing
"Eternal praiſes to th' eternal king."

Norwich, July 14, 1774.

For the MONTHLY MISCELLANY.

On WAR.

WHAT direful miſchiefs wait a ſuff'ring land,
When fierce Bellona waves her ſcepter'd hand,
When the harſh trumpet's clangor ſounds alarms,
And nations, urg'd by diſcord, ruſh to arms:
When each fair youth forſakes his father's ſhed,
By fatal glory call'd, by honour led; [plain,
With martial proweſs ſeeks th' embattl'd
And falls unpity'd, miſerably ſlain:
No father there to drop the heart-felt tear,
No tender mother weeps acroſs the bier.
The ſhepherd doom'd toſee his flocks no more,
Now toils intrepid on th' enſanguin'd ſhore,
And forc'd, (ſad change) for ever forc'd, to wield
The maſſy ſword, and bear the blazon'd ſhield:
No more his pipe renews the rural lay,
No more acroſs the meads his lambkins ſtray;
In frequent plaints, their ſhepherd's wiſh'd return,
And tender ſighs, the weeping maidens mourn.
Thy baneful influence ſpread thro'ev'ry clime,
And reign'd imperious from the firſt of time:
Steal a ſad look at each hiſtoric page,
And view what warriors fell in ev'ry age,
By thee, O War! was *Priam*'s throne o'erturn'd,
His daughters raviſh'd, and his city burn'd,
Conſtrain'd to bend beneath the Grecians' pow'r, [built tow'r.
Who ſackt her walls, and raz'd her heav'n-
No hope now left, his braveſt warriors fled;
His youthful vigour gone, his children dead,
Compell'd by fate they fought the gates of hell,
In pride of youth, & bade the world farewell:
Then godlike *Hector* bravely met his fate,
And one dire blow o'erwhelm'd the ſinking ſtate.

By dint of arms, far as the Ganges reach'd
On India's land, young *Ammon*'s empire ſtretch'd:
Ev'n mighty Rome, thy chief and darling care,
In evil hour conteſt the baneful ſpear:
What mighty deeds or fortune cou'd ſhe boaſt,
When barb'rous Gallia pour'd her warlike hoſt!
What valiant hero cou'd withſtand the ſhock,
When ſcarce a *Manlius* ſav'd the ſacred rock.
How many heroes forc'd by death to yield,
And bite the ground, on Cannæ's hoſtile field;
How many virtuous ſouls departed, fled,
When *Cæſar* conquer'd, and *Pharſalia* bled,
Unwept, unnoted, and for ever dead.
By Thee *Britannia* mourns her heroes ſlain,
That fought (alas too brave) the direful plain.
In Haſting's fatal field, by all bemoan'd,
In freedom's cauſe ill-fated *Harold* groan'd,
(When wretched Albion's ſons, o'ercame with fear,
Bow'd too ſubmiſſive to the Norman's ſpear.)
How many victims, yet in youth's fair bloom,
Ambitious *Edward* haſten'd to the tomb;
And *Henry*, now of fame the darling boaſt,
Sent many bleeding to the Stygian coaſt.
Each valiant youth oppos'd his dauntleſs breaſt
In vain, he falls by multitudes oppreſt.
What val'rous numbers martial battle fought
When *Richard* reign'd, and adverſe Roſes fought!
Count all the men, alas! compell'd to bleed,
By war's ſad chance, in Minden's hoſtile mead;
Ah, what avails the ſad, the mournful tear
Of the fair virgin, or the mother's pray'r;
The lover, driv'n from the bridal bed,
Unwilling forc'd a foreign land to tread;
Ah what avails the helpleſs offspring's cry,
Or big round drops that flow from ev'ry eye;
No wiſh of yours can friend, or father ſave,
For death has ſunk him to the ſilent grave.

Who does not mourn the hapleſs, fatal blow,
That ſent *Wolf* blooming to the ſhades below?
Accept, fair youth! accept a gen'rous tear,
The grateful tribute of a ſoul ſincere!
What tho' the wound is bleeding at thy heart,
Yet death in vain hath ſtruck thee with his dart;
No ſtroke of his can kill. Thy virtuous name
Borne to remoteſt ſhores, far ſtretcht extream,
Shall live unblemiſh'd in the rolls of fame,
And fix't where'er the Britiſh ſtandard's ſeen;
At thy ſad ſight, O WAR! all nations groan,
To ſee their tow'rs and palaces o'erthrown;
The goodly temple, and the lofty dome,
Which ſpeaks the labour of th' induſtrious loom,
Are ſunk in flames amidſt the raging fires,
Whoſe ſpreading blaze to heav'n in curls aſpires.

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See dove-like PEACE, from native skies descends,
With speedy wing, and each fair blessing sends!
See, nurs'd by peace, how Britain's kingdom pours
Her wealthy treasures to a thousand shores!
How in the shade, or by the murm'ring rill,
The swains with melody the woodlands fill,
Or devious wand'ring thro' the waving grove,
They tell the sighing tender tale of love.
Britannia's sons no more the sword shall wield,
But peaceful till their patrimonial field;
No more shall sound the mournful widows cry,
No more shall tears distil from th' orphan's eye;
Fair Science now shall raise her drooping head,
And ev'ry poet seek the laurell'd shade.
But my tir'd Muse no more can raise her song,
To sing the blessings that to *Peace* belong:
Myself unequal to her various claim,
Let abler bards rehearse *her* beauteous name.

Bristol, Aug. 21, 1774.

A THUNDER STORM.

SAD sick'ning scene! Creation's light
Behind yon' sable shroud retires;
Gives Heaven the wrinkled brow of Night,
Ere Day with hoary age expires.

From east to west, in dread array,
The clouds, commission'd from on high,
Great Nature's *hallow'd soul* obey,
And gloom the concave of the sky.

Forewarn'd by Instinct's tender care,
Her plumy pupils check their strains,
To shelt'ring thickets strait repair,
Depopulating distant plains.

The mutt'ring Thunder strikes alarm,
The clouds big signs of sorrow weep;
To reach the neighb'ring friendly farm,
The fear-struck shepherd quits his sheep.

To wake the sinner's sleepy soul,
The vivid flashes ghastly glare;
Long peals of rattling thunder roll,
And shake the tempest-troubled air.

Now rushing cataracts descend
To calm the elemental fray;
The golden sheaves of harvest bend,
And fruits in rich confusion lay.

The pool expands its narrow space,
With circling surface swiftly swells,
O'erflows its native pebbly vase,
And through the mead with rage impels.

See, see! yon' ivy-mantled oak
Like some gigantic hero fall;
Nor waits the woodman's wearied stroke,
But shiv'ring sheaths the flying ball.

And hark! that voice arrests my ears,
Which first proclaim'd th' Almighty will;
From chaos call'd the sparkling spheres,
The oracle of Sinai's hill.

To me it speaks, a breathing dust,
Invites my heart, entomb'd in sin,
To seek the portion of the just,
And wreaths of deathless laurels win,
And shall I not the call obey?
Shall mornless night my soul confound?
O God! strike terror deep to-day,
While Heaven and Mercy's to be found.

So when the death-dethroning peal
Shall summon nature to her tomb,
May thou affix Salvation's seal,
And snatch me from the sinner's doom!

AUTUMN.

Crown with the sickle, and the wheaten sheaf,
While Autumn, nodding o'er the yellow plain,
Comes jovial on; the Doric reed once more,
Well pleas'd I tune.

THOMP. SEASONS.

TO you, sweet ladies of the lute,
The bard renews his humble suit;
To whom alone belong
The pow'rs Parnassian, to refine
Each modest vot'ry of the nine
With sentiment and song.

Come thou, who bid the thrilling lyre,
With mental minstrelsy inspire
* Thy dear adopted son;
Who nature's polish'd picture drew
So just, the Goddess stamp'd it true,
But thought each grace undone!

Benignly grant a gracious gleam,
To sketch the outlines of my theme,
And make the burden blest;
So hap'ly may my pencil trace,
Some fav'rite feature of her face,
In smiles autumnal drest.

Soon as the am'rous sun has kiss't
From land and lake the mizzling mist,
And fairly written day,
Around the sprightly prospect heaves
The sacred subsidy of sheaves,
That peace and plenty pay.

Thick scatter'd o'er the burning soil,
The labourers stooping to the toil,
Embrace the rustling blade,
Till Ceres mourns her modest charms,
All ravish'd in the reapers arms,
And to the barn convey'd.

To lease at length the straggling ear,
Affliction's family appear,
At first with timorous hand;
Then o'er the stubble closely pry,
Impatient for the poor supply,
And glean the liberal land.

Thick clust'ring on the swelling sight,
The blessings of the bough unite
Pomona's Magazine.
The speckled pippin, juicy pear,
The powder'd plumb, and cherries there,
And peach with mellow mien.

Slow trudging by the honest ass
What Caravans incessant pass,
Their sickles sheath'd in straw.

* THOMPSON.

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To pitch their camp in diſtant fields,
Where autumn later labour yields,
The tawny tribe withdraw.
But now the evening, ſofteſt ſway,
Prepares to ſnuff the wick of day;
And light the ſtarry dome:
The moon, to meet the ruſtic friends,
Majeſtically meek aſcends,
And honours harveſt home.

To rouſe betime the panting kind,
See horſe and dog in league combin'd,
Bound o'er the level lawn;
Feaſting his rude unhallow'd lips,
In eager haſte, the huntſman ſips
The breathings of the dawn.

To take the covy by ſurprize,
With cautious ſtep and curious eyes,
The trailing pointer ſpeeds,
'Till ſpringing forwards, death to ſhun,
Arreſted by the fatal gun,
The pretty victim bleeds.

To council met, in middle air,
Now plumy paſſengers prepare
The paſſport of the wing:
In ſocial ſort debate a while,
Then dart at once from Albion's Iſle,
And court a foreign ſpring.

Alas! how ſoon each viſta fails,
Aſpiring hills and dimpling dales
A barren waſte reveal,
Save where the nibbling ewes are ſpread
To crop the clover's moiſten'd head,
And pick the ſcanty meal.

The verdure's ſummon'd to its grave,
The willows weeping o'er the wave,
A ſobbing dirge decay:
The ſound the palſied aſp alarms,
The elm bewails her withering arms,
And ſighs the ſcene away.

Thus gradual droops ſome gentle maid,
By man, perfidious man, betray'd,
While tears in torrents flow;
The lovely mourner penſive pines,
And every fading charm reſigns,
A prey to wintry woe.

The TRIUMPH of CERES'
Or, the HARVEST-HOME.

To the Tune of "*What beauteous ſcenes inchant my ſight!*"

WHAT chearful ſounds ſalute our ears,
And echo o'er the lawn!
Behold, the loaded car appears,
In joyful triumph drawn:
The Nymphs and Swains, a jovial band,
Still ſhouting as they come,
With ruſtic inſtruments in hand,
Proclaim the Harveſt-home.

The golden ſheaves, pil'd up on high,
Within the barn are ſtor'd;
The careful hind, with ſecret joy
Exulting, views his hoard.
His labours paſt, he counts his gains;
And, freed from anxious care,
His caſks are broach'd; the ſun-burnt Swains
His rural plenty ſhare.

In dance and ſong the night is ſpent;
All ply the ſpicy bowl;
And jeſts, and harmleſs merriment,
Expand the artleſs ſoul.
Young Colin whiſpers Roſalind,
Who ſtill reap'd by his ſide;
And plights his troth, if ſhe prove kind,
To take her for his Bride.

For joys like theſe, through circling years,
Their toilſome taſk they tend:
The hind ſucceſſive labours bears,
In proſpect of the end;
In ſpring, or winter, ſows his ſeed,
Manures, or tills the ſoil;
In ſummer various cares ſucceed,
But Harveſt crowns his toil.

For the MONTHLY MISCELLANY.

On the DEATH of
The late MATTHEW LEE, Eſq. *Devon.*

Juſtum & tenacem propoſiti virum,
Non civium ardor prava jubentium,
Non vultus inſtantis tyranni
Mente quatit ſolida: neque Auſter
Dux inquieti turbidus Adriæ,
Nec fulminantis magna Jovis manus.
Si fractus illabatur orbis,
Impavidum ferient ruinæ. HOR.

THE man whoſe firm, unſhaken mind
To ſolid glory is inclin'd;
Who real greatneſs would purſue,
And keep the god-like prize in view;
He, whoſe determin'd, manly breaſt,
With honour, truth, and virtue bleſt,
Can ſtem the torrent of the age,
And, fearleſs, tread the world's great ſtage;
Who, 'midſt th' aſſailing ills of life,
Pride, paſſion, malice, envy, ſtrife,
Preſerves an equal mind ſerene,
Nor heeds the ſhiftings of the ſcene;
Who acts his part without diſguiſe,
Intrepid, gen'rous, juſt, and wiſe;
Whoſe general benevolence
Is ever ready to diſpenſe,
With lib'ral and impartial mind,
The friendly boon to all mankind:
Who ſacred Liberty reveres,
And to his country's good adheres,
With ſole, diſintereſted aim
To her proſperity and fame:——
This man may boldly lift his head;
For there is nought of ſhame or dread
That may his upright heart diſgrace,
Or raiſe a bluſh upon his face,
Or blaſt his joy, or wound his peace.
In conſcious innocence ſecure,
This man, undaunted, ſhall endure
Of human woes the num'rous train,
Oppreſſion, bondage, ſickneſs, pain,

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Shall slight the tyrant's pride and hate,
Defy the power of time and fate;
Behold the ruins of a world
To chaos and confusion hurl'd,
Then breathe his last without a sigh;——
Thus wisely live, and calmly die.

Such, such was *He*;—ah! now no more—
Launch'd from this dreary, hostile shore,
'Cross the tremendous gulph of time,
He's landed in some happier clime.
But oh! what fortitude possest
The quiet mansions of his breast,
Amidst this wild, tumultuous scene,
Where various perils intervene!
What equal constancy of soul
Did each misgiving thought controul,
When sickness storm'd his nobler part,
And rush'd impetuous on his heart!
And when, at last, th' Eternal Power
Had fix'd th' irrevocable hour,
That solemn hour which none can fly,
Since "*Man*," 'tis said, "*shall surely die*,"—
Behold! what genuine dignity,
What christian magnanimity
Inspires and elevates his heart,
And seems to say, "*In peace depart*."
Conscious of sov'reign mercy nigh,
Stedfast to heaven he lifts his eye,
Sublimely fix'd on joys to come;
Whilst *Hope*, emerging from death's dreadful gloom, [tomb.
Points to vast realms of light beyond the

Bowood-Park, Aug. 1774.

THE following scripture sentences, as also the copy of verses, &c. are on a tomb-stone, erected by one Mr. Oliver Miller, on Haydown-hill, near Arundel, in Sussex, which he intends for the reception of his body after death.

These sentences are on the top of the tomb.

2 Cor. xv. 22. For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive.

John i. 17. For the law was given by Moses, but grace and truth came by Jesus Christ.

John iii. 15. That whosoever believeth in him, should not perish, but have eternal life.

Eccles. iii. 22. Wherefore I perceive that there is nothing better than that a man shall rejoice in his own works; for that is his portion: for who shall bring him to see what shall be after him.

2 Pet. i. 14. Knowing that shortly I must put off this my tabernacle, even as our Lord Jesus Christ hath shewed me.

The under-written copy of verses, with the moral, are on the east side of the tomb.

Why should my fancy any one offend,
Whose good or ill on it does not depend?
'Tis at my own expence, except the land
(A gen'rous grant!) on which my tomb doth stand.
This is the only spot that I have chose
Wherein to take my lasting, long repose.
Here, in the dust, my body lieth down:
You'll say, it is not consecrated ground!
I grant the same; but where shall we e'er find
The spot that e'er can purify the mind;
Or to the body any lustre give?
This more depends on what a life we live.
When the last trumpet shall begin to sound,
'Twill not avail 'em where the body's found.

The MORAL.

BLESSED are they, and only they,
Who in the *Lord* the *Saviour* die;
Their bodies wait redemption's day,
And sleep in peace where'er they lie.

The hieroglyphic of Death and Time, with the following lines, are on the west side.

Death! why so fast? Pray stop your hand,
And let my glass run out his sand,
As neither Death nor Time will stay,
Let us improve the present day.

Why start you at that skeleton!
'Tis your own picture which you shun:
Alive it did resemble thee,
And thou, when dead, like that shall be.

But tho' death must have his will,
Yet old Time prolongs the date,
'Till the measure we shall fill,
That's allotted us by Fate.

When that's done, then Time and Death
Both agree to take our breath.

The above gentleman has also his coffin in his own house, which he takes a view of every morning as soon as he rises.

APOLLO Mistaken.

IN times very ancient, when am'rous Apollo,
With swiftness uncommon, fair Daphne did follow, [spirit,
He repeated, the while, with a most anxious
A list of his virtues, to set off his merit:
'I inspire all the bards with poetical fits;
'All call me the patron of poets and wits.
But poetry could not, and wit wanted charms
To persuade the chaste nymph to the God's longing arms.
'Will not music's soft strains o'er your coldness prevail? [fail.
But the God, to his sorrow, found music could
'By my deep skill in plants, I know Physic, fair maid! [trade.'—
'And by all am acknowledg'd the chief of the
A Physician! that word added wings to her flight;
And quicker than ever she fled from his sight.

The God was mistaken, to talk of his learning: [discerning:
A hint of his youth would have shewn more
Had he mention'd his strength, and the charms of his face,
Coy Daphne had stopp'd—and concluded the race.

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The following elegant VERSES *are taken from a Letter in the Collection of Letters written by the late Lord* CHESTERFIELD *to his Son.*

WOULD you engage the lovely Fair?
With gentleſt manners treat her;
With tender looks and graceful air,
In ſofteſt accents greet her.
Verſe were but vain, the Muſes fail,
Without the Graces' aid;
The God of Verſe could not prevail
To ſtop the flying Maid.
Attention by attentions gain,
And merit care by cares:
So ſhall the Nymph reward your pain,
And Venus crown your pray'rs.

VERSES by POPE. *Never before printed.*

To Mr. C. St, James's-Place.

London, October 22.

FEW words are beſt; I wiſh you well:
Bethel, I'm told, will ſoon be here;
Some morning-walks along the Mall,
And evening friends will end the year.
If, in this interval, between
The falling leaf and coming froſt,
You pleaſe to ſee, on Twit'nam green,
Your friend, your poet, and your hoſt.
For three whole days you here may reſt
From office, buſineſs, news, and ſtrife;
And (what moſt folks would think a jeſt)
Want nothing elſe, except your wife.

[*Edinburgh Mag.*]

A PASTORAL.

YES, theſe are the ſcenes where with Daphne I ſtray'd;
But ſhort was her ſway for ſo lovely a maid.
In the bloom of her youth to a cloyſter ſhe run,
In the bloom of her grace, too fair for a nun.
Ill-grounded, no doubt, a devotion muſt prove,
So fatal to beauty, ſo killing to love.

Yes, theſe are the meadows, the ſhrubs, and the plains, [my pains.
Once the ſcene of my pleaſures, but now of
How many ſoft moments I ſpent in this grove?
How fair was my nymph, and how fervent my love!
Be ſtill tho', my heart, thine emotion give o'er,
Remember the ſeaſon of love is no more!
With her how I loiter'd 'midſt fountains and bow'rs,
Or loiter'd behind and collected the flow'rs;
Then breathleſs with ardour my fair-one purſu'd, [ſhe view'd
And to think with what kindneſs my garland
But be ſtill, my fond heart, thine emotion give o'er, [her no more!
Fain would'ſt thou forget thou muſt love

On the Ladies bathing in the Sea at Weymouth.

THAT from the ſea, the bards of old have ſung,
Venus, the queen of Love and Beauty, ſprung,
That on its curling waves the am'rous tide,
Safe wafted her to ſhore in all its pride:
Soft pleaſure revell'd thro' the Cyprian grove,
And gladden'd Nature hail'd the Queen of Love; [tale,
Knowing it falſe, charm'd with the pleaſing
We praiſe the fiction being told ſo well.
But when on *Weymouth*'s ſands the Britiſh fair,
Safe in the flood the curling ſurges dare;
When here ſo many Queens of Love we ſee
Bathe in the waves, and wanton in the ſea,
We juſtly, *Weymouth*, bleſs thy happier ſhore,
And bid the fabling poets lye no more;
In madneſs they their fancy'd Venus drew,
Of theſe we feel the power, and know it true.
No more then, Poets, in romantic ſtrain,
One Venus call, when here ſo many reign;
No more invoke her from her Cyprian grove,
But henceforth *Weymouth* be the ſeat of love.

VERSES *addreſſed to a conſtant reader of* Ovid's Art of Love.

HE ſure was born in an unlucky hour,
Who never knew a woman's pleaſing power:
More hard that heart than adamant and ſteel,
Which beauty's charms divine could never feel;
On love's ſoft joys our happineſs depends,
With love it firſt begins, with love it ends.
But let not fancy reaſon's force controul,
Nor paſſion kill the vigour of the ſoul.
Cæſar, when bleſs'd in Cleopatra's arms,
With pleaſure heard the trumpets loud alarms;
From the ſoft bed of love victorious flew,
In war's rough field his conqueſts to purſue.
Buſineſs ſhould follow love, as day the night,
For he who both enjoys, feels moſt delight.

To the Publiſhers of the Monthly Miſcellany.

IF you have no better addreſs to the *pilfering quack* who ſent you the Eſſay on Epigrams, perhaps the incloſed doggrel, as they contain alſo a *Touch upon the Times*, may be a ſufficient reply.

To a Modeſt Plagiary. *Extempore.*

Falſus honor juvat
Quem? niſi mendoſum & mendacem? HOR.

WHY, ſure thou think'ſt the men of Sarum,
Act quite at random, harum-ſcarum;
Or that they're mad, or drunk in bed all,
To give to thee a ſilver medal,
For boldly ſending, ſcribbled o'er,
What had been *printed* long before.

ANSWER.

KNOW, Sir, the eſſay that I ſent,
Was *mine*—by act of parliament.
For, when an author ſells his manuſcrit,
He now, no longer, can have any right;
But whoſoever buys the book,
May maim and alter, haſh and cook,
And ſell it o'er again himſelf——
Let authors then diſdain vile pelf;
And, if they can but get a name,
Contentedly grow fat on FAME.

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The fashionable DRESS, as established in the politest Summer Circles.

THE FULL DRESS. Slight brocaded Silks with Blond Flounces, ornamented with Zephyrs and Tassels; Top Ruffles of the same; and small Hoops;—Ruffles very long, and peaked behind, and shallow before;—Shoes to match the Silks embroidered;—and small Rose Buckles.

UNDRESS.——French Jackets with Gauze Trimmings;—Cloaks the same as have been worn all the Summer;—black Fan Bonnets;—coloured Slippers, and small Roses.

MARRIED.

AT Dublin, the Earl of Bellamont, to Lady Emily Fitzgerald, sister to his Grace the Duke of Leinster.

At Newcastle, the Rev. Wm. Harding, A. B. late of Bene't college, Cambridge, to Lady Compton, relict of the late Sir Walter Abingdon Compton, Bart.

Thomas Hele Phipps, Esq; of Westbury-Leigh in Wilts, to Miss Penelope Clutterbuck, daughter of Lewis Clutterbuck, Esq; town-clerk of Bath.

At Bath, Hon. Charles Hamilton, to Miss Francis Calvert.

At Exeter, *** Savory, Esq; to Miss Clarke, daughter of Mr. Clarke, merchant.

Geo. Gould, Esq; of Upway in Dorsetshire, to Miss Abigail Goodden, of Over-Compton.

James Butter, Esq; grandson of the late Duke of Ormond, and formerly commander of the Vulture sloop of war, to Miss Sarah Bailey, of Alresford.

Thomas Moreland, Esq; of Brentford, to the Dowager Lady Caldwall.

Nathaniel Cholmley, Esq; of Whitby in Yorkshire, to Miss Smelt, of Piccadilly.

Mark Dyer, Esq; of the Temple, to Miss Moreton, of South Molton-street.

Mr. John Higgs, purser of the Bridgewater East-Indiaman, to Miss Winspeare, of Waltham Abbey, in Essex.

George Edward Stanley, Esq; of Ponsonby-hall, Cumberland, to Miss Dolly Fleming, sister to Sir Michael Le Fleming, Bart.

At Minstead church, Hants, Wm. Howard, Esq; to Miss Browning, daughter of John Browning, Esq.

The Rev. Mr. Hume, senior usher of Westminster school, to Miss Tinker.

John Gunston, Esq; of Salisbury, to Miss Taylor, of Hereford.

Col. Godwin, of the Royal Artillery, to Miss Mary Godwin, of Stafford.

Richard Gough, Esq; of Enfield, to Miss Anne Hall, of Godalming.

The Rev. Digby Cayley, to Miss Robinson, daughter of the late Thomas Robinson, Esq; of Welburn in Yorkshire.

The Rev. Mr. Dawson, rector of Bolton in Bolland, to Miss Hutton, of Buckingham.

Thomas Littler, Esq; to Miss Ann Ladbroke, youngest daughter of the late Sir Robert Ladbroke.

William Goodwin, Esq; of Coalbrook-Dale, to Miss Nancy Redding, of Worcester.

Mr. Potts, an eminent surgeon in Pall-Mall, to Miss Rich, of the Strand.

Mr. Jagger, merchant of Leeds, to Miss Molyneux, youngest daughter of the late Rigby Molyneux, of Preston, Esq.

Thomas Churchill, Esq; of Hereford, to Miss Mills, of Epsom.

Robert Bateman, Esq; of Great Russel-street, to Miss Maria Blunder, of King-street.

Samuel Underwood, Esq; barrister at law, to Miss Eldridge, of Russel-court.

Capt. Cairnes, of the 49th reg. to Miss Bellingham, of Castle-Bellingham in Ireland.

Benjamin Gower, Esq; of the Board of Ordinance in West Florida, to Miss Sarah Batchelor, of Tenterden in Kent.

At Guernsey, John Ready, Esq; of Gloucester, to Mrs. Ley, widow of the late Capt. Ley.

At Dublin, Mr. Abraham Lemon, of Pimlico, aged 25, to the widow Hannan, of Earl-street, aged 85.

Same day, Mr. Mark Conway, aged 16, to Miss Mary Treacy, aged 30, grand-daughter to the said Widow Haunan.

DIED.

The Right Hon. **** Widdrington, commonly called Lord Widdrington, who was attainted for the share he had in the rebellion in 1715.

At Albany in America, Sir William Johnson, Bart.

Mrs. Douglass, aunt of John St. Leger Douglass, Esq; member for Hindon, Wilts.

In Jamaica, Thomas Beach, Esq; many years a counsellor at law.

At the Spa, the Rev. Dr. Foster, canon of Windsor, and late head master of Eton.

At Fort St. George, Col. Braithwaite.

Sir Charles Sheffield, Bart.

The Lady Wentworth, lady to his Excellency John Murray, Esq; ambassador at the Porte.

Tho. Matthyson, Esq; who acquired an immense fortune in the East-Indies.

Henry Swymmer, Esq; merchant, banker, and alderman of Bristol, brother to the Countess Dowager of Westmoreland, and great uncle to the present Earl.

At Speenhamland, on his way to Bath, John Fulger, Esq.

The Rev. Mr. Reid, rector of Rochford, and vicar of Tenbury in Worcestershire.

Mr. Roger Hereford, apothecary, and one of the common-council of Bath, and brother to Sir James Hereford.

At Bridgewater, Mr. Brice, formerly a surgeon of eminence.

At Weymouth, Mrs. Gould, relict of John Gould, Esq; of Upway in Dorsetshire.

Mrs. Wilkins, wife of the Rev. Mr. Wilkins, of St. George's in Somersetshire.

Near St. Alban's, George Grosse, Esq; a gentleman of large fortune:—Preparations were making for his nuptials, which were to have been solemnized the Sunday after.

Rev. William Smith, twenty years rector of Long Critchell in Dorset.

Mr. Wm. Bally, bookseller, of Bath.

Mr. Thomas Brookman, master of the White-lion-inn in Bath.

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Her Serene Highneſs Elizabeth Erneſtine d'Eſte, Princeſs of Modena.
At the Pannanach Wells in Scotland, James Bremer, Eſq; a captain in the navy.
Bridget Howard, aged 101, near Birmingham.
By falling overboard, Capt. Robert Kelday, of the ſloop Swallow, belonging to Kirkwall, was drowned.
At St. Jago de la Vego, Gilbert Matthiſon, Eſq; an aſſiſtant Judge of the Grand Court.
At Northampton, ſuddenly, Dr. Robert Blencowe, phyſician to the county hoſpital.
In Piccadilly, Dr. Lucas, of Derby.
At Bruſſels, the Marquis d'Ymſe, knight of the Golden Fleece, and lieutenant-general.
Strelley Pegge, Eſq; one of the grooms of his Majeſty's privy council.
The Lady of Major General Frederick.
The Rev. Mr. Humphry Scholey, M. A. vicar of Weſt Moleton in Kent.
William Watkin Williams Wynn, youngeſt ſon of Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, Bart. in the 8th month of his age.
At Llannydith, Mr. Evan Phillips, a great virtuoſo in the inſect creation.
At Bromley in Kent, the Rev. Charles Maine, M. A. of Beverley in Yorkſhire.
In his 77th year, William Turner, Eſq; father of the preſent member for York.
At Berkeley in Glocesterſhire, the Rev. Mr. Smith, ſenior.
At Lynn Regis, in his 74th year, Edmund Roſſe, Eſq.
Aged 73, Mr. Mackey, many years purſer in the royal navy.
Capt. James Shirley, ſen. many years captain in the royal navy.
At Edinburgh, Mrs. Kincaid, wife of Mr. Kincaid, King's-printer, and daughter of the late Lord Charles Ker.
At Sheppard's Buſh, Col. James Cunningham.
At Deptford, Mr. George Alders, attorney.
The Rev. Mr. Morris, rector of Hickling in Nottinghamſhire.
At Homerton, near Hackney, John Cuthbertſon, Eſq; aged 82.
Joſeph Morris, Eſq; a director of the India Company.
After a few hours illneſs, in his way from Dorcheſter to London, George Dayrell, Eſq; aged 23.
George Thomas Payne, Eſq; brother to his Excellency the General, aged 19, at Antigua.
In Cold-bath-fields, Mrs. Judith Davis, who has left five guineas a year to ſupport a favourite cat and parrot.
Shute Yeamans, Eſq; of Richmond.
Suddenly (as he was going over Blackheath in a one-horſe chaiſe, aged 76,) Mr. Chaloner Matlensfield, formerly a commander in the royal navy.
Rev. Mr. Grimwood, of Dedham in Eſſex.
Paul Petrowe, Eſq; formerly a commander in the Ruſſian ſervice.
Capt. Ogilvie, late commander of the Nancy, in the Jamaica trade.
Capt. Delam, aged 93, many years commander of a ſhip in the Baltic trade.
Of a violent effuſion of blood, Mr. Colliſon, maſter of the Club inn at Ely.
At Fownhope in Herefordſhire, Mr. John Gwatkin, jun. attorney, of London.
Mrs. Thorpe, relict of Dr. Thorpe, late of Stroud in Glocesterſhire.
At Roſſal, Colonel Cecil Foreſter.
At Hamburgh, Senator Juſtus Vincent Ritter, aged 59. He was choſen a member of the ſenate in 1762.
D. Logan, Eſq; collector of the cuſtoms in Antigua.
Richard Baker, Eſq; collector of the cuſtoms, and one of the aldermen of Great Yarmouth.
Aged 107, Mr. R. Bettſom, formerly a ſerjeant in the 14th regiment of foot.
The Lady of the Rev. Mr. Samſon, vicar of Corſcomb, Dorſet.
Charles Davis, Eſq; aged 74, at Croydon in Surry.
In his 73d year, at the Grange in Herefordſhire, Samuel Cockram, Eſq.
At Hull races, Francis Farrah, Eſq; of Fitling, by a fall from his horſe.
At Marlborough, on his way to Bath, Tho. Charnell, Eſq; of King-ſtreet, London.
Samuel Hume, Eſq; a planter in Jamaica, lately arrived for the benefit of his health.
At Exeter, of a paralytic ſtroke, Sir Peter Fenoulhet.
In Great Marlborough-ſtreet, Wm. Rawlinſon Earle, Eſq; in the 72d year of his age.
At Kinſale, near Cork, the Rev. Wm. Reader, archdeacon of Cork.
At Cliſton, Miſs Craufurd, eldeſt daughter of the late James Craufurd, Eſq; of Rotterdam.
Mrs. Hooke, widow of the late Andrew Hooke, Eſq; of Briſtol.
At Ebford in Devonſhire, Matthew Lee, Eſq;
In Georgia, John Grove, Eſq; fellow of King's-college, Cambridge.
At Spa, where he went for the recovery of his health, John Drummond, Eſq; banker, at Charing-Croſs, and member of Parliament for Thetford in Norfolk.
Richard Matthews, Eſq; one of the aldermen of Norwich.
At Sandford in Berks, Mr. Wm. Flower, a conſiderable farmer, ſaid to have died worth 10,000l.
Capt. Baker, of the Dominica Packet.
At Henley upon Thames, Mr. Maſon, an eminent apothecary.

ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

Rev. James Birch, B. D. to hold the vicarage of Aſhbury, with the chapel of Eaſtwick annexed in Berkſhire, with the rectory of Wiſhford Magna in Wilts.
Rev. Dr. Caryl, maſter of Jeſus college, Cambridge, and vice-chancellor of that univerſity, to the rectory of Barnbugh in Yorkſhire, in the room of the Rev. Thomas Cockſhut, deceaſed.
Rev. Wm. Dealtry, to the rectory of Scorpinbeck in Yorkſhire.
Rev. Stephen Fytche, to the rectory of Gayton in the Marſh in Lincolnſhire.
Rev. William Hopkins, to the rectory of Fitz in Shropſhire.
Rev. Mr. Dyſon, to the living of Stratton in Somerſetſhire.
Rev. John Townſhend, B. A. to the vicarage of Meadſley, Wilts.
The Hon. and Rev. Mr. Byron, rector of Ryton, to the vicarage of Winſton in Yorkſhire.
Rev. Herbert Wilde, B. A. to the rectory of Aſton in Herefordſhire.
Rev. George Jackſon, M. A. to the vicarage of Wardlington in Wilts.

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Rev. Mr. Sturges, prebendary of Winchester, to the living of Alverstoke, Hants, worth 700l. a year.

Rev. Zachariah Whiting, clerk, A.M. to the rectory of Wasing in Berks.

Rev. John Ekins, clerk, A.M. to the rectory of Trowbridge, Wilts.

Rev. George Wilson, B.A. to the rectory of Multon in Wiltshire.

Rev. John Tatham, to the vicarage of Charlk in Kent.

Rev. Mr. Tracey, to be one of his Majesty's chaplains in ordinary, in the room of Dr. Dampier, who has resigned.

Rev. Dr. Hallifax, King's professor of civil law, to the degree of doctor of divinity at Cambridge.

Rev. Mr. Burrough, M.A. fellow of King's-college, Cambridge, to the rectory of Abbot's-Anne, near Andover.

Rev. Mr. James, a senior fellow of Christ-college, Cambridge, to the rectory of Little Canfield in Essex.

The Rev. Roger Baldwin, M.A. to hold the rectory of Aldingham in Cheshire, with the vicarage of Edenhall in Cumberland.

Rev. Wm. Bawson, M.A. to hold the rectory of Broughton Sulney in Nottinghamshire, with the rectory of Weston upon Trent in Derbyshire.

Rev. Marmaduke Mathews, M.A. to hold the vicarage of St. Nicholas in Warwickshire, with the vicarage of Wellinburgh in Northamptonshire.

Rev. Joseph Foster, LL.B. to hold the rectory of Grimoldsby, with the rectory of Ireby in Lincolnshire.

Rev. James Pratchet, clerk, to the vicarage of Brinsop in Herefordshire.

Rev. Thomas Williams, clerk, B.A. to the rectory of Tugford, and perpetual curacy of Eyton in Shropshire.

Rev. Mr. John Scott, rector of Methley, to a prebend in the collegiate church of Ripon.

Rev. Mr. Davies, of Cayo in Carmarthenshire, to the vicarage of Horsley in Glocestershire.

CIVIL and MILITARY PROMOTIONS.

Wm. Nelthorpe, Esq; to be one of the commissioners of the Customs for Scotland.

Edward Whitehouse, Esq; to be one of the gentlemen ushers and quarter-waiters to his Majesty, in the room of Mr. Larpent.

John Lloyd, Esq; barrister at law, of Lincoln's-inn, to be cryer of the Court of King's-Bench.

The Hon. Col. Rainsford, to be aid de camp to his Majesty.

The Earl of Cavan, to be colonel of the 55th regiment of foot, in the room of General Gansel, deceased.

2d troop of horse guards, George Marsh, to be chaplain.

Coldstream reg. of foot-guards, Lord Dunglass, ensign.

2d reg. of foot, Lieut. Col. Thomas Oswald, from half-pay, to be lieut. colonel.

Lieut. James Powell, to be lieutenant of Greenwich hospital.

Andrew Balfour, Esq; advocate, to be one of the commissaries of Edinburgh.

Thomas Musgrave, Esq; to be a major in the 64th regiment of foot.

2d reg. of guards, Capt. Bishop, colonel.

From the London Gazette, Aug. 27.

AVERAGE PRICES of CORN,

From August 23, to August 27, 1774.

By the Standard Winchester Bushel of 8 Gall.

	Wheat.		Rye.		Barley.		Oats.		Beans.	
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
London	6	5	3	3	2	10	2	6	3	3
COUNTIES INLAND.										
Middlesex	6	3			3	4	2	7	3	10
Surry	6	0	3	4			2	6	4	3
Hertford	6	3					2	6	4	2
Bedford	6	6	4	5			2	5	3	11
Cambridge	5	10	3	2			2	4	3	0
Huntingdon	6	2			3	9	2	4	3	9
Northampt.	7	9	4	10	4	2	2	4	4	1
Rutland	7	6			4	9	2	4	4	0
Leicester	7	11	6	0	4	8	2	4	4	3
Nottingham	7	5	5	4	4	9	2	7	4	3
Derby	7	10					2	9	4	3
Stafford	7	11	5	5	4	10	2	9	4	8
Salop	8	2	5	11	4	10	2	9	5	4
Hereford										
Worcester	8	8	5	4	5	2	2	11	4	10
Warwick	7	5					2	7	4	10
Gloucester	7	9			3	1	2	5	4	6
Wiltshire	6	9			3	2	2	5	4	6
Berks	6	9			3	5	2	6	3	11
Oxford	7	5			3	8	2	8	4	1
Bucks	7	0			4	0	2	8	4	0
COUNTIES upon the COAST.										
Essex	5	9	3	5	3	6	2	5	3	6
Suffolk	5	6	2	11	3	2	2	2	3	1
Norfolk	6	2	2	11	2	10	2	3		
Lincoln	6	11	4	0	3	7	2	3	3	9
York	7	6	5	2			2	7	3	10
Durham	7	5	4	4	3	9	2	9	4	2
Northum.	6	6	4	5	3	4	2	7	4	0
Cumberland	7	9	5	4	4	9	3	2	4	0
Westmorel.	8	1	6	0	4	10	3	0		
Lancashire	7	5			3	3	2	7	4	2
Cheshire	7	8	6	3	4	5	2	8		
Monmouth	7	9			4	6	2	5		
Somerset	7	1	3	6			2	4	3	11
Devon	6	2			3	1	1	11		
Cornwall	5	11			3	4	2	0		
Dorset	6	11			2	11	2	4	4	8
Hampshire	6	4			3	1	2	3	4	0
Sussex	5	8			2	10	2	3	3	6
Kent	6	1	3	2	3	8	2	3	3	3

From August 8, to August 11, 1774.

WALES.										
North Wales	7	1	5	1	4	3	2	3	4	10
South Wales	6	11	5	6	3	10	1	9	3	9

Part of SCOTLAND.

Wheat.		Rye.		Barley.		Oats.		Beans.		Big.	
5	8	4	8	3	0	2	6	3	4	2	8

Published by Authority of Parliament,

W. COOKE.

PRICE of STOCKS, *Sept.* 8.

Bank stock, 145. India stock, 148. India Bonds, 53 a 57 prem. South Sea, —. 4 per cent. conf. 94 ½. 3 1-half per cent. 1758, 89 ⅞. 3 per cent. conf. 88 ½. Ditto red. 89. Ditto 1729. Ditto old ann. 87 ½. Ditto new ann. 86 ¼. Ditto 1751, India Bonds, 57 prem. Navy bills, ⅝ disc. Long Ann. —. Tickets, 13l. os. od.

BRANSCOMBE and Co. *Stock-Brokers, At their Lottery-Office, No. 5, Holborne.*

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THE MONTHLY MISCELLANY, FOR OCTOBER, 1774.

A FAREWELL ADDRESS, From the SCRIBBLER to the PUBLIC.

Sleep thou again, my lyre!
For thou canſt never tell my humble tale
In ſounds that will prevail;
Then ſleep again, and let thy maſter die!

COWLEY.

WHEN I began the employment of writing for the benefit of the public, I was ſo far from entertaining a doubt of my own abilities, that I promiſed myſelf the greateſt certainty of ſucceſs, in combating the many-headed monſter, VICE.

I began with the errors of either ſex; I poiſed them in the ſcale alternately, and endeavoured to reaſon them into good manners; but inſtead of this, I brought down upon myſelf the cenſure of both parties, and was ſoon obliged to give up the unequal conteſt. I then directed my attack againſt FOLLY, but was here as unſucceſsful as before. She ſtill maintained her influence over mankind, and my utmoſt efforts were unable to expel her.

My ambition being thus checked in its career, for the firſt time in my life I began to *think*; and when I reflected upon the many Periodical Papers publiſhed in the world, by men of the greateſt capacity, and the moſt profound judgment; when I read over their very ſenſible productions againſt every enormity of behaviour, and yet ſaw mankind as much abandoned to every vice as before, I determined to relinquiſh the pen, and to give up the room now occupied by my lucubrations to ſome more able writer. For as the SPECTATOR, who with a critic's eye ſaw into the hearts of men, was unable to reform them;---as the TATLER, who publiſhed abroad their vices; the GUARDIAN, who wiſhed to preſerve them from deſtruction; and the RAMBLER and ADVENTURER, who were daily going in ſearch of proſelytes, have in vain exerted their abilities in the ſervice of the community, I fear there is but little good to be expected from the *feeble* pen of an *indifferent* SCRIBBLER.

Preſuming, then, that none will be diſſatisfied at my retreat, I moſt humbly take my leave of the Public; and am

Their ſincere Well-wiſher,
The SCRIBBLER.

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The EFFECTS of ELDER,

In preserving GROWING PLANTS from FLIES and INSECTS.

(In a Letter from CHRISTOPHER GULLETT, *Esq; of* Taviſtock, *in* Devonſhire, *to Dr.* MATY, *Secretary to the Royal Society.*

SIR,

I Should not preſume to trouble you, as a member of the Royal Society, with the following letter, did not the ſubject ſeem to promiſe to be of great public utility. It relates to the effects of Elder;

Sambucus fructu in umbrella nigro.

1ſt. In preſerving cabbage plants from being eaten or damaged by caterpillars.

2d. In preventing blights, and their effects on fruit and other trees.

3d. In the preſervation of crops of wheat from the yellows, and other deſtructive inſects.

4th. Alſo in ſaving crops of turnips from inſects, &c. &c.

1ſt. I was led to my firſt experiments, by conſidering how diſagreeable and offenſive to our olfactory nerves the effluvia emitted by a buſh of green elder leaves are, and from thence, reaſoning how much more ſo they muſt be to thoſe of a butterfly, whom I conſidered as a being as much ſuperior to us in delicacy, as inferior in ſize. Accordingly I took ſome twigs of the young elder, and with them whipt the cabbage plants well, but ſo gently as not to hurt them, juſt as the butterflies firſt appeared; from which time, for theſe two ſummers, though the butterflies would hover and flutter round them like gnomes and ſylphs, yet I could never ſee one pitch, nor was there I believe a ſingle caterpillar blown, after the plants were ſo whipt; though an adjoining bed was infeſted as uſual.

2d. Reflecting on the effects abovementioned, and conſidering blights as chiefly and generally occaſioned by ſmall flies, and minute inſects, whoſe organs are proportionably finer than the former, I whipt the limbs of a wall plumb-tree, as high as I could reach; the leaves of which were preſerved green, flouriſhing, and unhurt, whilſt thoſe not ſix inches higher, and from thence upwards, were blighted, ſhrivelled up, and full of worms. Some of theſe laſt I afterwards reſtored, by whipping with Elder, and tying it up among them. It muſt be noted, that this tree was in full bloſſom at the time of whipping, which was much too late, as it ſhould have been done once or twice before the bloſſom appeared. But I conclude from the whole, if an infuſion of Elder was made in a tub of water, ſo that the water might be ſtrongly impregnated therewith, and then ſprinkled over the tree, by a hand engine, once every week or fortnight, it would effectually anſwer every purpoſe that could be wiſhed, without any poſſible riſk of hurting the bloſſoms or fruit.

3d. What the farmers call the yellows in wheat, and which they conſider as a kind of mildew, is in fact (as I have no doubt you well know) occaſioned by a ſmall yellow fly with blue wings, about the ſize of a gnat. This blows in the ear of the corn, and produces a worm, almoſt inviſible to the naked eye; but being ſeen through a pocket microſcope, it appears a large yellow maggot, of the colour and gloſs of amber, and is ſo prolific, that I laſt week diſtinctly counted forty-one living yellow maggots or inſects in the huſk of one ſingle grain of wheat; a number ſufficient to deſtroy and eat up the corn in a whole ear. I intended to have tried the following experiment ſooner, but the dry hot weather bringing on the corn faſter than was expected, it was got, and getting into fine bloſſoms, ere I had an opportunity of ordering as I did; but however, the next morning at day-break, two ſervants took two buſhes of Elder, and went one on each ſide of the ridge, from end to end, and ſo back again, drawing the Elder over the ears of corn of ſuch fields as were not too far advanced in bloſſoming. I conceived that the diſagreeable effluvia of the Elder would effectually prevent theſe flies from pitching their tents in ſo noxious a ſituation; nor was I diſappointed, for I am firmly perſuaded, that no flies pitched or blowed on the corn after it had been ſo ſtruck.—But I had the mortification of obſerving the flies (the evening before it was ſtruck) already on the corn, (ſix, ſeven, or eight on a ſingle ear) ſo that what damage had accrued, was done before the operation took place; for, on examining it laſt week, I found the corn which had been ſtruck, pretty free of the yellows; very much more ſo than what was not ſtruck. I have therefore no doubt but that had the

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the operation been performed ſooner, the corn would have remained totally clear and untouched. If ſo, ſimple as the proceſs is, I flatter myſelf it bids fair to preſerve fine crops of corn from deſtruction, as the ſmall inſects are the crops greateſt enemy. One of thoſe yellow flies laid at leaſt eight or ten eggs, of an oblong ſhape, on my thumb, only while carrying by the wing acroſs three or four ridges, as appeared on viewing it with a pocket microſcope.

4th. Crops of turnips are frequently deſtroyed, when young, by being bitten by ſome inſects, either flies or fleas; this I flatter myſelf may be effectually prevented, by having an elder buſh ſpread ſo as to cover about the breadth of a ridge, and drawn once forward and backward by a man over the young turnips. I am confirmed in this idea, by having ſtruck an elder buſh over a bed of young colly-flower plants, which had begun to be bitten, and would otherwiſe have been deſtroyed by thoſe inſects; but after that operation it remained untouched.

In ſupport of my opinion, I beg leave to mention the following fact from very credible information, that about eight or nine years ago this county was ſo infeſted with cock-chaffers, or oakwebs, that in many pariſhes they eat every green thing, but Elder; nor left a green leaf untouched beſides Elder buſhes, which alone remained green and unhurt, amid the general devaſtation of ſo voracious a multitude. On reflecting on theſe ſeveral circumſtances, a thought ſuggeſted itſelf to me, whether an Elder, now eſteemed noxious and offenſive, may not be one day ſeen planted with, and entwiſting its branches among, fruit trees, in order to preſerve the fruit from deſtruction by inſects; and whether the ſame means which produced theſe ſeveral effects, may not be extended to a great variety of other caſes, in the preſervation of the vegetable kingdom.

The dwarf Elder (*ebulus*) I apprehend emits more offenſive effluvia than common Elder, therefore it muſt be preferable to it in the ſeveral experiments.

I have the honour to ſubſcribe myſelf,

SIR,

Your moſt obedient,

Humble ſervant,

CHR. GULLETT.

☞ This ingenious Gentleman has lately revived a long dormant plan of making a Navigable Canal from Saliſbury to Eling, near Southampton; and from his ſkill and aſſiduity, it is not doubted but that ſalutary project will now be carried into immediate execution.

A Second Epiſtle from the Regions of WIT and HUMOUR.

To the EDITORS *of the* MONTHLY MISCELLANY.

GENTLEMEN,

"ONE good turn deſerves another:" and I find with us 'tis Puff for Puff---*A genuine Letter from a Genius of the Firſt Rank, who has kindly condeſcended to write a Puff for this Miſcellany*---'tis a lure too irreſiſtible to be withſtood, and operates like Butler's muſe,

By forcing me, tho' 'tis in ſpite
Of Nature, and my ſtars, to write.

A genuine letter---the letter undoubtedly was genuine---*From a Genius of the Firſt Rank too*.---Indeed! Well, I am not inclined to doubt it, nor have I any reaſon; for it would be highly inconſiſtent with good breeding, and very ungentleman-like, for me to diſpute my own claim to the title, when conferred on me by the reſpectable Editors of the Monthly Miſcellany---ſtiled (ſolely on account of uſhering to the world my productions) *the juſtly celebrated*---and more eſpecially ſo, as I am perſuaded this encomium on my merit cannot fail meeting with the concurrence and approbation of all their readers.

Believe me, Gentlemen, I can never ſufficiently expreſs the light of admiration in which I hold your judgment; and I am firmly of opinion---that beſides yourſelves and me---there are none rightly qualified to judge on the merits and demerits of an author.

In return for a compliment ſo grateful to my vanity, as that which you have been pleaſed to pay me, I am going to give you a freſh mark of my wondrous condeſcenſion, as ſoon as an abatement of the exceſſive joy that I experience on this glorious occaſion yields ſuch a ſtep practicable; though in a work of the kind I ſhall not be without ſome diſmal apprehenſions that I may happen to induce you to change your mind.

Having leap'd and bounded by the ſpace of three quarters of an hour about the floor of

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my apartment, and beſides rendering my ſhirt (the only one I have) fit for the waſh-tub, and aſſembling together before my windows the whole neighbourhood; who, ſtrangers to the cauſe of my rejoicing, inſtead of taking part therein, have been gazing up at me with apparent conſternation, and ſeem even yet to be loſt in amazement---having by this means become tolerably compoſed, I ſhall proceed to deſcant a little on

The prodigious Conſequence and vaſt Importance of a MAN---*to* HIMSELF.

I (who am without exception the wiſeſt man ſince Solomon) have, during my ſojourning here, (amongſt divers heretofore impenetrable myſteries) diſcovered that many people aſſume more conſequence than ſeems them; and alſo that ſeveral are denied by others that degree of importance which is clearly their due.

In every profeſſion are to be met with thoſe who place beyond parallel the utility of their reſpective occupations; and in every rank thoſe who exult in the ſuperiority of their ſtation, and affect to diſdain their inferiors.

The farmer and huſbandman are apt to forget that they owe to the labour of another their implements and cloathing; the artiſt, manufacturer, and merchant, that the products of the earth come prepared to their hands; the affluent noble, and the prince, are apt to look with contempt on the ſources from whence their wealth are derived; and the deſpot vainly to fancy that all mankind were deſtined either for the inſtruments or objects of his tyranny.

I ſhall finiſh with an enchantingly beautiful compariſon, finely adapted to the loftineſs of my theme, viz.---Even as an Author is dependant on a Bookſeller, and a Bookſeller on an Author---ſo are the different orders in ſociety dependant on each other.

AJAX.

The BOOK-WORM, an OCCASIONAL PAPER; NUMBER III.

With a very fine ENGRAVING *of* DEUCALION *and* PYRRHA.

IN my private and ſerious reflections, I have frequently attempted to inveſtigate the cauſe of that variety of diſpoſitions one meets with in the world; and have been led to wonder how a diverſity of nature and of ſentiment could ever have taken root amongſt perſons, originally of one and the ſame creation.

I have attentively conſidered the various reaſons which men commonly aſſign for this want of uniformity; and though I cannot ſay there is much dependance to be placed on them, yet they are probable enough to be deemed valid by thoſe who ſearch not things to the bottom.

But leaving theſe ſuperficial enquirers to aſſert their own doctrines to ſuch as will believe them, I ſhall venture to lay before the public a new hypotheſis on this ſubject, which I am inclined to think carries more weight with it than all their arguments put together.

We are told by Ovid, in the firſt book of his Metamorphoſes, that ſoon after the war of the Giants againſt the Gods, it was their decree to drown mankind by an univerſal deluge.

"Immediately (ſays he) Jove ſhut up the North wind in the caves of Æolus, with all the cloud-diſpelling blaſts, and then ſent out the South wind, ſcattering the fogs from his moiſt wings. His countenance is covered with a thick and horrid darkneſs; his beard is loaded with ſhowers, and the ſtreaming water flows from his hoary locks; and ſtill, as he ſweeps along, he ſqueezes the hanging clouds, and redoubled ſhowers come pouring from the ſky. The corn is levelled with the impetuous rains, and the huſbandman, diſappointed in his hopes, laments to ſee his whole year's labour periſh. Nor can the waters poured from above ſatisfy the vengeance of *Jupiter*;---*Neptune* aſſiſts him with his waves, and adds to the general deſolation. He ſtrikes the earth with his trident, and opens her moſt inward caverns; whence guſh out the foaming floods. The expanded rivers ruſh upon the plains, and bear away the groves, together with the corn, the flocks, the herds, men, houſes, and the temples. If any houſe remained capable of ſuſtaining the violence of ſuch a ſhock, yet the waves ſtill riſing, overtopped it, and the loftieſt towers ſtood tottering beneath the rolling deep.

"And now the earth and ſeas, jumbled

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Deucalion and Pyrrha.

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into one undiſtinguiſhed maſs, were become a world of waters, and an ocean without a coaſt. One takes poſſeſſion of a hill, another gets into a little bark, and ſails o'er fields that he had lately ploughed. Here they ſkim above the corn, or over the tops of their overwhelmed houſes; the fiſhes there are caught upon the elms.---Perchance, an anchor is let fall upon a green meadow, or the keels of the veſſels cruſh the tender vines; and where the ſlender goats had lately cropt the graſs, the ugly ſea-calves reſt their unwieldy limbs. The dolphins beat againſt the oaks; the wolf ſwims among the ſheep, in ſearch of ſafety only; and the tawny lions and the tigers are borne away by the rapid current. The boar finds no advantage from his tuſks, nor the ſtag in the ſwiftneſs of his legs, now wholly uſeleſs in the deep. And the poor wandering bird, having long ſought for land whereon to reſt, finds his wings fail him, and he drops into the ſea. The waters now flow'd over the higheſt hills, and the unuſual waves beat againſt the tops of the mountains; the greateſt part of men were buried in the deep, and the reſt periſhed for want of food. Two only eſcaped from this deſtruction.

"There is in *Phocis* (a region between *Bœotia* and *Attica*) a mountain called *Parnaſſus*, whoſe *two* lofty ſummits riſe above the clouds. Here *Deucalion*, ſon of *Prometheus*, was carried in a little bark with his wife *Pyrrha*, and reſted upon the mountain; and when Jove beheld the world thus buried beneath a lake of waters, and that of ſo many thouſands only one of each ſex remained, he diſperſed the clouds, and made the raging ſea abate.---Now the hills were ſeen to riſe out of the floods; the earth again appears, and places ſeem to grow up from the decreaſing waters.

"At length the world was wholly reſtored to view; and when *Deucalion* and *Pyrrha* obſerved the general deſolation, they addreſſed the heavenly powers in pious prayers, and ſought relief from the oracle of *Themis*, to tell by what means the earth might have its inhabitants reſtored. The Goddeſs heard their prayers, and told them to veil their heads and looſen their garments, and throw behind them the ſtones of the earth. Inſtant they deſcend the mount; they veil their heads, and unbind their veſts; and, as commanded, throw the ſtones behind them; when (ſtrange to tell!) the ſtones began to lay aſide their hardneſs, and ſoftening by degrees, to aſſume a new ſhape. They ſwell, and partaking of a milder nature, they take the human form, yet but imperfectly, as if juſt traced out by the chiſſel of an artiſt. At length the moiſt and earthy parts were turned into fleſh, and juices for the uſe of the body: what was ſolid and more unyielding changed to bones, and the veins retain their former name. Thus, by the interpoſition of the Gods, the ſtones which *Deucalion* threw aſſumed the forms of men, while thoſe of *Pyrrha*'s caſting renew'd the female race. Hence we are a hardy generation, and give daily proofs of the original whence we ſprung."

Thus far Ovid's account of the reſtoration of mankind. And who, after reading this relation, will deny that the diſſimilarity of our natures, the untowardneſs of our diſpoſitions, our propenſity to evil, or our love of virtue;---in ſhort, that our every principle, whether good or bad, is owing *principally*, if not *wholly*, to the nature of that ſtone, from which our anceſtors took their exiſtence. For my own part, I am ſo clearly convinced that this is the origin of our different natures, that I ſhould ſcarcely heſitate to diſpute the penetration of ſuch as entertain any doubt of it.

It is true, the various intercourſes and changes amongſt mankind have ſo far altered a great part of them from their original, that few if any traces are now left of the ſtone they took their being from; but there are *ſome*, yea *many* to be found, who ſtill retain the primitive faculties of their primogenitors; and on theſe I ſhall beg leave to make ſome animadverſions, by way of ſtrengthening the preſent argument.

How frequently has the pen of the Satyriſt marked out, for public deteſtation, an high-ſwoln *Rector* of two adjoining pariſhes, who from an income of 600l. a year, can ſcarcely ſqueeze out 40l. to reward his Curate's drudgery. His table abounds with the richeſt delicacies, and his bowl overflows with the choiceſt liquors; yet the beggar pleads in vain for pity at his gate, and the cries of indigence are unnoticed by him. He purchaſes lands and houſes, and loads the tenants with increaſe of rent; he is proud of the number of his poſſeſſions, and luxury is let looſe within his houſe, while his ſervants groan beneath his oppreſſive hand. Who but muſt ſee the origin of ſuch a being?---He is a *Milk-ſtone* of the hardeſt kind, which either grinds with unremitting force, or ceaſes for a while only to become the more ſevere.

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A character something allied to this is the *Miser*, with whom every means are laudable, whereby money may be obtained. The only difference between them is, that the one labours wholly for the luxurious enjoyment of his wealth, and the other for the mere poſſeſſion of it.--- The offspring of the Mill-ſtone ſpecies thinks no money ill obtained, though Oppreſſion be the procurer, ſo that his appetite be indulged, or his pride gratified; but the Miſer, whoſe every action denotes a *ſtinty* heart, fears to ſpend, tho' even for himſelf, and but for the ſupport of his own life, would not allow himſelf even common food. His Gold is as the fire of the Flint, to be had by force alone; for no ſtratagem will extract a ſpark from one, nor prevail upon the other to part with a ſingle guinea.

The generality of mankind bear a great affinity to what we call common Stand-ſtone, which is now got out of moſt ſtone-quarries in this kingdom, and very probably was as plentiful on the banks of *Cephiſus*. This ſtone is at firſt hewn out in large unſhapely pieces; but when the chiſſel has been applied to it, and its ruder parts are cut away, it becomes fit for ſtately edifices, and ſerves both for uſe and ornament; but if inſtead of this, the ſtones are ſuffered to lie neglected, and idle wanton perſons rub them againſt each other, they are worn away by friction, and are reduced to a worthleſs powder. Thus it is with the human mind. When we enter the world, we are rude and aukward beings, till Education deprives us of our groſſer habits, and gives us a more refined and poliſhed manner; 'tis this that fits us for ſociety, and makes us parts as it were of one great building; but ſhould we, inſtead of this, be the victims of ignorance, and loſe the benefits of learning and education, we become the eaſy prey of our own paſſions, or the deſigns of others, and wear ourſelves away with quarrels and diſſentions, either of our own ſeeking, or contrived by the artifices of idle and malicious perſons.

In determining the nature of thoſe ſtones which *Pyrrha* threw behind her, I am afraid I ſhall meet with ſome objections from the female part of my readers, many of whom aſſert their right to, and endeavour to trace their deſcent from, the *Diamond*; but I cannot wholly ſubſcribe to that opinion; Diamonds were in no great plenty on the banks of *Cephiſus*, and if ſhe threw any, they muſt have been but few, and the deſcendants of thoſe, I fear, have never reached to any number, hiſtory making no mention of that ſucceſſion. I am rather induced to think that Marble was more plentiful in thoſe parts---a kind of ſtone ſufficiently beautiful, and no leſs remarkable for reſiſting the attacks of buſy meddlers: and in this opinion I am the more confirmed, by the writings of every poet ſince the Deluge, and the language alſo of every lover. For though the outward charms of a lady are ever painted as reſembling jewels and precious ſtones, the *Heart*, or Diſpoſition, is by them all allowed to be of the Marble ſpecies. Thus a Lover, in deſcribing the perfections of his Miſtreſs, ſays, her face is fairer than the *alabaſter*; that the *diamond* is inferior to the brightneſs of her eyes, and the *ruby* to her lips; yet he cloſes his deſcription with lamenting, that her heart is of the hardeſt *marble*.

And now I am got upon this *ſtony* ſubject, I ſhall conclude with a few lines, not unapplicable, written by the late Rev. Mr. Jenner, and addreſſed to a Gentleman in love with a *Stone-Cutter*'s daughter; obſerving to my readers in the mean time, that the before-mentioned inſtances are ſufficient to convince every reaſonable perſon of the truth of my propoſition.

WHERE CAM's ſmooth waters gently flow,
Young Strephon lov'd a fair;
And fair ſhe was; tho' well I know
They boaſt few beauties there.

Her lovely form, ſo wondrous neat,
Like poliſh'd MARBLE ſheen;
No STATUE could be more compleat
Of the fam'd Paphian Queen.

Nor did ſhe boaſt theſe charms alone;
A temper mild ſhe bore;
Eaſy to mould, as is the STONE
Of Portland's ſhelvy ſhore.

A nymph more fam'd to give delight
Was never prais'd by Bard;
But ah! her heart was FREE-STONE quite,
Or PUMICE, 'twas ſo hard.

Poor Strephon try'd with all his might
The lovely maid to woo;
But found her as the Marble bright,
And cold as Marble too.

The CHISSEL of his wit he try'd,
And whet it wond'rous well;
The MALLET of his art he ply'd,
His well-wrought tale to tell:

But ſtill the fair one would not hear,
Nor ceaſe his ſighs to mock;
Too weak thro' life's rough courſe to ſteer,
He ſplit upon a ROCK.

Cupid long time in vain had try'd
At him a Dart to fling;
At length he laid his bow aſide,
And ſtruck him with a SLING.

Two

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Two ORIGINAL LETTERS of The late Rev. Mr. STEPHEN DUCK.

(Copied from the MANUSCRIPTS.*)*

LETTER I.

To Mr. D***, at UPHAVEN, WILTS.

KEW, *Sept.* 3, 1733.

Dear Mr. D***,

I Had returned you thanks for your obliging preſent before this, had I not thought of ſeeing you at Uphaven; but buſineſs will not allow me that pleaſure now. I am afraid you ſent more than double the profit of your feaſt to me. The beer was extremely good, and I ſent half a dozen of it to my Lord Palmerſton, who deſires you will look out for as much land as will coſt twenty guineas, and he will buy it, and ſettle the income of it on Charlton threſhers for ever, that they may dine at your houſe on the 30th of June every year, to all generations: I have not heard from Mr. G****, nor from Mr. L******, a long time, tho' I have writ to both. If you know that I have offended either, be ſo good as to tell me by the next poſt, and you will oblige

Your moſt humble ſervant,

S. DUCK.

My ſervice to Parſon F**** when you ſee him.

LETTER II.

To Mr. L******, at ****, WILTS.

KEW, *May* 14, 1746.

Dear Sir,

I have received your laſt, for which I thank you; but am ſorry 'tis not in my power to oblige our friend Mr. ——. I had collected a little money when I publiſhed my book, and to ſecure it the better, I put it into the Exchequer, where it is ſo very ſecure, that I could not fell it out, without loſing 20l. per cent. which I am perſuaded you would not wiſh me to do. I have talked with ſome friends about it, but to no purpoſe; they either have no money, or will not part with it, in theſe troubleſome times. My wife has 500l. in a certain Lord's hands, but I can neither perſuade her, nor compel her, to remove it. In ſhort, I find there is nothing more difficult to get than money, and nothing more eaſily got rid of.

I ſhall not ſay much to condole with you for your father's death, he having lived to a good old age; and had he lived longer, his life could be little elſe than trouble and ſorrow. I wiſh you might be gainer enough by it, as to render your life eaſy, which I ſhould be exceeding glad to hear. Pray give my humble ſervice to your mother; I hope ſhe bears the ſeparation from her old friend like a good Chriſtian, which I believe ſhe is. The lovely ſpring has ſo beautified our gardens, walks, and fields, and made all nature ſo gay and pleaſant about here, that (if it pleaſe God) I could, methinks, willingly live to autumn before I make my exit—— But that muſt be juſt as heaven thinks fit. I am glad to hear there is ſuch a ſpirit of loyalty in your country. Certainly we owe a great deal to the glorious Duke of Cumberland, who has been the chief inſtrument, under heaven, of ſaving us from ſlavery and ruin. Nor were there ever ſuch rejoicings in the City of London on any occaſion, as there were upon the news of his compleat victory over the Rebels. The whole City and ſuburbs were ſo illuminated, that they ſeemed one united blaze. The very w——s had not a dark alley to be private in. May heaven preſerve our young hero to bear his father's thunder againſt all the enemies of the preſent Royal Family, the Proteſtant Religion, and the Laws and Liberties of Great Britain, which are all interwoven and connected together.

I ſhall be very glad to ſee you whenever it is convenient; being

Your ſincere friend,

And humble ſervant,

S. D.

* Mr. Duck was many years a poor Threſher in a barn at Charlton, in the county of Wilts, at the wages of four ſhillings and ſix-pence a week, till taken notice of by her late Majeſty Queen Caroline, who, on account of his great genius, gave him an apartment at Kew, and a ſalary of thirty pounds a year; after which he ſtudied the learned languages, and entered into Holy orders. A collection of Poems, written by this gentleman, and ſome of them while he was in the low ſituation above-mentioned, were publiſhed a few years ago in a ſmall volume, and allowed to have a great degree of merit.

For

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For the MISCELLANY.

PRIZE ESSAY; ON AVARICE.

The poor rich man's emphatically poor. COWLEY.

AS there is not any *Evil* more dreaded than the ſuppos'd evil of Poverty, ſo there is not any imaginary *Good* more aſſiduouſly ſought after than the poſſeſſion of Riches. Wealth is ſuppos'd capable of procuring every pleaſure which the human mind is wont to deſire in this ſtate of excellence: hence the multitude, with an impetuoſity equal to their unbounded wiſhes, riſe up early, go to bed late, and with intenſe application endeavour to compaſs the golden mountain whence all happineſs is ſuppos'd to be derived. But experience teaches us the futility of this purſuit. Among this aſſiduous throng who make wealth their *ſummum bonum* and *ſummum totum*, a very few only are capable of terminating their labours in poſſeſſion, or their hopes in fruition. A train of unforeſeen events baffles their endeavours; diſappointment meets them in the way, clouds their moſt ſhining proſpects, and prevents them from poſſeſſing the delectable object of their warmeſt wiſhes.

Some indeed there are, who have happily avoided every impediment which either inadvertency on their part, or the craft of others might throw in their way to impede their progreſs towards affluence. Fortune has ſmiled upon them, and they have been her moſt diſtinguiſhed favourites. Every plan they have laid, every ſcheme they have undertaken, has ſhewn itſelf to have been prudently concerted by the ſucceſs which attended its execution.

But alas! of this ſuperior claſs, whom a gracious Providence has circumfus'd with plenty, few there are who ſeem to *enjoy*, and ſtill fewer who make a *proper* uſe of the unmerited bounty. Circumſcrib'd within the narrow circle of covetouſneſs and ſelf-love, they ſtarve in the midſt of plenty, and altho' ſurrounded with the means of happineſs, are miſerable. Inſenſible of the juſt tribute of gratitude to the fountain from whence every bleſſing is derived, they are conſtantly repining againſt that kind Providence whoſe goodneſs is inexpreſſible. Blind to neceſſities which charity would have taught them to relieve without a verbal ſolicitation, and deaf to the plaintive cry of thoſe who are oppreſſed with numerous ſorrows, they paſs through life unhappy in themſelves, and unprofitable to thoſe around them.

If there are any miſerable objects from whom charity could diſpenſe with the obligations of ſympathy, it muſt be thoſe who are miſerably rich, and penuriouſly affluent. They are guilty of a ſin which is not only contemptible in the view of every generous mind, but highly diſhonourable to a rational being, and odious in the ſight of heaven. Could ſuch but for a moment ſee the deformity of their own hearts and conduct, as it is ſeen by the wiſe and generous part of mankind. ſurely *ſhame* would cooperate with the voice of duty, and excite them to amend their actions!

Gratitude, in its various degrees, is a duty incumbent on all dependant beings, from the moſt exalted ſeraph, to the loweſt order of rational intelligence. Every individual in the ſcale of exiſtence ought to cheriſh it in his breaſt towards the great ſuperintendant of the univerſe, the author of every bleſſing! The goodneſs of God is diſplayed throughout all nature, in a manner, proportion, and degree, which altho' not to be fully inveſtigated by the feeble efforts of the human intellect, is doubtleſs perfectly conſiſtent with the rectitude of his own attributes, and his unſpeakably glorious deſign in calling us into exiſtence. His mercies are extended over all his works; "and he cauſeth his rain to fall on the juſt and the unjuſt."

Therefore gratitude is obligatory on all, but more eſpecially ſo on thoſe to whom divine beneficence has diſpenſed a larger ſhare of bleſſings than falls in common to the lot of man. The "*Lines of theſe are caſt* in pleaſant places," and they have an inheritance aſſigned them in a "*ſouthern land*." They may enjoy a relaxation from thoſe arduous toils which neceſſarily engage the commonalty;---they may walk continually under the enlivening chearing beams of proſperity, while thouſands and tens of thouſands are loaded with the preſſure of human cares, and penſively traverſing the gloomy vale of adverſity.

But notwithſtanding the bleſſings ſuch are ſurrounded with, they are often more unhappy than the peaſant, whoſe daily bread is procured with the ſweat of his brow

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brow. If we examine into the causes of this infelicity, it will appear to be that of their wishes increasing in proportion to their acquisitions---that inordinate desire after "*something unpossess'd*," which, like the raging thirst of a fever, dries up every source of comfort, has prevented the grateful reception and wise application of that portion of this world's goods which a gracious Providence has allotted them.

The *enjoyment* of their wealth has been postpon'd to the evening of age; and the best part of life sacrificed to the labour of acquisition, without the alleviation of temperate enjoyment.

Avaro pleased himself in pursuing wealth with unremitting ardor, while he anticipated the happiness he should enjoy in retiring from business with a large fortune, at the decline of life. But he reaped the fruit of disappointment at the period he propos'd to have arriv'd beyond the *fear*, as well as the *power* of it. The darling passion of his youth

"Grew with his growth, and strengthen'd
"with his strength;"

and *age*, instead of dissolving, rivetted his chains, beyond the power of dissolution. As the golden mountain increas'd, he became more sensible of the power of its attraction. No plan was form'd, no scheme laid or executed, but such as contributed to fill his coffers, or lengthen his rent roll. To gain money, every yoke was easy, and every burthen light; every hardship and indignity was chearfully submitted to, and every danger met and encountered with heroic fortitude. His constant application to accumulate employed all his time and faculties, and a care equally constant and arduous to keep what he had acquired was invariably exercised to the prejudice of his health, and at last hasten'd his death.

Thus Avaro, the poor, rich Avaro, enervated his body with fatigue, suffer'd his spirits to evaporate at the oar, and dissipated his reasoning powers by a long succession of schemes. He sat down to enjoy his substance at a time of life when every capacity for enjoyment had lost its sensibility, or was supplanted by infirmities which every hour gave him alarming notice of his dissolution. Nothing was now left him but the bare contemplation of treasures which he could never enjoy; and even this was productive of but little pleasure, on account of the frequent intimations he received that he must shortly leave it for ever. He was a perfect stranger to every species of rational pleasure, or the delights arising from acts of benevolence, and totally neglected by all but those who watch'd hourly for his exit, in hopes of being the immediate possessors of his wealth. In this situation, every symptom of approaching death is like a poignard to his heart, as he knows it will divide him for ever from the only thing on earth for which he has any value. His infirmities come upon him like a thick cloud. He looks with expiring agonies on his strong box, and at last dies unlamented a miserable poor man.

It certainly ought to be the peculiar care of those who possess the means of rendering life easy, by having a happy competency of temporals, to adore with gratitude that sacred hand which has so abundantly bless'd them. They ought to *enjoy* the bounty of heaven within the bounds of temperance and moderation, and with the superabundance of their wealth to relieve the wants of those whose lot it is to inhabit the vale of poverty.---Affluence gives no more licence to its possessors to spend it in wanton profusion, than to become miserable misers. To spend riches extravagantly, or to hoard them up unprofitably, is equally repugnant to the dictates of reason---equally offensive to the Supreme Giver of all good.---The surplus of our wealth might be nobly employed in acts of real charity. The widow, the orphan, the distress'd, the unfortunate, and the afflicted, who silently shed their tears, and spend their chearless days in obscurity, have a just claim to our bounty, and are the proper objects to receive it. It would cause *them* to rejoice; and in thus administering to their necessities,-we should offer a sweet oblation to the universal Parent and Friend of mankind.

The perfection of human excellence is to cultivate a kind, benevolent disposition towards all our fellow creatures, and to preserve in our minds a grateful, reverential sense of the obligations we lie under to the Supreme Dispenser of every blessing we enjoy. To attain this, is true wisdom, and its end will be permanent happiness. PHILALETHES.

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For the MISCELLANY.

The ADVANTAGES and DISADVANTAGES attending a PUBLIC and a PRIVATE LIFE compared.

ON the first consideration of the question, whether a public or a private life is most eligible? one is apt immediately to conclude, that the first is better calculated for our temporal, and the last for our spiritual interest. But let us not make rash conclusions without previously examining on what basis they are founded. Let us then suppose two brothers, nearly, or, if you will, exactly of the same age, that is, born twins; born with the same mental abilities, the same disposition, the same strength of body; educated under the same masters, and equally beloved by them, and also by their parents and relations. In short, let them be, in every respect, as similar as nature's productions can possibly be; and let them be undeviatingly brought up alike, till they are properly qualified to live either in public or private, with honour and credit. Let this be the only difference, that the first-born, whom, for distinction's sake, I shall name *Castor*, be fond of a public, and the younger, whom I shall call *Pollux*, of a private life. Their talents must be supposed superlatively eminent, and cultivated to a degree nearest the point of perfection; their virtues must be of the sublimest kind, and deeply rooted in the heart. Let us take *Castor* just dismissed from the hands of his tutors, returned from his travels, which he has finished with the greatest reputation to himself, and the most signal credit to his teachers; where he has spent his time like a sensible *Telemachus*, under the wise direction of a faithful *Mentor*, and not like a *Milord Anglois*, who is incessantly sacrificing to *Bacchus* and *Venus*, when he ought to be visiting, and making himself perfectly acquainted with, the *Mores Multorum hominum et urbes*; when he ought to dedicate every precious moment to add to his stock of useful and ornamental knowledge. In short, let us consider him as accomplished as the infirmities of human nature can possibly allow; learned, without pedantry; polite, without affectation; sober, without a disgusting reserve; and moral, without ostentation; benevolent, generous, the friend of human nature. Let us behold him exalted to the highest post of honour, emolument and fame. In this situation, if he retains his integrity, and earnestly devotes his time, his abilities, his fortune to the public welfare; myriads of blessings will be showered down on his head, loud plaudits will make the hills reverberate the glory of his name, and the historic page will hug the never-dying tribute due to so exalted a merit. Add to this, the inexpressible pleasure he must feel within himself, to hear thousands hail him wherever he goes, the father, the protector, the support of his grateful country. This must certainly animate him with redoubled zeal, and add perseverance and intrepidity to the sincere and regular discharge of his duty.—But if fortune proves adverse, and malice and envy blast his reputation, and stuff his pillow with thorns; if he is rewarded with curses where he expected blessings, injuries where he had a right to gratitude, and if vexatious disappointments blight his promising hopes; in that case he must be something more than man, tho' he has the testimony of a good conscience, if he remains calm and serene, with a smile of undisturbed tranquility on his countenance. Nor let this supposition be thought *outrée*. If an Angel from Heaven was to be thus employed in the highest office a Prince can bestow, he would, at some time or other, experience all, and more than all, these tormenting attendants of exalted stations. Therefore, a public life, when a person is eminently qualified for it, may be, *for a time*, productive of real good to thousands, and of temporary advantages to the generous author; but durable happiness must be less expected in *this*, than in a private station.

But, were we to take a survey of men placed in inferior public stations, and of inferior abilities, we should find that their life is a constant mixture of inconsistencies. Fawning adulation, and servile humility towards their superiors, and those on whom they depend, are mixed with supercilious behaviour and arrogant tyranny towards their inferiors and dependants, and envy and dissimulation towards their equals. Nature, which is certainly the spring and origin of

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of terreſtrial happineſs, is totally excluded among this ſet of courtiers.

Yet, if their external deportment is becoming, their manners polite, and their integrity, upon the whole, irreprehenſible; they may be productive of a degree of happineſs to the public and their own families, but of very little to themſelves. A *Mordecai*, who does not chuſe to offer incenſe at their ſhrine, is ſufficient to make the moſt unaſſuming *Haman* unhappy. In ſhort, a public life is more to be avoided than ſought after, unleſs that moſt glorious of all motives, *public good*, induces us to enter into it.

Let us now return to *Pollux*, who has likewiſe juſt finiſhed his education, and is endued with liberality of ſentiment, refined ideas, feeling humanity, and tender paſſions. Let us behold him poſſeſſed of an ample fortune, ſettled in the country, living upon his own eſtate. The trumpet of fame does not ſound his virtues and exploits to the remoteſt verge of ſpace; he is not the public idol, the minion of the day; neither is he capable, in ſuch a ſituation, to promote the welfare of whole nations: but, on the other hand, he is eſtabliſhed on a firmer foundation, and his happineſs is infinitely more durable, and not ſupported on the breath of the wavering multitude. The ſmiles and frowns of the great neither raiſe nor depreſs his ſpirits; he is dependant on no man; and only the inconſtancy of fortune can deprive him of his terreſtrial poſſeſſions. But even then, being unambitious himſelf, and animated with a noble courage, and a *grandeur d'ame* ſufficient to deſpiſe riches when they make themſelves wings and fly away, he remains unſhaken and unmoved. He has been taught not to build his happineſs on ſo precarious a foundation, which the leaſt wind of adverſity may overthrow. While fortune ſmiles, he enjoys, and cauſes others to enjoy happineſs; and when ſhe frowns, he bravely oppoſes the ſhield of fortitude againſt her, and remains unconquered. He neither graſps at riches, nor profuſely laviſhes his fortune; but uniformly treads in the happy medium. His own perſon and family are but a ſmall part of his care; like the ſun, he ſheds his benign rays of beneficence abroad, and chears and comforts the drooping and the afflicted. Whatever good he does, it is from principle, for he abhors oſtentation and hypocriſy. He ſeeks for the poor, the fatherleſs, the widow, and makes their hearts, and conſequently his own, leap for joy. He gives abundantly, and experimentally feels that it is more bleſſed to give than to receive. He lives temperately, takes moderate exerciſe, and enjoys a *mons ſana in corpore ſano*. He ſpends all his ſpare time in rational ſtudies, dedicating a great part of it to the glory of his Maker. His very walks and rides awake his gratitude towards God, and he feels happineſs circulating through every vein. He is exemplary in all his actions, and impartially rewards the virtuous, and reprimands or even puniſhes the vicious. In ſhort, his God, his family, his tenants, his neighbourhood are all his care and ſtudy; and he ſteadily avoids the company of thoſe who do not conſtantly endeavour to exalt, refine, and dignify human nature.

In paſſing ſentence, therefore, on a public and a private life, I muſt declare in favour of the latter. Let not any body imagine, that perſons in high ſtations are to be envied; let them remember, that a houſe ſituated on a hill, is expoſed to thoſe ſtorms and dangers from which the low ſituated cottage is generally free.

RURICOLA.

THE LIFE and WRITINGS of Dr. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

THIS excellent writer is generally ſaid to have received his birth at Litchfield, in Staffordſhire; but however poſitive ſome are in favour of this aſſertion, we find none who have favoured the world with an account of his parentage. Their ſilence upon ſo very intereſting a head, would naturally lead many to doubt the truth of their aſſertion in reſpect to the place of his nativity. However, be that as it may, it is undeniable that he received his education at Oxford, at which univerſity he took his degrees; after quitting which, being

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ſomewhat ſtraightened in his circumſtances, he opened a private academy at Litchfield. A genius like his, however, could not long content itſelf with the diſagreeable taſk of ſuperintending the mere claſſical inſtruction of youth, and burying thoſe talents in obſcurity that are the glory of the preſent age, and will be the admiration of all ſucceeding ones.

Having, therefore, eſtabliſhed an intimacy with Mr. Garrick, about the year 1736, they conjointly agreed to come to London; the one to try his abilities on the ſtage, and the other to commence author. How they have ſucceeded, let the world declare.

After having experienced the various hardſhips inſeparable from the drudgery of compiling and tranſlating for the bookſellers, the firſt work of any conſequence we find the Doctor engaged in was his *Dictionary*; where he has at once ſucceſsfully extended the bounds, improved the elegance and elucidated the genius of our very unſettled and difficult language. Notwithſtanding the attention and uncommon erudition requiſite to inſure ſucceſs in a work ſo amazingly complicate, we nevertheleſs find, from *his* labour alone, what our forefathers would have deſpaired of acquiring from an exertion of the aſſociated abilities of numbers. In this immenſe work, the variety of readings is ſo numerous, the inveſtigation of language is ſo preciſe, the definitions are ſo concluſive, and ſo many operations, traced through a variety of ſources, are contrived ſo artfully to combine for the completion of one great purpoſe, that we are at a loſs which moſt to admire, the learning or genius of a man, who alone and unaſſiſted, was equal to ſo arduous a ſtudy.

During thoſe intervals of receſs neceſſary to the fatigue of ſo ſtupendous an undertaking, we find him commenced moraliſt, and preſenting to the world divers ſeries of periodical eſſays, amongſt which *The Rambler* poſſeſſes the firſt claim to the attention of the judicious; and although the Doctor cannot be ſaid to have much extended the ſyſtem of moral philoſophy, he may nevertheleſs be juſtly ſaid to have improved it.

He has been too frequently charged with ſacrificing the ſimple beauties of Nature to the ſtudied decorations of Art; that he is ſonorous without melody, and aſpiring without ſublimity; and that the pompous parade of his periods, though it may a while excite the admiration of the vulgar, will in the man of taſte create only diſguſt. How far ſuch obſervations may be juſt, we ſhall leave to the conſideration of the critical reader; only on the other hand, to balance the ſcale, we ſhall preſent him with the opinion of the late Dr. Goldſmith, who ſays, "In every ſentence produced by the pen of that very able writer (Dr. Johnſon), we ſee to how great a degree of grammatical perfection, and claſſical elegance, the Engliſh tongue is capable of being brought."

His abilities as a noveliſt and an allegoriſt, are too well known to need a recital. His *Eaſtern* ſtories, many of which are interſperſed in *The Rambler*, poſſeſs not only the ſublimity and ſpirit of the manner of expreſſion peculiar to the people of the *Eaſt*, but even greatly excel any of the Oriental writings, whether we conſider them for fertility of invention, the conduct of their plots, or the juſtice and ſtrength of their ſentiments. His moſt capital work of that kind, however, is a novel, intitled, *Raſſelas, Prince of Abyſſinia*; which, as it does at preſent, probably will ever ſtand *without an equal*.

As a Poet, he poſſeſſes many happy qualities; his numbers are harmonious and muſical, yet bold and poignant, and on the whole approach nearer to Mr. Pope's manner of verſification than thoſe of any other writer. His poetical productions, however, are few: which is the more to be regretted, as, like diamonds of the firſt water, they will ever be held in the higheſt eſtimation, whilſt gems of larger bulk, with leſs intrinſic worth, are ſcarcely looked upon. In ſhort, while the name of Juvenal ſhall be remembered, his much-improved imitations of him, in his two poems, entitled, *London*, and *The Vanity of Human Wiſhes*, cannot fail of being read with delight.

The only dramatic piece Dr. Johnſon ever wrote was *Irene*, a tragedy, the ſucceſs of which was not equal to its merit, owing entirely to his having too ſtrictly adhered to the *Ariſtotelian* rules of the drama. In the preſent age, an audience looks for little more in a play than plot and incident, without paying any regard either to character, diction or ſentiment. No wonder then, that the Doctor ſhould grow diſguſted at the little encouragement given to the efforts of real genius, from a public which would prefer noiſe and buſtle even to the moſt finiſhed work of claſſical perfection!

As a Biographer, his *Life of Savage* may

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may juſtly be pronounced a ſtandard for ſuch ſpecies of literature. He, however, has been accuſed of partiality in the character of that unfortunate man, and that his friendſhip and intimacy with him led the Doctor to throw a veil over his miſcarriages, and to paint his virtues in too ſtrong a light. However juſt this remark may be, the morality inculcated in this little work ſufficiently atones for ſuch a fault, which at worſt can only be termed the error of friendſhip.

After having ſo many years boaſted of, and preſerved his independence, every friend to his country muſt lament, that the Doctor, in his declining age, ſhould venture into the field of politics. His *Falſe Alarm*, and his *Falkland Iſland*, both of which are pamphlets written with a profeſſed view of juſtifying the conduct and meaſures of thoſe in power, and for each of which he received a penſion from the unpopular party he ſo particularly ſerved, will tend to throw a blemiſh upon his moral character, which even his uncommon abilities will never be able ſufficiently to efface.

At a time when every one expected that he had entirely relinquiſhed all further literary purſuits, we find him lately returned from making the tour of Scotland; which journey he undertook, it is ſaid, with a view of collecting authentic materials for preſenting the world with a genuine hiſtory of the eſcape of the young Chevalier after the battle of Culloden. The obſervations he collected in the above tour, are now in the preſs, and will doubtleſs prove an acceptable preſent to the literary world. Perhaps it may be curious to learn the Doctor's opinion of a people of whom he in general had conceived but an indifferent idea. Being aſked how he liked his entertainment in the Highlands, he ſaid, "The ſauce to every thing was the benevolence of the inhabitants, which cannot be too much commended: I love the people better than their country."

When in the Iſle of Sky, he paid a viſit to the celebrated lady ſo well known by the name of Miſs Flora Mackdonald, whoſe heroic adventures, in 1745, have rendered her fame immortal with the generous of all parties. She is now the wife of Mr. Macdonald, of Kingſbury, at whoſe houſe the Doctor ſtaid a night.—He was at great pains to enquire into the authenticity of the poems publiſhed to the world as the works of Oſſian, an ancient Highland bard; but it is ſaid he is confirmed in his diſbelief.

As a Wit, the Doctor has long been celebrated; but it is generally obſerved, that his witticiſms ſeldom partake of ſo much juſtice as ill-nature. However, he is fully bleſſed in that happy combination of ideas, which is more dependent upon the judgment than upon any other faculty. Hence his readineſs of reply will amply counterbalance that cynical ſeverity he too often evidences in theſe flights of fancy.

There is a ſtory told of him, that being once in a bookſeller's ſhop, a certain would-be critic, who was poſſeſſed of more vanity than judgment, and who wanted to impreſs the Doctor with a notion of his taſte, began to paſs ſome remarks upon a poem that had been lately publiſhed; out of which he repeated ſeveral lines, and amongſt the reſt the following:

"Who rules o'er freemen ſhould himſelf be free."

"There, Doctor," ſays the coxcomb, "I call that poetry.—What do you call it?" "Stark nonſenſe, Sir," replied Johnſon; "it contains an *aſſertion without a proof*. The blockhead might as well have ſaid,

"Who drives fat oxen, ſhould himſelf be fat."

His intimacy with Lord Cheſterfield was well known, which he gained by drawing up the original plan of his Dictionary, in a letter to that nobleman, who not only aſſiſted him with hints for the work, but alſo publiſhed two very elegant and friendly letters in a periodical paper called *The World*, recommending the Doctor to the attention of the public with great warmth. And here it will be neceſſary to mention an anecdote, which, if true, will ſerve as a proof how little the Doctor was inclined to return his Lordſhip's friendſhip,—A gentleman of Dr. Johnſon's acquaintance, on the firſt publication of his Dictionary, aſked him, whether he was not in ſome reſpect indebted to Lord Cheſterfield for aſſiſting him in the work? "Not at all, Sir (replied Johnſon); the fact was only this: I had been ſailing round the world of learning for many years, and juſt as I got up to the Downs, my Lord Cheſterfield ſends out two little cock-boats to conduct me up the Thames. My Lord Cheſterfield! no; he may be a wit among Lords, but I fancy he is no more than a Lord among wits."

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The Doctor has ever affected a singularity in his manners, and to contemn the social rules which are established in the intercourse of civil life. This habit he has indulged so far, as to subject himself to the charge of a morose, ill-natured pedant. Perhaps, as a proof of the singular manners of the Doctor, it will not be amiss to present the reader with his character, as drawn up by the very elegant pen of the noble Peer, and judge of mankind before mentioned: In a letter to his Son, he says, "There is a man, whose moral character, deep learning, and superior parts, I acknowledge, admire, and respect; but whom it is so impossible for me to love, that I am almost in a fever whenever I am in his company. His figure (without being deformed) seems made to disgrace or ridicule the common structure of the human body. His legs and arms are never in the position which, according to the situation of his body, they ought to be in, but continually committing hostilities upon the graces. He throws any where, but down his throat, whatever he means to drink, and only mangles what he means to carve. Inattentive to all the regards of social life, he mis-times or mis-places every thing. He disputes with heat, and indiscriminately. Mindless of the rank, character, and situation of those with whom he disputes, absolutely ignorant of the several gradations of familiarity or respect, he is exactly the same to his superiors, his equals, and his inferiors; and therefore, by a necessary consequence, absurd to two of the three. Is it possible to love such a man? No. The utmost I can do for him is to consider him as a respectable Hottentot."

Notwithstanding we mean not to dispute the justice of his Lordship's remarks, yet we would beg leave to observe, that though an affectation of so extravagant a humour be undoubtedly a fault, yet if it has been acquired by the habitudes of his temper, and by his indolence, it scarcely merits censure. Genius has ever its peculiarities; and to a man who can so far soar above the multitude, some indulgence is requisite, to allow him sometimes to descend into himself.

To shew how closely we have adhered to the impartiality we professed to observe, we shall conclude the life of this great man with the following character of him, by the Author of the *Companion to the Play-house*.

"Nothing but his genius can possibly exceed the extent of his erudition: with the ablest head, he seems at present possessed of the very best heart existing.---Every line, every sentiment that issues from his pen, tends to the great center of all his views, the promotion of virtue, religion, and humanity: nor are his actions less pointed towards the same noble end. Benevolence, charity, and piety, are the most striking features in his character; and while his writings point out to us what a good man *ought to be*, his own conduct sets us an example of what he *is*."

[*West. Mag.*]

GENUINE ANECDOTES OF THE LIFE and WRITINGS of the late Mr. ROBERT LLOYD, A. M.

MR. Robert Lloyd was the son of the Rev. Dr. Lloyd, Second Master of Westminster-school; by whom he was so early initiated in the Classics, that his fertile genius soon became pregnant with the stores of Greek and Roman literature. Thus qualified, he repaired, at a proper age, from Westminster to Oxford, where he pursued his studies, and made such an occasional display of his genius, as to reflect no little on his tutorage, if not some honour on the University, which in a short time afterwards conferred on him the degree of Master of Arts.

From Oxford Mr. Lloyd returned to Westminster-school; in which he for some time assisted his father as an Usher in that learned seminary. With this situation, the duties of which he was particularly well qualified to discharge, he appears nevertheless to have been highly dissatisfied:

Were I at once impower'd to shew
My utmost vengeance on my foe;
To punish with extremest rigour,
I could inflict no penance bigger,
Than, using him as Learning's tool,
To make him Usher of a school.
For me, it hurts me to the soul
To brook confinement or controul;
Still to be pinion'd down to teach
The syntax and the parts of speech;
Or, what perhaps is drudging worse,
The links, and joints, and rules of verse:

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To deal out Authors by retail,
Like penny pots of Oxford ale:
—Oh, 'tis a service irksome more,
Than tugging at the slavish oar!

It is more than probable, that this impatience of restraint and disgust at scholastic confinement were heightened by the Author's intimacy with his fellow Collegians, those excentric geniusses, Messrs. Churchill and Thornton; whose congenial talents and disposition might serve to encourage each other in the pursuit of such youthful amusements as insensibly betrayed them into a liberality of life and conversation, which the prudential part of the world, perhaps, too severely condemned.

The first performance which established Mr. Lloyd's reputation as a Poet, and of course rendered him respectable in the literary world, was the Actor, addressed to his then intimate and liberal friend Mr. Thornton. This is one of his best productions; in which he passes very high encomiums both on Mr. Garrick and Mr. Thornton, displaying, as on many other occasions, a strong attachment and most friendly regard for both.

It is supposed, that the reputation Mr. Lloyd acquired by this poem, first stimulated his friend Churchill to enter the lists of poetical fame, and write his celebrated Rosciad. The superior popularity of this piece gave our Author at first some little disgust; but, on the farther exertion of Mr. Churchill's abilities, the superiority in force of numbers, and power of imagery, appearing so greatly on the side of his friend, Mr. Lloyd, with the modesty becoming real genius, and the complacency of a disposition untainted by envy, joined the rest of his admirers, in the unlimited applause bestowed on that eminent Poet. The proof our Author gave, on this occasion, of his possessing a considerable portion of that most valuable scientific quality, so rarely to be met with, Self-Knowledge, is characteristically and happily struck off in the following lines:

For me who labour with poetic sin,
Who often woo the Muse I cannot win;
Whom pleasure first a willing Poet made,
And folly spoil'd by taking up the trade;
Pleas'd I behold superior genius shine,
Nor ting'd with envy wish that genius mine;
To Churchill's Muse can bow with decent awe,
Admire his mode, nor make that mode my law.
Both may, perhaps, have various pow'rs to please;
Be his the strength of numbers, mine the ease.

This ingenuous concession, on the part of Mr. Lloyd, appears to have so far endeared him to Churchill, that, to use the expression of one of their common friends, Capt. Thompson, they were inseparable, one sentiment governing the minds, and one purse administering to the wants of both. The same Writer describes Mr. Lloyd as of a tacit disposition, reserved and attentive; he took much snuff, says he, and would often sit the auditor of conversation, rather than the promoter. On the same authority we are told of an invitation which Mr. Lloyd received from a Nobleman, celebrated in the republic of letters, requesting his company to dinner, as he was a great admirer of his reputed wit and genius:—The invitation being accepted, Mr. Lloyd, to the great disappointment of the Noble Peer, uttered not a syllable during the whole entertainment.

So ready was his pen, and retentive his mind, that, when his devotion to the Muses has been interrupted by the orgies of Bacchus, and the suspended fable, like that of Butler's tale, been broken off in the middle, he has pursued it from memory with the utmost composure, when the fever of the brain was over; and finished the composition as consistently as if the copy had been all the while before him.

His attachment to the pleasures of the table, particularly to those of the bottle, in which he was induced to indulge himself too freely for his constitution, was a topic of much censure and complaint against him, both with his real and his pretended friends, except indeed those who shared in the convivial parties. The foremost of these jovial companions, his celebrated friend Churchill, attempted, on the other hand, to apologize for him, and even to justify the practice, as well by precept as example. His gay and spirited epistle, entitled NIGHT, inscribed to our Author, is a professed apology, if not a formal justification of their nocturnal festivity.

Mr. Lloyd, having resigned the Usher-ship of Westminster-school, became an Author by profession; and, notwithstanding his decided merit, experienced most of the vicissitudes of fortune to which gentlemen of that precarious profession are liable. It is so natural a transition for a man of wit to become a man of the town, and for the expences necessary to support the latter character to exceed the income of the former, that it is no wonder our Author was induced to engage in publications

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cations that promiſed to produce profit rather than praiſe. Among theſe was the original St. James's Magazine.

This work not meeting with that ſucceſs which might be reaſonably expected, our Author found himſelf unable to diſcharge ſome obligations of a pecuniary nature, which he had improvidently laid himſelf under on the flattering proſpect of ſuch ſucceſs.

The conſequence of this diſappointment was the exertion of that barbarous power which the abſurd cuſtom of this country has given to the creditor over the perſon of his debtor, by permitting the impriſonment of the latter till the former be fully ſatisfied. Mr. Lloyd was of courſe confined within the walls of the Fleet; even Mr. Thornton, though his boſom-friend from their infancy, refuſing to be his ſecurity for the liberty of the Rules; a circumſtance which, giving riſe to ſome ill-natured altercation, induced this quondam friend to become an inveterate enemy, in the quality of his moſt inexorable creditor. It has been ſaid on this occaſion, that, while this unhappy, but moſt excellent Poet, was under ſuch reſtrictions, the Fleet became the ſeat of the Muſes; and all the men of wit and genius in the age repaired to this gloomy Temple. Such company diſpelled the very idea of confinement, and gave his apartment the air of the Court of Apollo.

During his continuance in the Fleet, he was ſubject to a deſpondency, from which chearful converſation, and the exhilarating glaſs, afforded only a temporary relief. In conjunction with Mr. Charles Dennis, he, at this time, undertook a Tranſlation of the Contes Moraux of Marmontel: a haſty performance, that did them little credit. Our unfortunate Poet alſo wrote a Ballad Opera, entitled the Capricious Lovers, taken from a favourite piece of another French Author. It was acted at Drury-Lane Theatre with ſome applauſe, but not with ſo much as it merited, although our Author's genius does not appear to have led him ſtrongly to dramatic compoſition.

It was obſervable, that, with Mr. Thornton, almoſt all the friends and companions of our Author's youth turned their backs on him, eſpecially thoſe on whom he had laviſhed many encomiums in his own writings, and whom he had occaſionally aſſiſted in the compoſition or correction of theirs; a ſtriking proof of the inſtability of School-boy friendſhips, and College connections!

The news of Mr. Churchill's death being announced ſomewhat abruptly to our Author, while he was ſitting at dinner, he was ſeized with a ſudden ſickneſs, and ſaying, 'I ſhall follow poor Charles,' took to his bed, from which he never roſe again.

He died in the month of December, 1764.

[*Univ. Mag.*]

Curious Sketches of Eminent Characters, who flouriſhed formerly in theſe Kingdoms.

By the Rev. JAMES GRANGER.

Sir Gilbert Talbot, third ſon of John the ſecond Earl of Shrewſbury, was a man of various talents, and equally qualified for the buſineſs of peace or war. He commanded the right wing of the Earl of Richmond's army at the battle of Boſworth, where he was unfortunately wounded. He was one of the perſons ſent by Henry VI. on the expedition in behalf of Maximilian the Emperor. It appears from a curious indenture now extant, that John Pounde, Citizen and Grocer of London, 'was placed an apprentice to Sir Gilbert Talbot, Citizen and Mercer of London, and Merchant of the Staple at Calais;' of which place he was Deputy in the ſame reign. He was by Henry ſent Ambaſſador to Rome, to congratulate Pius the Third upon his election to the Pontificate. Though a Commoner and a Citizen, he was honoured with the Order of the Garter, in the reign of Henry the Seventh. He died on the 19th of September, in the 7th year of Henry the Eighth.

No hero had ever a greater hand in forming himſelf, and framing his own fortune, than Sir John Hawkwood. He was the ſon of a Tanner at Heddingham-Sibil, in Eſſex, where he was born, in the reign of Edward the Third. He was bound apprentice to a Taylor in London; but, being fortunately preſſed into the army, was ſent abroad, where his genius, which had been cramped, and confined to the ſhop, ſoon expanded itſelf,

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felf, and furmounted the narrow prejudices which adhered to his birth and occupation. He ſignalized himſelf as a ſoldier in France and Italy, and particularly at Piſa and Florence. He commanded with great ability and ſucceſs in the army of Galeacea, Duke of Milan; and was in ſo high eſteem with Barnabas his brother, that he gave him Domitia, his natural daughter, in marriage, with an ample fortune. But he afterwards, from motives which we cannot well account for, and which ſeemed to reflect upon his honour, turned his arms againſt his father-in-law. He died at Florence, full of years and military fame, in 1394. Having gained among the Florentines the character of the beſt ſoldier of the age, they erected a monument to his memory.—— Paul Jovius, the celebrated Biographer of illuſtrious men, hath written his Elogy. He, in the Monumental Inſcription, and in the Elogia, is ſtyled Joannes Acutus: Hence it is that ſome of our travellers have, in their Journals, mentioned him under the name of John Sharp, the Great Captain.

Sir RALPH BLACKWELL is mentioned in an old book, called 'the honour of Merchant Taylors,' which appears to be of the ſame claſs, if not written by the ſame hand with the well-known Hiſtory of Sir Richard Whittington; it contains the Adventures of Sir John Hawkwood; of William, his fellow-prentice; and of Sir Ralph Blackwell, who was a journeyman in the ſame ſhop. Hawkwood and Blackwell are ſaid to have received the honour of knighthood from Edward the Third for their valour. Romantic and extravagant as this hiſtory is, it is rather more probable than that of Whittington, as in an age, when cottrage and military addreſs opened the way to fame and fortune, and the honour of knighthood was a capital diſtinction among mankind, there is greater probability that one poor man ſhould raiſe himſelf by his ſword than that another ſhould by a cat. Ralph Blackwell is ſaid to have married his maſter's daughter, and to have enriched himſelf greatly by trade. It was this chiefly that enabled him to be the Founder of Blackwell-hall. The ſame Author informs us that Sir Ralph Blackwell was Sheriff and Alderman of London; but I do not find his name on the liſt of Sheriffs.

MARY, Queen of James the Fifth, and, after his deceaſe, Regent of Scotland, was a woman of ſuperior underſtanding, and of an elevated ſpirit. Her great qualities were happily tempered with the gentle and the amiable; and ſhe was as engaging as a woman as ſhe was awful as a Queen. But her attachment to her brothers, the Princes of Lorrain, who were rarely checked by conſcience, in the career of their ambition, unfortunately betrayed her into ſome acts of rigour and oppreſſion, that ill ſuited the gentleneſs of her nature, and which ended in her being deprived of the Regency. Towards the cloſe of her life ſhe ſaw and deplored the errors of her conduct; the effects of private affection coinciding with zeal for religion, which prompted her to break the common ties of morality, and the faith of which ſhe owed her ſubjects. She died June 10, 1560.

Her daughter MARY, the celebrated Queen of Scots, born in an evil hour, lived to experience the advantages and miſeries of royalty, in a ſtill more exquiſite degree than her mother.

EDWARD Duke of Buckingham, ſon of Henry Stafford, who was beheaded in the reign of Richard the Third, was reſtored to his father's honours and eſtate. He was a diſtinguiſhed favourite of Henry the Eighth, whom he attended in his interview with Francis the Firſt, who ſeemed to vie with theſe Monarchs in pomp and ſplendor. When he was in the height of his glory, his fall was precipitated by ſome who are ſuppoſed to have regarded him with a jealous eye; and the ſuſpicion fell chiefly upon Wolſey. He was accuſed of treaſonable practices with a view of ſucceeding to the Crown, in conſequence of a prophecy of one Hopkins a Monk, who foretold that Henry would die without iſſue male.—— He was declared guilty, and executed on Tower-hill, May 17, 1521. He was the laſt who enjoyed the ſettled poſt of Lord High Conſtable of England; an office, which, from the power with which it was attended, was alone ſufficient to give umbrage to ſo jealous a Prince as Henry the Eighth.

ARCHIBALD Earl of Angus, united the talents of the Gentleman, the Stateſman, and the Soldier. Margaret, widow of James the Fourth, and Regent of Scotland, 'for her better ſupport,' as Crawford tells us, married this Lord. She has had doubtleſs another inducement: He was the moſt accompliſhed of her ſubjects. In the minority of James the Fifth, his ſon-in-law, he was one of his Privy-counſellors. In 1521, he was promoted to the high office of Chancellor of Scotland. But afterwards, falling under the King's diſplea-

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displeasure, he was out-lawed; and retiring into England, he was graciously received by Henry the Eighth, who took him under his protection. Upon the death of James, he retired to his own country, and his outlawry was annulled by Parliament. He commanded the vanguard of the Scots army, against the English, at the disastrous battle of Pinkifield, where he gave sufficient proof of his bravery. He died in 1537.

JOHN LELAND, some time canon of King's College, now Christ-Church, in Oxford, a most learned Antiquary, and not inelegant Latin Poet, did great honour to his age and country. He was educated under the famous William Lilly, and successively studied at Cambridge, Oxford, and Paris. He was library-keeper to Henry the Eighth, being perfectly qualified for that office by his great skill in ancient and modern languages, and his extensive knowledge of men and things. His Collectanea, and his Itinerary, the manuscripts of which are lodged in the Bodleian Library, have been a most copious fund of antiquity, biography and history, to succeeding writers. He spent six years in travelling through the kingdom, being empowered by the King to examine the Libraries of Cathedrals, Colleges, Abbies, and Priories. Hence it was, that, at a critical juncture, he ravished almost an infinity of valuable records from dust and oblivion. His vast mind, which had planned greater things than were in the power of one man to execute, at length sunk under its burden, and he was, for some time before his death, in a state of insanity. He died April 18, 1552.

[*Univ. Mag.*]

REFLECTIONS ON THE MODERN SITUATION of the LADIES.

THE great improvements pretended to have been made by the Fair Sex in Politesse, for this last century, as it is fashionably called, exceeds all imagination. For instead of that formal address, and that ridiculous method of spending their time, that prevailed in good Queen Bess's days, thanks to a neighbouring country for providing our Ladies with means to employ their time in a much more useful and rational manner. But the former, poor creatures, were to be pitied for their ignorance, and the impolite age they lived in. They knew of no happiness out of their own families.--- Their sole study was to make home as agreeable as possible, and their judgment extended no further than making a plain pudding.

The happiness of our modern refined Ladies is confined to a different sphere. Home to them, without cards, &c. and a continual round of diversions is encouraged, or at least allowed, is always the place of the greatest misery; and it seems a tax laid upon them by Providence, that, amongst so much gaiety and folly, they should not entirely forget themselves, but have some little time for recollection.--- The morning generally elapses before they arise, so that they verify the remark of a country lad, who, when he came to town, and resided in the polite part of it, told his friends, he liked London very well, but there was no forenoon. The remaining part of the day is spent in amending the defects of Nature, and in dress, till their dear evening arrives, when, cameleon like, with artificial faces, and in different colours, they go the same round of amusement they have done every night for a twelvemonth before. I shall beg leave to introduce to your acquaintance the character of two sisters:

Flirtilla is a gay, lively, giddy girl; she is what the world calls handsome; she dances and sings admirably, has something to say upon every subject that is started, and an easy flow of words, that pass upon the world for wit. By a retentive memory she can repeat a few verses of every fashionable Poet, and something out of Shakespeare. These she is sure to introduce on every subject, and has thereby acquired the character of a person who has read much. If in looking in her Dictionary she finds any cramp words that she did not know the meaning of, when in company she is sure to turn the conversation, that, at all events, she may introduce them. In a word, she loves company, and observes the fashions. No wonder then, if, with these good qualities, she is a chief Toast amongst the Beaux.

Amelia.

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Amelia, the lovely Amelia, makes home her greateſt happineſs. Nature has not been ſo laviſh in her charms as to her ſiſter; but ſhe has a ſoft pleaſing countenance, that plainly indicates the goodneſs of the heart within. Her perſon is not ſtriking at firſt, but is much more dangerous to the heart of every ſenſible man than that of her ſiſter: for her modeſt deportment, and her ſweet diſpoſition, will daily gain ground on any perſon who has the happineſs of converſing with her. She reads much, and digeſts what ſhe reads. Her ſerenity of mind is not to be diſturbed by the diſappointment of a party of pleaſure, nor her ſpirit agitated by the ſhape of a cap, or the colour of a ribbon. She ſpeaks but little when in company, but when ſhe attempts, every one is huſh, and attends to her as an Oracle. She has one true friend, with whom ſhe paſſes her days in tranquillity.

I ſhall leave it to your readers to judge which of theſe two Siſters is moſt amiable.

[*Univ. Mag.*]

PICTURE OF A
MODERN PRETTY FELLOW.

A PRETTY FELLOW is known by his dreſs and behaviour; and may as eaſily be diſtinguiſhed from the common herd of mortals, as a beau from a clown. You may judge of his intellects by the dreſs of his toupee, and his capacity by the buckling of his ſhoe. His wit appears by his vivacity, and his good ſenſe in the choice of his waiſtcoat. His valour may be known by the length of his ſword, and his modeſty by the cock of his hat.

He learns to dance when he can go alone; and to ſpell as ſoon as he comes of age. He never reads, becauſe it takes up too much of his time, nor thinks, becauſe it makes his head ach. His orthodoxy may be collected from his contempt of the clergy; and his political notions from the coffee-houſe he frequents. In the company of men of ſenſe, he ſhews his wiſdom by his ſilence; and amongſt the ladies, his learning by his talkativeneſs. His morality he carries to the higheſt pitch; for the ſpring, from whence all moral actions flow, is his greateſt delight.

He juſtly eſteems it pedantic for a man of taſte to undertake books; and therefore applies himſelf with the utmoſt aſſiduity to the ſtudy of theſe five great branches of uſeful learning, wherein *all pretty fellows* are known to excel, namely, *wine*, *women*, *faſhions*, *plays*, and *maſquerades*. Upon theſe general topics of modern converſation, no man can make a better or longer diſcourſe; for it is the great buſineſs of his life to render himſelf maſter of them; as well knowing that every thing elſe, which men of narrow capacities and weak minds call learning, is but vain, empty, and ſuperficial, unworthy a perſon of quality to trouble himſelf with, or take any pains about.

[*St. James's Mag.*]

THE HISTORY OF
A MAN OF SILENCE.

PERHAPS there never exiſted a mortal of a more whimſical kind of character than myſelf. SILENCE has been my motto from my cradle; nor has it ever been remembered that I uttered *three* ſyllables at a time, when there was the ſmalleſt poſſibility of making *two* anſwer the ſame end.

It has often been remarked, by thoſe who have had the care of me in my infancy, that I never laughed, cried, or expreſſed the ſmalleſt attempt at articulation, notwithſtanding every means was emoloyed by my parents, which bore the leaſt probability of accompliſhing this ſo much deſired effect.

In this ſtate of taciturnity I continued till I arrived at the commencement of my fifteenth year, when my father began to entertain thoughts of placing me an apprentice, deſiring me to make choice of ſome profeſſion which I ſhould like. After having

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having carefully examined into almoſt all the whole circle of the Arts and Sciences, I made choice of a *Limner*. My reaſon for giving this the preference was, that I thought it the moſt favourable to my darling doctrine, *Silence*.

The term of my apprenticeſhip being expired, I entered into buſineſs for myſelf, but ſoon began to perceive the abſolute neceſſity I lay under for a wife. I accordingly fixed my affections on a young woman, my next door neighbour, who was no ſtranger to my peculiarity of character, and therefore the more likely to conduce towards the promotion of my domeſtic happineſs. Notwithſtanding I was determined upon the match, yet I could never prevail upon myſelf to open my lips to her, though I ſpoke very forcibly—*with my eyes*. I now began to follow her with the greateſt aſſiduity; always, however, paying a proper regard to the tacit ſingularity of my diſpoſition.—Was ſhe at church; ſo was I. Was ſhe at the play; ſo was I. I attended her like her ſhadow, equally as conſtant, and equally as ſilent.

My attention to her at laſt attracted the obſervation of her mother, who having ſent for me, addreſſed me nearly as follows: "I have obſerved, Sir, that you have lately behaved in ſo very particular a manner to my daughter, that it would be highly indiſcreet and unpardonable in me, as her mother, any longer to overlook it. I have therefore ſent for you, to know your intentions from yourſelf. If your views are diſhonourable, I beg you will remove them to ſome other object: if, on the contrary, you are actuated by honourable principles, it is time you ſhould declare it, as my daughter's reputation may be hurt by a continuance of your late particularity. In a word, Sir, is it your intention to make my daughter your wife?" As I found there was a neceſſity for my ſpeaking, I ſqueezed her hand, and ſaid, "*Yes*." Thus ended this remarkable courtſhip, with only *one* word on my ſide, and ſtill leſs on that of my intended wife's.

An old acquaintance, who was Captain of a ſhip, calling to ſee me one day, I detained him to dinner; which being over, he inſiſted upon my returning his viſit, by ſupping with him the following night on board his ſhip. This I readily promiſed him; and accordingly, at the time agreed on, I repaired to the place of appointment, where I found a cordial reception from the Captain, who was exceedingly glad of my company. Having occaſion to go upon deck, with which I was not much acquainted, I unfortunately fell overboard; however, as I was an excellent ſwimmer, it gave me no manner of concern, notwithſtanding it required an exertion of all my art to avoid the ſuction occaſioned by the bottom of the veſſel.—The Captain, who wondered at what detained me, came himſelf upon deck, and miſſing me, inſtantly conjectured what was my ſituation. The night being uncommonly dark, it would have been in vain to have endeavoured at finding me, otherwiſe than by calling to me; which he did with all the force of lungs he was maſter of. But notwithſtanding I was nearly ſpent, and my ſtrength almoſt exhauſted, by ſo long buffeting the water, I refuſed to give him any anſwer. As he was no ſtranger to my peculiarity of humour, he immediately gave orders to put out the boat, which was directly done; when he found me almoſt lifeleſs, and I verily believe a few minutes more would have qualified me for an eternal ſilence.

I had for ſome years frequented a certain coffee-houſe, where I was univerſally taken for a dumb perſon. The other cuſtomers were ſo well convinced of my being deprived of the power of ſpeech, that they never ſcrupled to repeat any thing, however ſecret, before me. A gentleman who had uſed the ſame houſe for near three years, during which time ſeldom a day paſſed without his ſeeing me (though he had never known me open my lips) happened one morning to ſit next me, and very accidentally overturned a cup of ſcalding chocolate upon my legs. Overcome by my pain, I immediately ſtarted from my ſeat, and roared out, "*'Sdeath, Sir!*" An earthquake could not have occaſioned greater conſternation than did theſe two monoſyllables of mine. The whole coffee-room was in confuſion; ſome inſiſted that I was a Jeſuit, others that I was a French ſpy; while not a few were inclined to ſet me down as an emiſſary of the Pretender's. As I began to perceive that they were not much diſpoſed to conjecture in my favour, I paid my three-pence, and never more entered that houſe.

A cloſe attention to buſineſs having greatly impaired my health, I was adviſed to take a country lodging for the benefit of the air; but a lingual noiſe is not the only one I diſlike, I was for ever changing my ſituation. In one place I was diſturbed in the morning by a cock, in another by a dog, and in a third by the prattling of a parrot. One night my reſt

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was broken by the courtship of a couple of cats, and the next by the squeaking of a pig. In brief, my unhappy disposition rendered me miserable every where, and I was constrained to return to London, where, in the variety of noise, neither cocks, dogs, pigs, nor parrots, can be particularly noticed.

[*West. Mag.*]

HINTS to RURAL DIVINES.

By a LADY.

THE most useful subjects for common congregations are the moral and religious duties; not difficult disquisitions, nor the elucidation of obscurities, which come not within the sphere of farmers, mechanics, or labourers. Teach *them* all the advantages of real honesty, distinguished from the quirks of over-reaching cunning. Teach charity in its most extensive sense; as also in the act of alms, where the means afford it. Preach against drunkenness---a vice that besets the lowest class in every country; preach against smuggling, if you live in Kent or Sussex---smuggling, the bane of honest traders, and honest buyers also; the pernicious consequences of which very few can understand, if not explained, and to which fewer attend who do not understand them. Against every vice pour out, in perspicuous language, the dangerous effects to society, and to every individual. Expatiate on the commandments, and fail not to exhibit the beauty, delight, and superior advantages of every virtue, opposed to the practice of the vice described. Lessons for those in office may occasionally be given, teaching justice attempered by lenity, and power directed with impartiality, and without the pride of superiority.

Fortitude and patience, under all pains, sicknesses, and distresses, may be frequently taught, and every precept receive its divine sanction, from the unerring rules plainly set forth in the Gospels, by the parables, and by the sermon on the mount; and the affecting historical narrations in the Acts of the Apostles, and the ever useful instructions in the epistles, afford ample subjects to inspire piety, to touch the heart, and mend the morals and manners of mankind, without entering on the explanation of doubts, which are better not to be raised, how well soever they may be answered, since the generality of understandings go on with more safety in the plain road of an unquestioned faith, than when they hazard their security in a labyrinth of objections and replies. Lastly, the inestimable benefits of Christianity should always be introduced with *that* glow which genuine Christianity cannot fail to inspire in its sincerest votaries; and those benefits should be always answered with energy, free from enthusiasm.

[*Gent. Mag.*]

For the MISCELLANY.

THE CHARACTER AND QUALIFICATIONS OF A GOOD SCHOOL-MASTER.

Be sure yourself, and your own reach to know,
How far your genius, taste, and learning go—
Launch not beyond your depth. POPE.

OBSERVING, as I have passed thro' most of the little villages near town, an Academy or Boarding-school for Young Gentlemen and Ladies, and at the same time reflecting of how much importance the Education of Youth is to the nation, as well as individuals, put me on examining what qualifications 'tis necessary a man should possess, who sets himself up for a Schoolmaster, and who are the only proper persons to undertake and be instructed with the pleasing, tho' assiduous task,

To rear the tender plant,
To teach the young idea how to shoot;
To breathe th' enliv'ning spirit, and to fix
The gen'rous purpose in the glowing breast.
THOMPSON.

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Not to dwell on the merits or impropriety of an Academical Education, both for and againſt which many weighty arguments may be urg'd, I would remark, the perſon who offers to ſuperintend the care and culture of the young and tender mind, ſhould have an extenſive and well digeſted knowledge and experience of men and things; one who has ſtudied human nature in all its different tempers and diſpoſitions, and can readily make proper allowances for the little inadvertencies of unthinking youths; without theſe, he will be utterly incapable of guiding the judgment, regulating the diſpoſition, and making inſtruction pleaſant and engaging.*

He ſhould be a competent, if not a perfect maſter, of every branch of literature he undertakes to teach, and able to bear patiently with the ſlow progreſs young perſons often unavoidably make in the ſeveral parts of uſeful and ornamental learning;† not correcting with ſeverity, but where obſtinacy and wickedneſs bear increaſing ſway in the youthful heart; which, like noxious weeds in a promiſing ſoil, ſhould be carefully rooted out, before they are got too deep to be eradicated.

He ſhould be of an affable and humane temper, deſirous to check vice in the bud, and cheriſh virtue, till it ripens into daily practice; and ever ready to aſſiſt the aſpiring genius in climbing the ſummit of human erudition, by kindly elucidating the various paths of Science, as he paſſes on to the temple of immortal Fame.‡

But above all, he ſhould be a man fearing God, and hating covetouſneſs, earneſtly ſolicitous of recommending the love of piety and benevolence, (which is the foundation of all earthly felicity, the bond of ſociety, and the origin of peace) and endeavouring to inculcate in the conduct of his pupils a reverential regard to all the precepts and commands of his Lord and Maſter, *whoſe ſervice alone is perfect freedom, and in keeping whoſe commands there is an eternal great reward.*

To this end and purpoſe it is abſolutely neceſſary he ſhould underſtand the true meaning and tendency of Religion, in the mind, in the practice, and on the heart; and enforce a conſtant, uniform adherence to its dictates, by acting up to the characters of a Man and Chriſtian.

'Tis owing in a great meaſure to the negligence, in this reſpect, of thoſe who have the care and education of Youth committed to them, that the doctrines according to godlineſs are ſo little attended to and regarded by the riſing generation, which frequently prove the ſource of their levity, immorality, and deſtruction: how evidently does this ſhew it to be the indiſpenſible duty of every parent and guardian to enquire minutely into the character of thoſe whom they intend to intruſt with the education of their young and inexperienced charge.*

As every wiſe builder will conſider whether he is furniſhed with proper materials for his work, before he undertakes it; ſo the perſon who opens an Academy for Youth, ſhould firſt examine impartially, or ſubmit to the opinions of others, whether he is properly qualified for ſuch an important ſervice; and not think himſelf ſo, becauſe he can juſt write and read; let him attentively peruſe the above deſcription, and after mature deliberation lay his hand upon his heart, and aſk himſelf the queſtion, Am I the man?

Pope very juſtly obſerves, in his Eſſay on Criticiſm,

Each might his ſeveral province well command,
Would all but ſtoop to what they underſtand.

The various motives which may induce a man to commence Schoolmaſter, or private Tutor, I will not enter upon at preſent, but only would obſerve, the chief and primary one ſhould be the real benefit of the riſing generation, and the advancement of genius, learning, piety, and reputation; how far a *virtuous education* ſerves to promote theſe ends, I leave the candid and experienced reader to determine.†

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* He ſhould be well acquainted with the UTILE DULCI of the Ancients:

His aim muſt be both juſt and right,
Who mixes learning with delight.
Fables for Younger Minds.

† The good Schoolmaſter will treat his Scholars according to their ſeveral capacities; and as they get perfect in one Science, will lead them on (not hurry them injudiciouſly into) another.

‡ The youth directed by fair Wiſdom's hand,
In Honour's temple he alone ſhall ſtand.
(Vide the frontiſpiece to the firſt volume of the Preceptor.)

* Vide the 307th and 313th papers of the Spectator.

† It is of great importance what teachers children have, what books they read, and what company they keep, becauſe generally upon theſe depend their ſentiments, character and the whole colour of their future lives. See the Univerſal Mentor, Chap. 32.

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I have endeavoured to shew what qualifications a person should be endowed with to fit him for the character and employment of a good Schoolmaster; now then permit me to paint out the duties belonging to and necessarily included in the station he is placed in, more particularly respecting the morals and behaviour of his pupils. The love of piety and virtue, as I have before observed, should be the chief aim of a Master to inculcate and enforce in the tender mind, for where this is wanting, an education, tho' ever so liberal and polite, will avail but little to complete the true gentleman, however it may form the scholar and man of business; if the head is filled with learning, and the heart left open to the worst impressions, and unfurnished with the sentiments and dictates of truth, prudence, and religion,* what benefit can individuals or society reap from such a learned athiest, or an immoral critic? (one of which characters he is very likely to prove thro' the depravity of human nature, to the destruction of morality, sobriety, and discretion) or rather, what mischief is such a one not able to do to the community in general?†

While the master is teaching the knowledge of the sciences, he must strengthen the heart with a due respect for all the moral virtues, and fortify the mind against all the arguments of sophistry and cunning, by ingrafting the principles of Christianity and the precepts of the gospel, before vice sets up her throne in the inclination, and reigns in act and deed without controul.

The Greeks and Romans with all their learning, policy, and skill, were mere infants respecting the worship of the true God, and the doctrines of future rewards and punishments in an eternal world; but Christians in the present day are favoured with divine revelation, and can have no excuse for their infidelity and ignorance in things relating to their everlasting peace; how much then does it concern those who have the forming the understanding, and regulating the judgment of unwary youth, to lay a good foundation against the time to come.---Books may be printed concerning the evidences for Christianity, and persons may read them, while others are loudly, and not without reason, complaining of the profligacy of the times, and yet no effects may appear either in the heart or the age, and why? Because true piety has not been instilled, and a due regard to its precepts strongly recommended in younger life.‡

An acquaintance with the arts and sciences is necessary to make a good mechanic, a general knowledge of trade and commerce to complete the education of the merchant, but the study and practice of religion above all, must be allowed to form the honest man, the loyal subject, the improving companion, and the *real Christian*.

Religion's all. Dr. YOUNG.

THERON, JUN.

* One moral or a mere well-natur'd deed,
Can all desert in sciences exceed.
D. of BUCKINGHAM.

† Deep learning without morality and virtue, is as dangerous as a sword in the hand of a madman; the first being supported by strength of argument, the latter used without care and caution.

‡ Undoubtedly divine Grace may operate upon the heart without the help of a virtuous education, but it is more likely to do so (to speak after the manner of men) where the seeds of virtue and piety have been sown by such means in the minds of youth.

Useful HINTS, OBSERVATIONS, &c. relating to AGRICULTURE,

AND SOME OF THE

MINERAL and VEGETABLE PRODUCTIONS of this ISLAND.

THERE are few things that could be made clearer, if we depended only on authority, than that there have been many rich silver mines in England; since we have not only credible histories, but authentic records also, which attest the fact. Yet, if we admit these, we must take this term in a general sense, for mines affording silver, and not in the usual restrained signification of mines producing silver ore. This ambiguity was introduced by the state of our constitution in former times; for then all mines holding either gold or silver, which might be extracted to profit, were allowed to be mines royal, and passed in a common, or rather in a legal acceptation, for gold or silver mines. It was in consequence

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quence of this, and of the methods taken to ſupport the prerogative of the Crown, that our mines were ſo indifferently known and ſo little wrought, as, by the removing of theſe impediments, they have been within leſs than a century ſo much improved; ſo that at this this time we have actually more ſilver extracted from our lead than ever, though we hear nothing more of ſilver mines. It is, however, indiſputably true, that ſome pieces of pure ſilver are now and then found in our copper, lead, and tin mines. But, notwithſtanding this, and the ſuperior ſkill of our artiſts in aſſaying, we have not hitherto diſcovered any ſuch thing as ſilver ore, which is what properly conſtitutes a ſilver mine. But this by no means proves there are none in the iſland, or ought to diſcourage a ſearch for them.

The wiſe Lord Verulam exceedingly regretted the exportation of lead and of lead ore to foreign parts, or even its being conſumed at home, without extracting the ſilver; and with too much reaſon. In his time the annual produce of our lead mines was eight thouſand tons, which, at the moderate computation of twenty ounces in a ton, would, in the ſpace of a century, even ſuppoſing we had raiſed no more than we then did, have ſupplied us with four millions of our own ſpecie.

In earlier times all that was done in mines was by mere dint of labour, but ſcience has mitigated that, and increaſed our profits; and no doubt, as ſcience enlarges, and becomes more diffuſed, its effects will be greater and more conſpicuous. What has been done within theſe few years in reſpect to coal-mines, the curious machines introduced into the ſilk trade, and the admirable engines daily invented for raiſing water, leaves us no room to queſtion it.

That lapis calaminaris is the ore of zink, is a diſcovery of no long ſtanding, is a known fact. About twelve years ago, a foreigner firſt taught them in Cornwall to diſtinguiſh biſmuth, which till then they threw away; as they had formerly done a certain kind of copper ore, which they called podder, i. e. duſt, or yellow mundic, now ſold for twenty pounds a ton, and which yields a fine metal.

We know that antiently they committed great errors in melting, leaving their ſlag and cinders ſo rich as to be melted again with profit; which induced an opinion that metals grew. In guarding againſt this, we may err alſo by raiſing our fires too high. Beſides, in ſtamping ores to powder, and expoſing them to the action of water and then of fire, may not much metal be loſt? Inquiries into the proceedings of foreign mines would ſoon determine this.

Might not charred turf, or Dutch turf, that is, made and dried as the Dutch turf is, ſupply, where neither can be had, the place of wood or coal? Dutch turf has been uſed by ſilverſmiths here. Would not culm, mixed in the making Dutch turf, produce a ſtrong fire? Has the charring pit-coal been properly attended to, or it effects ſufficiently examined?

Not above two centuries ago, it is worthy of remark, ſome of the wiſeſt men in the kingdom doubted the poſſibility of rendering this iſland ſo fertile in corn, as not to be in a continual ſtate of dependance in this reſpect on its neighbours. On this principle, they oppoſed laws for promoting agriculture, as oppreſſive and vexatious to the people, as directing their views to an object which their utmoſt induſtry could never attain.

Agriculture is the great ſupport of the nation, in which every individual is intereſted, for the moſt material articles of his daily ſubſiſtence in food and in drink; in this reſpect all manufactures depend upon it; from its produce it is the chief ſtay of the landed intereſt; it contributes largely to navigation and commerce, in various ways; and, taking all theſe together, to a vaſt amount towards the maintenance of government. All theſe benefits, important as they are, become exceedingly more ſo, from the conſideration that they are ſtable and permanent, the work of prudence and perſeverance, and which can never decline but through indolence and folly.

The French now very wiſely and ſucceſsfully practiſe a huſbandry which they learned from us. They ſplit the ridges of wheat ſtubble, and ſow it with rye, which in April and May they cut for their black cattle (whereas we feed ſheep and lambs) and if the whether proves favourable, tvey mow it three times, which at that ſeaſon is highly beneficial.

Experience is the farmer's only guide, and yet he can ſeldom ſpare time or money to make experiments: the Society of Arts, Manufactures, &c. by their premiums, have removed, at leaſt in a great meaſure, this difficulty; in doing this they have done more than was ever done towards promoting the progreſs of agriculture,

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culture, and thereby merit highly of their country.

There is a wide difference between an improvement's being known and published, and its coming into general use; in respect to which a history of British husbandry would be of great utility.

The trials made by Dr. Hill in regard to the Norway turnep, which grows to a large size on hillocks raised on bogs, deserve attention. This, though of no great consequence in a fertile country, may be found of great utility in moors and moraſſes, till they fall into the hands of ſuch as can afford to drain and cultivate them in a better manner. All experiments of this nature ought to be made as much known as poſſible.

The Romans boiled and eat the green leaves of turneps, as has alſo been done by our peaſants in hard froſts. In times of ſcarcity they formerly boiled turneps, and after preſſing, kneaded them, with an equal quantity of wheat flour, into what was called turnep bread. The many uſes to which they are applied in medicine are well known, and ſtrongly ſupported by experience. This root, from what has been diſcovered of it, furniſhes an admirable precedent for future improvements.

[*Univ. Mag.*]

A CURE for a SORE BREAST.

THE very beſt topical remedy, according to the judgment and direction of the late great Boerhaave, is a cataplaſm of chamomile flowers, Venice ſoap, and ſea ſalt, boiled in new milk. This warm reſolvent compoſition, he aſſures us, if uſed in time, ſcarce one breaſt in a hundred would ſuppurate, and ſo become a ſore.

But as he mentions the ingredients only in groſs, to render this excellent remedy of more general uſe, I give the following directions for the preparation and application thereof;

BOIL chamomile flowers (a quantity more or leſs as need requires) after reduced into a groſs powder (the ſingle-flowered are ſtrongeſt, as abounding more with oil) in a ſufficient quantity of new milk; ſlice into it about an ounce of Venice ſoap, and add a ſpoonful of ſalt; keep ſtirring all about, over a gentle fire, till the mixture acquires the conſiſtence of a poultice; ſpread ſome of this compoſition pretty thick on a cloth doubled, and apply it moderately warm, but not hot; which would condenſe the juices. As it becomes dry, either ſpread a freſh layer over the former as ſpeedily as poſſible; or ſometimes, to ſave the trouble of expoſing it too often to the air, and keep the poultice moiſt and pliable, dab it on the outſide with warm milk, with a rag or ſponge, as occaſion calls for.

But if the inflammation be ſo far gone, as ſuppuration cannot be prevented, let the good woman permit a Surgeon to give vent at once to the matter, when ripe, to prevent the breaſt breaking of itſelf; which, inſtead of a ſingle, often occaſions ſeveral ſores for outlets, to the much greater pain and expence of the patient.

They need not be terrified at the ſlight operation, as it is not cutting into the ſolid fleſh, but only thro' a very thin and overſtretched ſkin into a wide cavity; which inciſion, if done quickly, both the horror and pain will be over before one can well cry *Oh!* whereby much tedious time may be ſaved, and a firm cure be agreeably obtained.

Moreover, as ſeveral mothers, while giving ſuck, ſuffer great pain and ſmart from chaps and little ulcers all over their nipples, that they cannot bear the baby's lips to touch them, to the vexatious diſappointment of both, for which it is uſual to waſh them with quick-lime water, or with a ſolution of ſugar of lead in plantain-water, and the like; there is nothing in nature handier, and more effectual, than the mere oil that drops from mild cheeſe while toaſting, applied by means of a feather.

Lidgate, Eſſex, J. COOK.

[*Weſt. Mag.*]

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AMURATH. An Eastern Fable.

IN the pride of wealth, in the dignity of titles, in the blaze of princely ſplendor, Amurath, the mighty above all the nations of the Eaſt, aſcended the throne of his father. The magi proſtrated in his preſence, and the people fell down before him.----Let, ſaid he, the acclamations of adoring multitudes ſalute me; let the concave of heaven ring. Death has ſet his cold ſeal upon my father, and he ſleeps, O King, live for ever. The nations temble at thy name, mighty conqueror, live for ever. The princes of the earth are ſubject to thy ſway, great Amurath, live for ever.

This great monarch was educated like kings of modern times, at a dangerous diſtance from himſelf, from the councils of Truth, and the attributes of true Wiſdom. He had turned the hallowed page of Zoroaſter, he had called upon the dead for wiſdom, the midnight moon had witneſſed to his watchings when the pale lamp of meditation glimmered over the volumes of the ſages. His mind was penetrating as the ſun beam, and bright as the morning ſtar, but the heart of Amurath was unhappy.

He called for the juice of the grape, the ſound of the minſtrel, and the dalliance of beauty; and his palace reſounded with joy. The daughters of Circaſſia, beauteous as the bloſſoms of the ſpring, enchanted the monarch with their graces, and the thrilling captivations of ſong, while the ſparkling bowl awakened an intemperate feſtivity; but the ſunſhine was confined to his cheek, for the heart of Amurath was unhappy.

He trode the path of glory; he was hailed by the voice of the people; he conquered the conquerors of the Eaſt; his brows were over-ſhadowed with laurels; his ſtatue ſtood exalted in the temple of Fame, and his judgments were recorded with honour. But ſtill the Prince was dejected in ſolitude; he queſtioned the ſatisfaction of empty praiſes, the diſtant clamour of applauding millions, he would ſay, affect not my heart in its ſecret receſſes; though in public I am worſhipped as a Prince, in retirement I feel myſelf a man. When reflection overtakes me in private, I ſtart from myſelf as from a ſtranger, and by night the dews of ſleep fall not propitiouſly on my eyelids, for the heart of Amurath is unhappy.

Ye guides of my youth, ye venerable men, I ſuſpect your councils and your ſchools. Ye made my ſoul athirſt for wiſdom, and ye gratified its youthful ardour; but much I fear ye flattered the proud ſpirit of a preſuming Prince, and taught me not how to ſupport as I ought the miſerable weakneſs of humanity.--But the ſplendor of a court, and the prevalance of your wiſdom, ſhall ſubdue my heart no more. I will aſſume the ſimple weeds of a Derviſe, and incorporate with the children of Nature; the incumbrances of royalty ſhall be laid aſide, and I will commence my pilgrimage with to-morrow's ſun. I have no demands to make upon the public treaſure. A ſtaff will ſupport my feet, and a maple diſh will hold proviſion; the wild berries will furniſh a frugal repaſt; I can ſatisfy my thirſt in the brook, and ſleep in ſome humble cavern. Let my miniſter rule with righteouſneſs in my abſence, and when I can acquire the government of myſelf, I will return and reign over my people.

When Amurath began his journey, ſweet were the ſmiles of Aurora, how ſweet the melody of morn! the meadows were bright with verdure, enlivened with the drapery of flowers. The zephyrs fluttered, and the groves perfumed the air with their ſpices.---Gently waved the bending pine; ſmoothly laſped the ſilver waters. The ſhepherd's pipe reſounded through the hills, and the vallies were white with fleeces. All was new to Amurath. The confinement of a court had ſecluded him from the charms of nature, and he now felt unuſual tranſport in contemplating her expanded volume. He rejoiced at enjoying a freedom from royalty, and preſſed forward with alacrity and eaſe. As the heat of the noon-tide ſun directed him to the ſhelter of the ſhade, he ſat down at the foot of a tree, and feaſted on his humble meal. His mind was buſy in reflecting upon the vanity of human greatneſs, when a neighbouring cave attracted his notice, ſituated on the border of a ſmall ſtream, that muſically bubbled before it; he advanced with heſitating ſtep, and had reached the entrance of the hermitage, when he diſtinguiſhed an old man, by the venerable whiteneſs of his beard, ſitting in a meditative poſture. He ſtarted back with ſurprize, and was

about

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about to apologize for his intrusion, when a voice accosted him as follows: —— "Whatever chance, my son, has brought thee to this solitary habitation, if thou art a child of Virtue, and a servant of the Most High, an old man welcomes thee with his blessing. I have been banished the cabinet of my lord the King, for reverencing the attributes of Truth, yet dare to obey her dictates in the desert; and I wish thee to believe the sincerity of my soul, for falshood can avail us nothing. Be free to partake of these fruits; be free to repose on my couch; and when the labour of thy journey is repaired, we will converse with sincerity and freedom."——The noble traveller declined the courtesy of his offer, and listened to the hermit with joy.

"To him who sitteth above the waterfloods, and weighs creation in the balance, be glory for ever and ever. Amen. I have been distinguished in the world as a luminary of science; I have wept for the vanity of wisdom; I have dictated to the rulers of the land, and have been flattered with the friendship of my sovereign. The sunshine of prosperity, O my son, awakened an insect into life, and the reptile presumed upon his power. When I stood up in the assembly of Wisdom, the aged counsellor laid his withered finger on his lips, and the young men were silent with expectation. I spake, and it was recorded; I commanded, and it was done. I was stimulated by the breath of dying creatures, like myself, to accomplish the greatest atchievements; and acknowledged no standard for rectitude and honour, but the clamour of popular applause. If I planned with policy, my son, or pleaded with rhetoric; taught with truth, or judged with equity; served my God, or saved my country; I did all for the voice of the people. The voice of the people was my grandeur and my glory, my riches and my strength; it supported me as a pillar of the state, and exalted my vanity to the stars. Though, in solitude, I have often petitioned the Eternal for an asylum from myself; yet, in public, the voice of the people made me happy. Ah, my son, great is the weakness of the wisest; and many are the lessons of humility that time have yet to teach thee! Listen then to the voice of an experienced monitor; let my words sink deep into thy heart, and let thy ear be open to instruction. I had arrived to the summit of my fortune and my folly, when a vision of the night reclaimed me. I beheld in my dream, and my heart melted with astonishment and terror; I beheld the dissolution of the world, and the judgment of the great day; I saw the heavens and the earth convulsed, and the pillars of creation tremble; the moon was turned into blood (horrid change!) and the sun grew dark as sackcloth, at the presence of the Lord of Nature. I heard the blast of the trump of the archangel sounding through the regions of death; and I beheld miriads of everlasting souls stand trembling before the throne. I looked for my ensigns of dignity, and found myself naked and ashamed. I listened for the shouts of the throng, but all was silent as the grave. The lightenings flew fast about my head, and the thunders dismayed me. I saw a mountain piled up to the clouds with the volumes of wisdom, and would have rested my feet upon it, but it perished in an instant in the flames. Then I called upon the spirits of the just for help, and no man listened to my complainings. I laid my hand upon the once mighty Princes of the earth, and their sceptres vanished into air. Where (I cried) are the multitudes who once supported me? let them now save me, or I perish. I called with a despairing voice, but the multitude could save no more. Then it was the darkness of everlasting horror seized me. I would have wept sore, but had no tears. I would have died, but the dominion of death was over. I would have joyfully compounded for ages of pain, but my sentence was irrevocable and eternal. Gracious Alla! can the agony of that night ever be forgotten! In my fancy I would have pleaded with the Most High, but his reproof silenced me for ever. When I called thee from darkness and from dust, (said a tremendous voice, piercing as the sound of a trumpet) when I endowed thee with capacities for society, exalted thee above created natures, and blessed thee with the light of reason, I taught thee, by an agent in thy own breast, the difference between good and evil, and informed thy senses, that my Providence is ever present with all the wonders of my creation. I instructed thee to live for the benefit of others, to serve society with thy heart and hand, but to worship no master but him who gave thee being, to make my will the rule of thy life, and my presence the predominating witness of thy actions. But thou didst call

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upon me as thy caprice directed, and haſt not walked uniformly before me. If I anſwered thy petition in diſtreſs, why in proſperity didſt thou remember my mercies no more? Thou haſt conſidered me a Being of like fluctuating paſſions with thyſelf, though my attributes are as ſtedfaſt and immoveable as the everlaſting foundation of my throne. Thou haſt ſought to hide thee from my face in time, and therefore throughout the endleſs ages of eternity thou ſhalt witneſs to its ſmiles no more.----Trembling I awoke, and ſtarted from my ſofa, and laid my forehead in the duſt, and was wrapt in ſilent adoration from the riſing to the ſetting ſun. As the light of celeſtial truth dawned upon my heart, the ſhadows of ignorance retired. The world was diveſted of its flattery at once, and I penetrated with the eye of an eagle into the ſuperior duties of the man. I ſought the ſociety of myſelf, and renounced a paltry felicity that depended on the opinion of others. I would have inſtructed the ſon of my ſovereign, the mighty Amurath, to have departed from the errors of his education, but was forbidden by my lord the King. He was diſguſted with a humiliating doctrine, that degraded the dignity of title, and baniſhed me to this diſtance from the capital of my country. Here, my ſon, I have learned great truths, that neither courts or ſchools have ever taught me. That the approbation of conſcience is to be preferred to the opinion of the multitude; that the wiſdom of the heart is ſuperior to the viſions of the brain; that our virtues muſt proceed from a ſettled principle of action, from a reverence for the witneſs in our own breaſts, and the eye that is over all. I have long attended ſtrictly to this important leſſon, and if my ſovereign ſhould once again ſummons my grey head to council, I would endeavour to convince him, that the man who ſtudies his duty to his God, and to himſelf, is beſt qualified to ſerve his country and his King."

Behold then! cried Amurath, in an extaſy of pleaſure, great counſellor! behold your King diſguiſed in the humble habits of a pilgrim, ſee Amurath the ruler of the nations. I have deſerted my people in ſearch of truth, and will now return to convince them I have found it. I ſhall henceforth never want a ſupreme incentive to good, and an awful reſtraint from evil. I will be juſt from the ſuperior principles of intrinſic virtue, and be happy in conſulting the approbation of that inviſible witneſs, whoſe bleſſing can afford a never-failing ſupport, when the ſound of adulation ſhall ceaſe, and the people can applaud no more.

The monarch took the hermit affectionately by the hand, he led him back in triumph to his court, and reaſſumed his throne with content, for the heart of Amurath was happy.

[*St. James's Mag.*]

MEN's CHARACTERS formed by their OCCUPATIONS.

First Man creates, and then he fears the elf;
Thus others cheat him not, but he himſelf.

THERE is an abſurdity which reigns and prevails much amongſt us, and of which very few, or even any, have taken any notice: it is, the idea and character we annex to every man, according to his occupation. I believe, few will attempt to deny this aſſertion; and though it fails in perſonal application, yet in general it is received and adopted.

But by this ſcale of function we often do injury to one man, while we allow too great a ſhare of merit to another. We are ever apt to cenſure the Butcher with the epithet *cruel*; while we allow *meekneſs* to a Taylor, who is very often a turbulent tyrant, made up of ſhreds and patches. I have known Butchers as *gentle* as the lambs they killed, and Tayors as *ſharp* as the needles they uſed.

To the Farmer we always give the qualified adjective *honeſt*; but according to the obſervations which I have made, in general, perhaps there is not ſo cozening, thrifty, ſharping a people in the Community. There are no men who ſell bargains ſo dear, nor who haggle ſo cloſe, nor who will take advantage in making a purchaſe, or ſelling a commodity, like to the *honeſt* Farmer. But then, again, I have heard a keen Gentleman ſay, who amaſſed amongſt Graziers a fortune of ſeventy thouſand pounds, that he never made a bad debt with a Farmer, nor loſt

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a shilling in trade 'till he came to deal with Gentlemen Merchants.

To the Merchants we always annex *affluence*, *dignity*, and *liberality*; and often compliment a Spendthrift with saying, "He is as *generous* as a Prince." I have known, amongst this class of men, many who have got high credit with the world for the cut of their cloaths, and the form of their wig; by which they have obtained with the people the characters of *rich-looking* old fellows. They have chuckled at the joke, have supported it to the last, and then died not worth a groat.

The Man of Letters, who leads a sedentary life, and prefers the food of books to the viands of a Court; whether an author of essays in prose, or a builder of the sublime and beautiful rhime; is always treated ludicrously by the unthinking, unbended world, who have confirmed a proverb on such a character; "Zounds! he is as *poor* as a Poet." And though a man of profound study, with a fertile genius, is the first ornament of human nature, nevertheless we carp at the character when it appears abroad, and hardly pay it common decent respect 'till it is dead. Doth this arise from charity or envy? I fear from the latter; being always sensible enough to know our own ignorance, and weak enough to censure that dignified character we cannot attain to. With raptures a rich blockhead will read the compositions of a dead Poet, and in extasy wish him alive to give him a due respect; and yet the world have suffered Homer to starve, and Lloyd to die in prison.

"Forgetting that Mæcenas was a Knight,
"They mention him as if to use his name
"Was in some measure to partake his fame:
"Tho' Virgil, was he living, in the street
"Might rot for them, or perish in the Fleet.
"See how they redden, and the change disclaim!
"Virgil,—and in the Fleet—forbid it shame!
"Hence, ye vain boasters, to the Fleet repair,
"And ask, with blushes ask if LLOYD is there?"

It is endless to enumerate the many instances of want amongst Men of Genius even in our own island; and it is again an high reproach to those who lived with them, to have suffered such parts to wither and decay neglected in obscurity. No person ever heard of Charles the Second's neglect of Butler without indignation, whose compositions were so pleasing to his mind, that he was never without his works in his pocket; and though these very works afforded such excellent entertainment to him, yet he suffered the Author even to want bread; which Mr. Samuel Wesley hath lively painted in the subsequent epitaph:

The Poet's fate is here in emblem shown:
He ask'd for Bread, and he receiv'd a Stone.

But why Men of Genius may be more needy than the less wise Members of the Community, is owing to their ardent pursuit of their studies, and a total neglect of the pecuniary advantages in life: while heavy blockheads, with the knowledge that two and two make four, shall amass riches, and set up to be the patrons of Wit and Genius.

When we speak of a Soldier, we never think of his wealth; it is not asked: It is more surprising to us to hear of his being rich, than of his being poor. To the military character we annex *gallantry* and *courage*. A soldier in all countries is a character of reputation, admired and esteemed. In England we say, He is a *soldier---a gallant fellow*, and *a gallant fellow*. The French have these epithets stronger---They say, He is *un galant homme*, a brave fellow, or, *un homme galant*, a flirting fellow; and in general we only expect from a soldier, when we speak of him, *manners*, *vivacity*, and *courage*.

The Sailor, again, though a soldier too, is quite different. On the Sailor we also bestow the epithets *brave*, *honest*, *generous*, and *inconstant*. The maid, when she speaks of her sweetheart, always calls him an *honest Jack Tar*; and from their good-nature and chearful giddiness on shore, they draw the attention of every body even to a degree of envy; for the variety of a sailor's life always keeps him in high spirits.

You never speak of a Barber, but you annex the idea of a *chattering*, *empty*, *trifling* fellow, a fellow of *feathers* and *powder*;---and by the same rule, whenever you speak of a Jockey, you feel yourself immediately on your guard to avoid a *cheat*.

Many professions (be the young men ever so different in disposition when bound apprentice thereto) soften the manners to a degree of effeminacy; such as Haberdashers, Mercers, Male-Milleners, Perfumers, Glovers, Toymen, Retail-Drapers, &c. &c. These occupations are of a trivial, niggling, trifling nature, and reduce the vigour of manhood to the silken thread of the business. I have seen a powdered coxcomb of this gaway make value himself upon his success of speech in persuading a woman to buy what she did not like; flatter himself with

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with the power of his inkle eloquence, and tell a thousand white lies with the most solemn asseverations, displaying his white hands at the same time, and turning up the white of his leaden eye. Ladies so imposed upon are pleased, and value the *pretty fellow* for his volubility and impudence.

You will see behind a Perfumer's counter, near Charing-cross, a Male-Female *Thing* of this sort; a lisping, shambling, scented, heterogeneous Capon. The *Thing* does not know whether to speak or not, or whether *it* is alive or dead. Whether *it* is asleep or awake. *It* seems to believe *its* hair is dressed, and *it* seems conscious *it* is pretty, and that all the Belles admire *it*. When *it* speaks, it is only to shew *its* teeth; and then *it* seems to be afraid of the moisture chapping *its* red lips, which are softened by salve, and so nicely covered, that I verily believe *it* would not suffer the prettiest girl to kiss them, for fear of taking off the perfumed grease.

In this group of characters, I had been worthy of chastisement if I had omitted the Lawyer. The Lawyer is a well known disposition; and to the name and character you hardly ever heard the word *honest* annexed.—An *honest* Lawyer is a very rare bird upon earth—a very black swan—and such a thing as no person has courage to recommend, or faith to believe just. I am much afraid the Community too often suffer by this universal opinion? for when the Man of Law finds he must be branded, he concludes that he may as well be so for some wealthy purpose, as be stigmatised with a character he never meant to deserve; and by this means many men do that which, if they were not believed in general to be knaves, they would shun, from the hope of preserving their characters from defamation and putrefaction.

ANECDOTES.

The ART *of* PLEASING.

MANKIND being in general less solicitous to gain instruction than applause, we are certain of displeasing in conversation, when we appear more attentive to ourselves than to the company around us.

The famous Racine, in the view of disgusting his son from the pursuit of Poetry, which he carried to a frantic excess, and apprehensive that he might attribute to his tragedies the caresses which several of the nobility lavished upon him, used often to say, "Think not, my son, that it is my Poetry which procures me all these kindnesses; the verses of Corneille are an hundred times superior to mine, and yet nobody regards him; they only love him in the mouth of his actors. Instead of tiring people with the recital of my works, I never mention them, and am contented if I can entertain my visitors with topics that are amusing, and agreeable to themselves. My talent with them is not to make them sensible that *I* am a man of wit, but that they have wit *themselves*. Thus when you see a nobleman frequently pass whole hours with me, you would be astonished, if you were present, to observe him frequently leave me without my having spoken four words; but by degrees I put him in a humour of prattling, and he goes away still more satisfied with himself than with me."

From this little Anecdote, the intelligent reader may learn what all would wish to attain—"The grand art of pleasing in conversation, which almost wholly consists in hearing much and speaking little.

[*St. James's Mag.*]

The BRIDLE.

A young man of some fashion and rank, just returned from making the *grand tour*, and who has, in the true modern stile, tinged himself with most of the vices and follies of the places he passed through, and, together with many other *accomplishments*, gained a *little* knowledge in the *creative art*; he for some time used it, *graced* by an endless volubility of tongue, to the downright disgust of many gentlemen who frequented a polite coffee-house at the west end of the town. One day particularly, he was detailing out accounts of the number of presents he had received whilst abroad, especially a rich bridle from the King of France, the ornaments, &c. whereof were of gold: it is so exquisitely fine, said his Lordship, that it can never be used in the mouth of a *horse*; what shall I do with it, Colonel? continued he, to an old veteran in the army.—*put it on your tongue*, my Lord, returned the soldier. His Lordship was silenced, and peace has since been restored to the coffee-room.

[*Lond. Mag.*]

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NEW THEATRICAL PIECE.

DRURY-LANE.

THIS Theatre was opened on Saturday, Sept. 17, with the Comedy of The Drummer, or The Haunted House; previous to which a new Prelude was performed, called,

The MEETING *of the* COMPANY,
OR,
BAYES's ART *of* ACTING;

of which the following are the outlines:

THE scene discovers carpenters, scenemen, painters, &c. at work upon the stage, musicians and dancers practising, and players rehearsing. The master carpenter enters, and insists on their retiring, as they hinder him from making the necessary preparations for opening the house) which they accordingly do. The Prompter then enquires of Parsons the success of his country expedition, who tells him their business has been very well, their houses some bad, many good; that they have had an intrigue or two, with indispositions as usual. Weston next arrives, whom Parsons congratulates upon the healthiness of his looks, and the clearness of his skin, and observes, that his nose is of the same colour with the rest of his face. Oh, I have turned over a new leaf, replies Weston---"Ay, in a tavern-keeper's book, I suppose." No, no, replies the little comedian, the leaves are all full there; but I am determined to live sober and grow better, tho' I can't help confessing there's a pleasure in being ill which none but actors know.

The Manager then joins the party, and the discourse turns on the animadversions contained in the news-papers upon the players, wherein Patent justly remarks, "that if the actors shewed more sensibility in their business, and less out of it, they need not mind what was said of them." It is true, says he, news-papers are a kind of *police*, and sometimes go too far in endeavouring to correct the follies or defects of others, and so may justices and constables, but that is no reason we should not have any. Come, come, it must be confessed in favour of the diurnal publications, that if we and our betters were not a little watched, the state and the stage would both suffer."

After a short contest between Weston and Hurst, with respect to their theatrical consequence, Bayes (King) addresses them as persons engaged to play in his piece, and assures them he has got a plan in which he proves, that there is nothing in acting either tragedy or comedy, and that he can make comedians---tragedians, and *vice versa*. He then produces his plan, which he calls his grand specific, and directs his patients to arrange themselves on the stage, which they do in a semicircle. He then desires the man who is the *least fit* to play the hero in tragedy, or the fine gentleman in comedy, to step forth. At this not one of them stir: but on Weston whispering Bayes to take it the other way, and to direct the one who is *most fit* to represent the above characters to step forth, they all run forwards, proving that every one supposes himself fit for a hero or a fine gentleman.

Bayes proceeds in his instructions, and in opposition to Shakespeare, advises them continually to overstep the modesty of nature, as modesty will never do upon the stage. Weston desires the ladies particularly to attend to that circumstance.---My art of acting, continues Bayes, is compromised, like the Iliad, in a nut-shell---crack it then, says Weston, and give us the kernel. Bays proceeds:

Stick close to art, turn nature out of door,
Rant, rant away, till you can rant no more.

Oh, says Weston, we can all do that.

Bayes. T' extort applause, distort yourselves, bounce, bawl,
And, to compleat confusion, take---a fall.

[Throwing himself down.]

Bayes then places his pupils in a ludicrous staring attitude, and tells them,

——— To add to the distress,
What your face cannot let your wig express.

He here mentions the great advantages of a white handkerchief and a suit of mourning. I have seen a fine gay feathered Romeo, says he, on hearing of the death of Juliet, furnish himself with a compleat suit of mourning, before the taylor could finish a single button-hole.

He proceeds to give them instructions with respect to the comic walk, the purport of which is, that they should never stand still, but frisk about, take snuff, laugh, tune, sing, caper, &c.

"Life's a post-chaise, oil it with pleasure, boy!
Smooth fly the wheels when they're greased with joy."

He

He capers out, (his pupils following him) and immediately returns, perfectly pleased with the progress his scholars have made, but is not a little disappointed at hearing Weston declare that he will caper no more, and that the players refuse to proceed in practising any more of his lessons. He threatens Weston with complaining to the town of his treatment; and they mutually address the pit in a very ludicrous manner, which concludes with little Tom's declaring that if Bayes proceeds upon his ranting, roaring, capering, face-making plan, the audience will go to sleep: he must go to goal, and then there will be an end of poor little Johnny Pringle and his pig.

Bayes being left alone, vents his passion in a soliloquy, in which he execrates the actors, wishes the house may always be as empty as it was at that time; that the ladies may disturb the performers by their tittle tattle; that the gentlemen may admire themselves, fat citizens snore in the boxes, the pit be filled with crabbed critics, the galleries leave their horse laughs and good humours at home, and he, if he ever forgives the insult he has received, be condemned not only to perform there all the winter, but to continue thro' the summer, the director of fidlers, tumblers, rope-dancers, and pantomimes.

Such is the substance of the new prelude, which was well received by the audience, and furnished a fresh opportunity to Mr. King and Mr. Weston to exert their comic abilities.

[*Lond. Mag.*]

COVENT-GARDEN.

THE Proprietors of this Playhouse, since the resignation of Mr. Colman, have taken the management into their own hands, and seem to promise very fairly for deserving the protection of the public. They opened on Monday, Sept. 19, with Shakespeare's Comedy of All's Well that Ends Well; to which the following new PROLOGUE was spoken by Mr. *Woodward*.

OPEN the door! This opportunity is well!
DOOR-KEEPER. Consider sir, pray!
Think how this will tell!
WOODWARD. I say, I will——
DOOR-KEEPER. But stay, sir, till I ring the bell!

WOODWARD. Why, you're a fool!—
The rogue has put me in a rage;
Here, take my surtout, I'll walk across the stage.
[Enters, making his bow.]
You see I broke thro' forms, with bold neglect,
Eager to pay my earliest respect;
Let me look round—the prettiest hotel I've seen!
The good old adage right—New brooms sweep clean.
Warm work my masters! wonderful the change!
Desertions many! revolutions strange!
Shall we be prelude-struck! Let dastards fear!
No, no, Hal, they shall find no boy's play here;
Shall Alexander to a stripling yield?
[Takes off Falstaff.]
We'll fight on crutches e'er we'll quit the field.
Triumphant cars shall roll, and minstrels play;
We can processionize as well as they.
We'll have a paper too at our command,
And Chronicle 'gainst Farthing Post shall stand.

Ha! "Who's afraid?"
[Taking off Recitfy.]
We'll paragraph and puff,
And damn'd be he who first cries, hold! enough.
We'll fight them on this scene, bounce, roar, and brag,
Until our eye-lids will no longer wag.
Though great their chief in cabinet and field,
His judgment, arms, and e'en his sevenfold shield,
Heroes are men, and must to numbers yield,
We'll ransack Europe, then, for fresh supplies,
And lift troops never born; the dead shall rise;
Thunder and lightening, cataracts shall spout,
And paste-board viands cram the rabble rout.
Sound an alarm! the hour of battle's near!
Fear we broadsides? "Have we not Hyres here?"
[Taking off Pistol.]
Each leader to his charge—the battle glows;
Come forth, my friends, to face these gallant foes!
"'Tis not in mortals to command success;"
On you our fate depends, on you our stress,
"Pleas'd to be happy as you are pleas'd to bless."
Grant us but subsidies to stand th' attack,
What should we fear—with you our burly back:
When we are recreant, desert our cause,
Whilst we deserve, shew favour and applause.

These things premis'd, the great event we try;
"And you, the judges, bear a wary eye."
This truth to either potentate I'll tell,
Finis Coronat—All is Well that ends Well.

The inside of Covent-Garden Theatre is considerably alter'd for the better. The front boxes are much enlarged, and fresh lined. The whole house is new painted; in doing which, much of that gaudy finery is removed; and it has now an air of neatness, particularly pleasing.

The

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LITERARY REVIEW.

ART. 23. *The Works of Benjamin Hoadly, D. D. ſucceſſively Biſhop of Bangor, Hereford, Saliſbury, and Winchester. Publiſhed by his ſon John Hoadly, LL. D. Chancellor of the Dioceſe of Winchester. Folio. 3 vols. With an index to the whole, and an introductory account of the author. 4l. 10s. Horsfield.*

ALTHOUGH ſeveral of the pieces contained in theſe volumes are ſomewhat temporary, the greateſt part of them are general, as the truths which they inculcate are eternal: and all of them will continue to be acceptable to every candid enquirer into the natural, political, and religious rights of Engliſhmen and Proteſtants, as long as the language in which they are written ſhall be underſtood.

The pieces contained in the firſt volume of this edition of Biſhop Hoadly's works, excluſive of the introductory papers, are,

I. Tracts, collected into a volume, in 1715.

II. Tracts on Conformity to Church and State.

The nature and value of theſe numerous tracts being too well known to require any particular diſcuſſion of them here, we ſhall content ourſelves with tranſcribing a general obſervation relating to them, and to the reception they met with in the world, as it ſtands in page 700 of the firſt volume, viz. "That though the principles * maintained by my Lord of Bangor do appear to be the only ones upon which our reformation, or indeed any reformation, can be juſtifiable; tho' they evidently tend to vindicate Chriſtianity from the objections that are unanſwerable by thoſe who contend for the contradictory principles, ſuch as that it makes God a Being acting not by reaſon, or according to the fitneſs of things, but by arbitrary will and pleaſure; making his creatures happineſs or miſery in the next world depend on the accidental circumſtances of being born and educated in this or that ſociety of men; giving them faculties in this world, which they muſt not uſe; and enduing them with reaſon and judgment for no other purpoſe but to try their faith in renouncing them. Though this and much more be true; yet the number of thoſe who appear in public oppoſition to him, increaſes: as faſt as former ones are baffled, new ones of higher ſtations and greater dignity ſucceed; while many, who are of the ſame ſentiments with him, content themſelves with being well-wiſhers to his cauſe; and, except thoſe who at firſt ſided with him, few openly appear to his aſſiſtance."

The remark added by the writer of the letter from which the foregoing paſſage is taken, is worthy of particular notice, and is, perhaps, capable of ſome degree of application to the conduct of our ſpiritual Lords, of the preſent time:—"I cannot think ſtanding *neuter* defenſible when points of this weight are debating. I had almoſt ſaid, it was a ſhame, that among ſo many Biſhops, who are heartily friends to the common rights of mankind, and the liberties of Chriſtians, not *one* ſhould think himſelf obliged to ſhare the pains and the reſentment which a generous attempt to aſſert and ſecure them has brought upon my Lord of Bangor, from the patrons of ſlavery and eccleſiaſtical ambition."——

Vol. II. contains:

I. Tracts relating to the meaſures of ſubmiſſion to the civil magiſtrate.

II. Tracts written by Biſhop Hoadly in the Bangorian Controverſy, as it was afterwards called.

In the third volume we have, 1. The political pieces. 2. An account of the life and writings of Dr. Clarke. 3. The practical divinity. 4. The famous letter to Clement Chevalier, Eſq; relating to the notable forgery committed by Fournier, in order to defraud the Biſhop of 8,800l. The writer of his life ſpeaking of this long letter, which made a very large eighteen-penny pamphlet, juſtly ſays, "It was the aſtoniſhing performance of a Divine turned of *eighty-one*; and he received many compliments on that account, both by viſits and letters, from ſeveral of the greateſt lawyers of the age. Mr. Horace Walpole, of Strawberry-hill, humorouſly ſaid,—The Biſhop had not only got the better of his adverſary [Fournier] but of his *old age*."

We cannot more properly conclude this article, than by an extract from Dr. Akenſide's Ode, addreſſed to the Biſhop in 1754:

O nurſe of Freedom, *Albion* ſay,
Thou tamer of deſpotic ſway,
What man, among thy ſons around,
Thus heir to glory haſt thou found?
What page, in all thy annals bright,
Haſt thou with purer joy ſurvey'd,
Than that where Truth, by *Hoadly*'s aid,
Shines thro' Impoſture's ſolemn ſhade,
Thro' kingly and thro' ſacerdotal night?

* *This refers particularly to the pieces publiſhed by the Biſhop in the famous Bangorian Controverſy.*

To him the *teacher* bleſs'd,
Who ſent religion, from the palmy field
By *Jordan*, like the morn to chear the Weſt,
And lifted up the viel which heaven from earth concealed,
To *Hoadly* thus his mandate he addreſs'd:
"Go thou, and reſcue my diſhonour'd law
"From hands rapacious, and from tongues impure;
"Let not my peaceful name be made a lure
"For *Perſecution*'s mortal ſnares to aid;
"Let not my words be impious chains to draw
"The freeborn ſoul in more than brutal awe,
"To *Faith* without aſſent, *Allegiance* unrepaid."

No cold or unperforming hand
Was arm'd by heav'n with this command.
The world ſoon felt it; and on high,
To *William*'s ear, with welcome joy
Did *Locke* among the bleſt unfold
The riſing hope of *Hoadly*'s name,
Godolphin then confirm'd the fame;
And *Somers* when from earth he came,
And generous *Stanhope* the fair ſequel told.*

Then drew the lawgivers around,
(Sires of the Grecian name renown'd)
And liſtening aſk'd, and wondering knew,
What private force could thus ſubdue
The Vulgar and the Great combin'd;
Could war with ſacred *Folly* wage;
Could a whole nation diſengage
From the dread bonds of many an age,
And to new habits mould the public mind.

For not a conqueror's ſword
Nor the ſtrong powers to civil founders known
Were his: but *Truth* by faithful ſearch explor'd,
And ſocial ſenſe, like ſeed, in genial plenty ſown.
Wherever it took root, the ſoul (reſtor'd
To freedom) freedom too for others ſought.
Not monkiſh craft the tyrant's claim divine,
Not regal zeal the bigot's cruel ſhrine
Could longer guard from *Reaſon*'s warfare ſage;
Not the wild rabble to ſedition wrought,
Nor ſynods by the *papal* genius taught,
Nor *St. John*'s ſpirit looſe, nor Atterbury's rage.——

[*Monthly Review.*]

* "*Mr. Locke died in* 1704, *when Mr. Hoadly was beginning to diſtinguiſh himſelf in the cauſe of civil and religious liberty*; *Lord Godolphin in* 1712, *when the doctrines of the Jacobite faction were chiefly favoured by thoſe in power*; *Lord Somers in* 1716, *amid the practices of the Nonjuring clergy againſt the Proteſtant eſtabliſhment*; *and Lord Stanhope in* 1721, *during the controverſy with the lower houſe of convocation.*"

Dr. Akenſide's note.

24. *Political Arithmetic. Containing Obſervations on the preſent ſtate of Great Britain*; *and the principles of her policy in the encouragement of Agriculture. By Arthur Young, Eſq*; 8*vo.* 5*s.* 3*d. boards. Nicoll.*

THE ſubjects of this work are extremely various and important, comprehending no leſs than every circumſtance in national conduct that tends either to the advancement or obſtruction of agriculture.

The great deſign of the work is to ſhew that the agriculture, wealth, population, and happineſs of the lower claſſes are in this kingdom in a very high degree of perfection; in a much higher than is admitted by ſeveral very reſpectable writers: In proving this we find the ſubjects of the corn trade, taxation in England, incloſures, luxury, ſize of farms, prices of proviſions, and ſtate of population, treated in a more complete manner than in any other work we have ſeen; indeed, we conceive this part of Mr. Young's enquiry to be handled with greater ability than he has ſhewn on any former occaſion; having replied to the falſe ideas of many writers on thoſe ſubjects in a very ſenſible manner; of which we ſhall produce ſpecimens ſufficient to juſtify us in this aſſertion.

Under the article luxury, the author has ſtarted a new argument to ſhew that luxury, inſtead of raiſing, *ſinks* the price of meat; which he does in the following words. "A late writer ſeems to condemn what is called luxury, for the waſte it creates, for the number of domeſtic ſervants, for horſes, and for the ſlaughter of calves and lambs, which he thinks makes mutton and beef dearer. I am ſorry I cannot fully agree with him; we both ſpeak of theſe matters, not with a view to viſionary uſeleſs ideas of the manners of the people, but relative only to the encouragement of agriculture and increaſe of plenty: in this light what difference is there between *waſte* and *regular* conſumption? Between bread eat at my lord's table, and barley conſumed by his hounds, or oats by his horſes? All theſe methods of conſumption are nothing to the farmer; the mere purchaſe of the commodities is what encourages him, in conſequence of which he ſets heartily about a farther production of them. And how is the conſumption of calves and lambs to leſſen the quantity of beef and mutton? The farmer brings theſe things to market becauſe they are demanded: if inſtead of demanding ten pounds worth of lamb, you go to market for ten pounds worth of beef, he will bring the beef for you. Here is a given demand for beef; it is ſupplied: luxury adds another for veal; it is ſupplied, certainly without taking from the beef; and if luxury doubles the demand, the farmers will anſwer it, and ſupply the old one of beef beſides. But it is ſaid, there is a given number of calves every year; if the conſumption of veal was ſtopped, ſo many more would of courſe come to market as beef, and this additional number

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number would surely make beef more plentiful, and consequently cheaper. Granted." And so you would encourage the farmer to continue this plenty of beef by lowering the price of it? this is that universal combination which runs through the supply of all sorts of markets. The case of corn has been pretty well understood, but still the remnants of these prejudices hang about us in calves, pigs, lambs, and so forth. On the contrary, you ought to act upon the reverse of these principles. Your given fact is the dearness of beef, and you want permanently to make it cheaper. Your only method is to raise the price. Encourage the slaughter of calves, which is such an encouragement to the breeder and grazier, as the export of wheat is to the corn grower; his prices rise, he becomes more spirited in his business, he brings more to market; consider this train from the beginning; is it possible it should have any other consequence? A century ago these things were so ill understood, that our ancestors gave a bounty on the export of corn, in order to make it dear: They never dreamed that they were taking the most effectual means to make it cheap; and yet it would doubtless have been thought a glaring paradox to assert, that taking great quantities of corn from our markets was not a way to raise the price; and for what I know, the idea I have just dropped, that in order to make beef cheaper, you must make it dearer, will even in this age be thought another paradox." This reasoning appears to us to be conclusive, and to contain in a few words more good sense than has on these subjects filled many volumes; the following passage is, if any thing, yet more striking and original.

"I have considered an increased demand, which raises the value of a commodity to be the means of increasing the quantity of that commodity by encouraging the production of it, and I have applied it to beef, to mutton, to wheat, and to labour. I remarked that lessening the quantity in the market while the demand continued, the same operated as an encouragement; and presently supplied more than the usual quantum: it is the same with population. You fight off your men by wars, you destroy them by great cities, you lessen them by emigrations; most infallible methods of increasing their number, provided the demand does not decline. This is exactly the same thing as rendering beef scarcer by the slaughter of calves, and wheat by exportation. Take a quantity from the market certainly you add to the value of what remains, and how can you encourage the reproduction of it more powerfully than by adding to its value?"

"Dr. Price says, that for the last eighty years there has not been one great cause of depopulation which has not operated among us. What is the great encouragement of population? *Ease of acquiring income:* it is of no consequence whether that income arises from land, manufacture, or commerce; it is as powerful in the pay of a manufacturer, as in the wilds of America: what is the great obstacle to population? *Difficulty of acquiring income.* Here then we have a criterion by which to judge of the population or depopulation of any period. If you view the country and see agriculture under such circumstances that the farmers products will not pay his usual improvements, and consequently dismissing the hands he formerly kept; if the manufactures of the kingdom want a market, and the active industry exerted in them becomes languid and decays; if commerce no longer supports the seamen she was wont to do; if private and public works, instead of entering into competition for hands with the manufacturer and the farmer, stand still amidst numbers who cry in vain for work: if these effects are seen, a want of employment will stare you in the face, and that want is the only cause of depopulation that can exist. Have these spectacles been common in the eyes of our people since the revolution? Are they common at present? Does not the great active cause employment operate more powerfully than ever? Away then with these visionary ideas, the disgrace of our enlightened age, the reproach of this great and flourishing nation."

Many striking observations are made on the principles of population, in which the author explains its dependance on the encrease of employment; and shews that no former period could in this country be more populous than the present, because there was not an equal demand in manufactures, arts, and commerce for the surplus of the country population; a new idea which he supports with judicious arguments.

At p. 91, he explains the signs of depopulation in the following words. "As ideas of depopulation have in all ages been so common, and complaints of mischiefs in the government and policy of state ever annexed to them, and generally without any reason; it may not be amiss to bestow a few reflections, on those signs of depopulation, which, whenever they appear, may be supposed to speak truth. I have said, that populousness in England depends on employment which here operates on the same principles as plenty of land in America; this offers a very simple idea of depopulation, employment lessening. Not lessening in the parish A, while increasing in the town B; or lessening in B while increasing in A, but a general visible declension, such as would take place if the national wealth was to decline, which generally being the effect of employment must mark the state of its cause. If the seamen lessen, and your shipping falls away, it is a circumstance which to this nation would be of the highest consequence, and mark a variety of declension, if at the same time the great manufactures of the kingdom could no longer find a vent, and consequently their

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People without employment, it would be a mark not less equivocal, if the cultivated soil lessens, if tracts once valuable become waste, and rents fall, it is an unerring sign of decay; if the prices of labour and commodities in general sink, it is no less to be depended on. These signs of national decay need not be multiplied whenever they are seen, they must mark in proportion to their extent the declension of our prosperity.

"Decrease of shipping, decline of manufactures, decline of agriculture, a general fall of prices.

"It appears to me, that these are circumstances which involve every other course of national declension; they mark a loss of wealth, a decrease of employment, which must universally bring down population with it.

"Whenever, therefore, we hear of other causes of depopulation, such as engrossing farms, inclosures, laying arable to grass, high prices of provisions, great cities, luxury, celibacy, debauchery, wars, emigrations, &c. we may very safely resolve them into a string of vulgar errors, and rest assured, that they can have no ill effect while the five great causes mentioned above do not subsist."

These are very bold ideas, and yet they seem as well founded in argument, and confirmed by instances, as any matter of this sort can be. Nothing can be of greater national consequence than these subjects, nor any which better deserve general attention. Mr. Young has made a greater progress in investigating them thoroughly and accurately, than any other writer, and this he has done without betraying the smallest tincture of the common and almost universal prejudices entertained.

Mr. Young next enquires into the proportions between the former and present prices of meat and wheat, and endeavours to prove, that meat is not at present out of proportion to the price of bread. This is a very curious part of his work, but admits not of extracts. Upon the subject of inclosures, we meet with the following conspicuous passage.

"Dr. Price and the others who assure us we should throw down our hedges, and waste one third of our farms in a barren fallow, by way of making beef and mutton cheap, will confine themselves to the inclosures which have converted arable to grass. What say they to those which have changed grass to arable? they chuse to be silent. I do not comprehend the amusement that is constantly found in looking at those objects which are supposed to be gloomy, and in regularly lamenting the evils that surround us, though they flow from causes which shower down much superior: When I look around me in this country, I think I every where see so great and animating a prospect, that the small specks which may be discerned in the hemisphere, are lost in the brilliancy that surround them. I cannot spread a curtain over the illumin'd scene, and leave nothing to view but the mere shades of so splendid a piece. What will these gentlemen say to the enclosures of Norfolk, Suffolk, Nottinghamshire, Derbyshire, Lincolnshire, Yorkshire, and all the northern counties? What say they to the sands of Norfolk, Suffolk, and Nottinghamshire, which yield corn, and mutton, and beef, from the force of inclosure alone? What say they to the wolds of York and Lincoln, which from barren heaths, at 1s. per acre, are, by inclosure alone, rendered profitable farms? Ask Sir Cecil Wray, if without inclosure, he could advance his heaths by sainfoine from 1s. to 20s. an acre. What say they to the vast tracts in the Peak of Derby, which by inclosures alone are changed from black regions of ling to fertile fields covered with cattle? What say they to the improvements of moors in the northern counties, where inclosures alone have made those counties smile with culture, which before were dreary as night. What have these gentlemen to say to these instances? Cannot they manage to assure us the prospect is delusive. They can. Hear how they are characterized. "Inclosures of waste lands and commons would be useful if divided into small allotments, and given up to be occupied at moderate rents by the poor. But if besides lessening the produce of fine wool, they bear hard on the poor, by depriving them of a part of their subsistance, and only go towards increasing farms already too large, the advantages attending them may not much exceed the disadvantages."* Hence, therefore, we find, all these improvements very equivocal. Before it is allowed that converting ling to corn is beneficial, it must previously be asked if the improvement is wrought by that ghostly object of dread and terror, a great farmer: before it is acknowledged right to make that sand which would not feed rabbits, produce beef and mutton, we must know whether the poor were deprived of a part of their subsistence; before you will submit to change the heaths of Lincoln to fertile fields of sainfoine, you must demand, *Were the allotments small?* I must own it is with astonishment that I thus see superior minds stooping to prejudices so unworthy of their abilities. How, in the name of common sense, were such improvements to be wrought by little, or even moderate farmers? Can such inclose wastes, at a vast expence, cover them with an hundred loads of marle, or 6 or 800 bushels of lime, keep sufficient flocks of sheep for folding, and conduct those (for the lower classes) mighty operations essential to new improvements? No. It is to great farmers you owe these; without great farms you never would have seen these improvements, much I suppose to the satisfaction of those who declare themselves so indiscriminately their enemies."

The next section entitled, Consumption of Meat, is entirely new: It is designed to

* *Observ. on Rev. Payments, p.* 390.

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point out the importance of cattle in husbandry, and draws a compariſon in this reſpect between France and England; ſhewing that this circumſtance being ſo much ſuperior in the latter, muſt not only give us a better agriculture, but render us proportionably more populous. In the following ſection, the writer makes ſome judicious obſervations on the conduct of the Society of Arts, and concludes with an anecdote of the education of the Prince of Wales, in relation to agriculture.

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

25. *A Treatiſe on Education. By David Williams.* 8vo. 3s. *ſewed. Payne.*

THE author of this eſſay, in one of his introductory chapters, makes ſome general remarks on the mode of education, purſued in moſt of our colleges and public ſchools.

With reſpect to theſe inſtitutions he ſays, "When they were eſtabliſhed, the principal paſſion of the people was ſuperſtition. . . . The great object of education was to make a man ſuperſtitious. All the proviſions of our colleges were eſtabliſhed with that view."

From general remarks, he proceeds to conſider the ſchemes of education propoſed by Milton, Locke, Rouſſeau, and Helvetius; and having offered his objections to each of them, points out ſuch improvements in our preſent methods, as he thinks are practicable, and yet important enough to require the public attention.

The two common principles, which now operate in education, are *fear* and *emulation*. The author diſapproves of the former, and thinks it only a wretched expedient in ſome extraordinary caſes. The latter, he ſays, is liable to many objections, producing envy, and other ungenerous paſſions. He is therefore of opinion, that the tutor ſhould treat his pupils as his children, and endeavour to inſpire them with a filial love, or as he calls it, an affectionate duty towards himſelf; and whilſt he encourages them to exert their talents by hopes of praiſe, he ſhould teach them to excel one another in acts of generoſity, compaſſion, and friendſhip.

The knowledge of languages is uſually the firſt objects of education; and the common way of teaching them is to have recourſe to grammars. But our author objects to this method, and recommends the following ſcheme.

"If, ſays he, I had never ſeen a grammar, a dictionary, or received any inſtructions in education, and had a child to be taught a language, I have no doubt, but my method would have been to make words the names of things, and not the names of ideas: that is, inſtead of telling him a ſtone, a bull, or an eagle, was the name of a thing with ſuch properties and qualities, I would have ſhewn him the thing itſelf, and then told him its name. It would not have ſignified to the child, whether I told it him in Greek, in Latin, or in Engliſh; his memory would retain the word, and his mind would have a preciſe and accurate idea."

Here the reader will undoubtedly aſk: How will you execute your plan? You muſt be continually wandering over the world with your pupils. When you have a Greek word for a cow, or for an elephant, you muſt go many miles, perhaps, and ſpend much time to ſhew him thoſe two different objects. And you muſt be likewiſe very exact in pointing out the difference between the cow and the bull. Or if you have occaſion to mention a ghoſt or a devil, you would find it impoſſible to give your pupils an ocular demonſtration.

Our author is aware of theſe objections, which ignorant people may raiſe at his expence; and therefore he replies:

"It would be proper to ſhew in nature as many of the objects we name, as we can conveniently come at. The others may be very tolerably ſubſtituted by ſculptures, drawings, cameo's, intaglio's, and all the various aſſiſtance of the arts. The contours and colours of the ſhells, &c. publiſhed by Knorr, have perhaps not all the preciſion and delicacy of the beautiful objects he has repreſented. The works of Caylus, Winckelmann, and Stuart; and the bas reliefs and intaglio's, by Wedgwood and Bentley, do not render travelling and collections unneceſſary to thoſe who can afford the time and expence; but they convey much truer ideas than any verbal deſcriptions; and may do very well as ſubſtitutes for thoſe originals, in nature and art, from which they are ſo elegantly and faithfully copied. It would be difficult to name any thing that is the object of knowledge, and furniſhes a term of importance in any language, which cannot be ſhewn in London, either as it exiſts in nature, or as it is drawn and repreſented by ſome maſterly artiſt."

To render this method of education amuſing and agreeable, the pupil, our author thinks, ſhould be taught to draw, at the ſame time he is taught to write; and a great part of his buſineſs ſhould be to copy thoſe objects, the names and properties of which he is learning.

Here, however, it ſhould be remembered, that this ingenious plan will not ſuperſede the uſe of a grammar: for the ſight of all the objects in nature will not teach a young ſtudent the ſtructure of a ſentence.

Having conſidered the beſt method of learning languages, our author proceeds to enquire what languages are the proper objects of attention. We have no ſort of buſineſs, he ſays, with Greek and Latin, but barely to know what has been written in them; and to taſte at their ſources thoſe ſprings of knowledge, which has been ſo beneficial to the world. Upon this account, however, it may be allowed, that they are very proper accompliſhments in the education of a gentleman.

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"But, he adds, we should take up our business at its right end, and begin with learning Greek. The propriety of this method is obvious on several accounts. There is an aversion in the mind to every thing retrograde. It dislikes moving backward from improvements to rude sketches, when the contrary process would have delighted it. It is not so pleased with the finest originals, after having contemplated copies. And there is something in the mind, awkwardly expressed in English by the *love of order*, which is pleased with having every thing before it in the manner it has taken place in nature. Greek was the learned language of the world before Latin; and the first elements of all the arts and of all philosophy are to be found in the pleasing compositions of that elegant language. Most of the terms of art in all professions were borrowed by the Romans from the Greek; and from the Romans by all the nations of Europe. Why should we not therefore begin with the origin of our present knowledge; and proceed, as it has proceeded to this day? Our employment would be much more agreeable than the present method of walking backwards, and stealing only short glances at that point from which we ought to have started."

Some writers have carried this point so far, as to tell us, that we ought to begin with Hebrew, as it was the source of European languages. But if it be allowed, as it undoubtedly must, that in the study of the Belles Lettres and the sciences, we meet with ten times more writers, especially among the moderns, and a hundred times more quotations, in Latin than in Greek, the former of course becomes a language of more essential importance than the latter in a polite education.

When the young scholar has acquired a competent knowledge of Greek and Latin, the author directs him to learn French, and afterwards to make the English language, reading, speaking, eloquence, natural, civil, and ecclesiastical history, logic, ethics, mathematics, &c. the objects of his attention.

Under the article of exercises he recommends the following method of uniting instruction and amusement.

"If a young student is accompanied by his tutor, or rather his friend, his exercises and diversions will be very different from those, which generally employ our boys at school. A walk in the fields, after reading a little in natural history, may furnish opportunities of important instruction. The garden is one of the best schools of botany, and affords the most wholesome and agreeable exercise. The hills, the dales, the rocks and quarries afford matter of speculation on their formation, use, and beauty. Many of the mathematical, astronomical, and particularly the mechanical problems, may be examined, in consequence of a ride or a walk. This will not only be present instruction, but get the pupil into a habit of having an object and a view in every thing he does. He will then never experience the common unhappiness of not knowing what to do with himself; or when he has resolved on a ride or a walk, be miserable for want of being able to determine where to go, or on what object to engage his thoughts."

This, no doubt, would be an eligible method of conveying instruction; yet while boys are boys, it cannot be substituted in the room of play. It may be amusement to the tutor, but it will be restraint and fatigue to his pupils, and can only be considered as an agreeable employment.

The great point which the author every where inculcates, is to follow the directions of nature; and this mode of proceeding is now generally thought the most judicious.
——*Crit. Rev.*

26. *The Apology of Benjamin Ben Mordecai to his Friends for embracing Christianity; in several Letters to Elisha Levi, Merchant, of Amsterdam. Letters V. VI. VII. 4to. 6s. sewed. Wilkie.*

THERE are few converts that seem to be so well instructed in the knowledge of christianity, both as to its doctrines and evidence, as *Ben Mordecai*. His *mercantile* friend, we are persuaded, will be ready to allow, that he has much to say in his own defence, for having renounced his old profession; and, unless his native prejudices and attachments are peculiarly strong, *Mr. Levi* will very soon follow his example.

The friends of rational and scriptural christianity in general are much indebted to the labours of this excellent advocate in their cause; and, after perusing this series of letters with the attention and candour which they deserve, they will join us in opinion, that, whatever may be the issue with respect to *Mr. Levi* and his brethren of the circumcision, they cannot fail to serve the most useful purposes in establishing the truth and explaining the genuine doctrines of revelation.

The ingenious author has taken great pains to remove those prejudices that arise from a misinterpretation of the sacred writings; and, by vindicating *revealed religion* from those corruptions which have obscured its glory, and furnished its adversaries with their main objections against it, prepared the way for an impartial examination of its evidence, truth, and importance.

We are happy to find, that the cause of the petitioning clergy, with whom our best wishes are embarked, derives credit from the concurrence of this respectable writer, who has made the subjects immediately connected with his profession his peculiar study, and who deduces his system of religion, not from creeds and articles, whenever fabricated or by whomsoever imposed, but from an attentive and impartial perusal of the sacred scriptures.

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tures. It cannot but give concern to the friends of truth and humanity, that minds ſo liberal and enlarged ſhould, in any meaſure, be confined and bowed down by reſtraints and ſhackles of human invention.

Our author's motto to the 5th letter, extracted from the preface to Dr. Sykes's Eſſay on the truth of the chriſtian religion, is amply verified in his ſucceſſive publications:—"It has always been *my* deſire, to ſee religion treated as a *rational* thing; free from all abſurdity and folly.—The religion of *Nature* is capable of the ſtricteſt evidence, and therefore *that* is never to be deviated from, or given up. The religion of *Chriſt*, as it lies in the *New Teſtament*, is perfectly agreeable to, and conſiſtent with, what *natural* religion teacheth; and ſo it will be always found by them that examine into its truth with ſincerity."

The fifth letter is introduced with an explication of *three criteria*, by which the truth of chriſtianity is to be examined. A revelation from God muſt be agreeable to the nature and condition of thoſe beings, for whoſe direction and benefit it is communicated; whence it follows, "That, if, upon a ſtrict and impartial examination into the evidence in proof of a revelation from God, our underſtanding is not convinced, there can be no *merit* in believing it; for the *merit* of believing conſiſts in opening our hearts to evidence, and then determining as our underſtanding directs. In like manner, if our underſtanding, after the beſt enquiry, is not able to direct us, what revelation comes from God, and what does not, there can be no more *merit* in receiving a *true* revelation than a *falſe* one: it depends entirely upon chance: and if in ſuch a ſituation we ſhould reject the truth, and eſpouſe the error, it would not be our fault, but our misfortune; and we ſhould deſerve the pity and compaſſion, but by no means the reſentment of thoſe who ſhould be acquainted with the importance of the truths we had rejected, and the ill conſequence of the errors we had eſpouſed. But to apply force and violence, or any other means in ſuch caſes, except evidence and reaſon, to convince the underſtanding, is as inconſiſtent with the nature of man, as it is abſurd and ridiculous to think of forming axioms out of halters, or ſyllogiſms out of chains and gibbets."

A divine revelation muſt likewiſe be agreeable to the nature, attributes, and moral character of God; "for, as nothing can become our duty, which it is contrary to the nature of *man* to perform, ſo neither can any thing become our duty, which is contrary to the nature and attributes of *God* to require." The chief of theſe, at leaſt ſo far as they are immediately concerned in the moral government of mankind, are the divine juſtice and goodneſs; on each of which our author has made ſeveral pertinent and judicious remarks. The third criterion, by which the truth of chriſtianity is inveſtigated *à priori*, is its conſiſtency with the Old Teſtament hiſtory; and this leads to an illuſtration of the Scripture doctrine, concerning the *fall* of man, and his repovery from the ill effects of it by a *mediatorial redemption*.

With reſpect to the hiſtory of the fall, our author obſerves, that, whether it be literal or allegorical, the doctrine conveyed by it, as far as it relates to our conduct in life, and our future happineſs, is much the ſame in either caſe. There is another queſtion, which has created needleſs contention on this ſubject, viz. "Whether man was created immortal, and ſin produced mortality, and *Chriſt* reſtores that immortality which *Adam* loſt: or whether *Adam* was created mortal; and *Chriſt* confers upon us an immortality, which *Adam* failed of gaining by not performing the conditions, upon which it was offered him. It is ſufficient for the explanation of the *chriſtian* ſcheme to obſerve, that God promiſed life to *Adam* upon his obedience; & conſequently, whether he was at firſt naturally immortal or not, he could not ceaſe to live, while he continued obedient; and on the other hand, whether he was naturally immortal or not, he would certainly die if he was diſobedient; and in either caſe, it may be ſaid, that death entered into the world by ſin, and that by man came death; whether it was a poſitive infliction of puniſhment, or merely the conſequence of withdrawing the particular providence by which he was preſerved.

"However, it is certain, that the Scriptures never give us the leaſt hint of *Adam*'s natural immortality; but through the whole hiſtory conſider his exiſtence to be dependent on the tree of life."——

In conſidering the effects of the firſt apoſtacy, our Author obſerves, "there are many, who, in order to account for the preſent weakneſs and wickedneſs of mankind, imagine, that upon the fall of *Adam*, the human faculties were depraved, either naturally, by ſome taint derived from him, or by ſome act of God. But the ſcriptures ſay no ſuch thing; and we want no ſuch hypotheſis to account for them; becauſe the very ſame reaſon or cauſe, be it what it will, which accounts for the ſin of the *firſt* man, who came pure out of the hands of the Creator, will account for the ſins of *all* men ever ſince; and to ſuppoſe that God would deprave the will, or weaken the underſtanding of man, merely as a puniſhment for what they could not help, is a moſt unworthy imputation on the divine goodneſs; and it is no leſs ſo upon his wiſdom, as if he were capable of contradiction and inconſiſtency. For, if he deſigned to give them eternal life, why did he make them leſs capable of gaining it? And if he did not deſign it, why did he ſend them a Saviour. This notion was firſt invented, to ſhew the certainty of eternal damnation, to all the poſterity of *Adam*, if Chriſt

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Chriſt had not died; for as much as by this taint or corruption of nature, it was rendered impoſſible for them to do things well-pleaſing to God. But this argument proves *too much*, and therefore concludes *nothing*. For, the leſs capable a man is of perfection, the leſs will be required of him; and if it were impoſſible for him to do things well-pleaſing to God, it would ceaſe to be his duty.

"Upon this miſtake the generality of chriſtians have built another equally inconſiſtent with their own ſcriptures; that, upon account of this depravation of the will and natural powers of man at the fall, a Mediator was at firſt introduced, as a kind of ſupplement to the original ſcheme, which was interrupted by *Adam*'s ſin. But this is not true. For it was the original deſign of God before the foundation of the world, to bring mankind to happineſs, by the ſame perſon whom he has ſince conſtituted a Prince and a Saviour; having appointed him from the beginning, according to the different circumſtances of the world, and under the different characters of the *Angel* of the *Covenant* and the *Meſſiah*, to miniſter to the will of the father in all things relative to the ſalvation of man; and to do every thing that was neceſſary according to his will, *pro re natâ*, to bring down upon them thoſe bleſſings, for which they were created and deſigned."

But the principal object of conſideration is the method of our redemption from a ſtate of ſin and death: "*Grotius*, *Stillingfleet*, and other learned men, have defended the two following propoſitions, as the fundamental doctrines of chriſtianity, both which are contrary to the Old Teſtament, and abſolutely *falſe*. Firſt, they aſſert, that there is a neceſſity of God's vindicating his honour to the world, upon the breach of his laws; if not by the ſuffering of the offenders themſelves, yet by the ſuffering of the ſon of God as a ſacrifice for the expiation of ſin, by undergoing the puniſhment of our iniquities, which appears to me to be the ſame thing as to aſſert, that God is not able to forgive ſins, freely.

"Secondly, That a perſon, notwithſtanding his innocency may oblige himſelf by an act of his own will, to undergo that puniſhment which *otherwiſe* he did not deſerve; which puniſhment in that caſe will be juſt and agreeable to reaſon." The firſt of theſe principles is examined in the ſequel of this letter, and the ſecond is the ſubject of the ſeventh letter.

"Having done (ſays the author) with the unſcriptural opinion of the *chriſtians*, who teach that God has not the power to forgive ſins freely; or without the *puniſhment* of the ſinner, or of a mediator in its ſtead, I am immediately called upon, on the other hand, to anſwer an objection of the deiſts, that God cannot forgive ſins by, or for the ſake, or at the interceſſion of a mediator, which is no leſs oppoſite to the chriſtian doctrine. Mr. *Chubb* is ſo extravagantly ſanguine upon this ſubject, that he tells us, "If the Apoſtles themſelves preached any ſuch doctrine, they were miſtaken, and even a miraculous confirmation of it would not make it credible." And indeed as he underſtands it, he may bid defiance to whom he pleaſes; for he entirely miſtakes the ſenſe of the doctrine revealed, and it is impoſſible that the Apoſtles ſhould have underſtood it, in ſuch a ſenſe as he does."

Our author proceeds to enquire what is the Scripture ſenſe of the phraſe *(for the ſake of)* and how it is generally received in common language; "when it is ſaid, that a perſon does a benefit, or forgives an injury, upon the *interceſſion*, or for the *ſake* of another, it is never *(meaned)* that ſuch interceſſion *made* the perſon applied to either benevolent or placable; nor can it be intended to depreciate his natural diſpoſition to forgiveneſs, or to exclude any *other* motives and conſiderations, which might perſuade to that particular act of benevolence; but it barely means that it was a motive to it. And one would imagine, that a perſon well inclined to revelation, would rather have explained theſe words in any manner they are poſſibly capable of, than in a ſenſe ſo big with abſurdity and contradiction; for it is equally abſurd and antichriſtian and antitheiſtical, to ſay, that any combination of circumſtances can make God merciful or placable, as to ſay, that they can make him juſt and good and true. The attributes of God are eternal and unchangeable, and are not to be affected by the conduct of *any* being; but his providential acts *may be*, and certainly *are*, affected by the virtues and vices of his creatures: and if they were not ſo affected, he could not be a moral governor, by the exerciſe of a judicial providence. Repentance is a *cauſe* or *motive* to forgiveneſs, but it does not *make* God placable or merciful!"

After all it is remarked, "That there is no expreſſion in the Greek Teſtament, which neceſſarily ſignifies, that our ſins are forgiven us for Chriſt's ſake." The Author largely explains and vindicates the uſe and efficacy of the *interceſſion of Chriſt*, againſt the objections of Mr. *Chubb* and other deiſts.

"Thus we ſee (ſays the Author at the cloſe of his fifth letter) how the *mediatorial* ſcheme of ſalvation, as far as it has hitherto been conſidered, may be explained, agreeably to the divine attributes, the nature of man, and the antient ſcriptures given to our fathers; and the fundamental doctrine of chriſtianity freed from thoſe difficulties, with which it has been loaded both by its friends and enemies, viz. that Almighty God has an abſolute right either to forgive ſins, as an all-powerful benefactor, for his own ſake, and for his mercy's ſake; or for the ſake of a mediator, and at his interceſſion; as he bleſſed *Iſrael* for the ſake of *Abraham* and *David*; and forgave the ſins of *Abimelech* and the

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the friends of *Job*, upon the interceſſion and for the ſake of *Abraham* and *Job*, in order to manifeſt how much the fervent prayer of a righteous man prevails with *him*, as the patron of righteouſneſs and judge of all the world. And we have no reaſon to imagine, that God would have given forgiveneſs and eternal life to penitent ſinners, in any other way; becauſe we cannot ſee how theſe bleſſings could have been given in ſo ſafe and wiſe a manner; or how the tremendous character of God, as our moral governor and judge, could be ſo effectually preſerved by the puniſhment of the penitent ſinners, as by rewarding the merits of *Chriſt* with theſe God-like powers, which were neceſſary to conſtitute him a Prince and a Saviour."

The deſign of the 6th letter is to ſhew, that the chriſtian ſcheme, founded on the principles already eſtabliſhed, is a regular, conſiſtent and rational plan of divine œconomy, from the beginning to the end of the world; and for this purpoſe, our author undertakes to prove the three following propoſitions.

1. "That the original deſign of God from the beginning was, to bring all good men to ſalvation; that is, to eternal life and happineſs, by his ſon *Jeſus Chriſt*: and the firſt cauſe and mover in this gracious deſign, was the free grace and love of God.

2. "That the method in which this ſalvation hath been carried on through all diſpenſations from the beginning, hath been conducted by the miniſtration of *Jeſus Chriſt*, under different names and characters; either immediately in perſon, or by his angel or angels.

3. "That the efficient cauſe or means, by which the ſalvation of man will be completed, will be the exerciſe of thoſe God-like powers of raiſing the dead, forgiving ſin, and giving eternal life; which were conferred on *Jeſus Chriſt* by the father in reward of his humiliation, ſufferings, and death."

The ſeventh letter contains a collection of diſſertations on various ſubjects; the opinions of ſeveral very reſpectable writers on the nature and end of the ſufferings of Chriſt are particularly examined: and, the author having exploded the notion both of *imputed* ſin and of *imputed* righteouſneſs, inquires in what ſenſe Chriſt died for us, and what is to be underſtood by the terms *ranſom* and *ſacrifice*, whereby he his deſcribed in the New Teſtament. He then digreſſes into a compariſon of the ſacrifice of *Chriſt* with the *Moſaic* ſacrifices; and into other incidental inquiries, connected with his main object. He concludes with ſtating and obviating the principal objections of the Deiſts; with evincing the probability of a divine revelation, for the purpoſes already aſſigned; and with an elaborate proof of the *fact* deduced from prophecy and miracles, that ſuch a revelation has been actually granted.

We recommend the peruſal of theſe ſeveral letters at large, to thoſe who deſire farther ſatisfaction on the intereſting ſubjects diſcuſſed in them.——*Monthly Review.*

27. *An Hiſtory of the Earth, and animated Nature. By Oliver Goldſmith. In Eight Vols. 8vo. 2l. 8s. boards. Nourſe.* [*Continued.*]

AFTER delivering an account of the internal ſtructure of the earth, the author proceeds to the caves and ſubterraneous paſſages. Many of theſe, he obſerves, are not the production of nature, but of human induſtry; ſuch as the famous labyrinth of Candia, and the ſtone-quarry of Maeſtricht; the latter of which is ſo large that forty thouſand people may be contained in it. Among the artificial caverns, are likewiſe to be ranked the catacombs in Egypt and Italy. Few countries, if any, are deſtitute of natural caverns. In England thoſe of Oakey hole, the Devil's hole, and Penpark-hole, are the moſt conſpicuous; but the grotto of Antiparos, a ſmall iſland in the Archipelago, is admitted to be the moſt extraordinary production yet diſcovered of this kind, both for beauty and extent.

By what means thoſe immenſe caverns has been formed, is a ſubject of diſquiſition to the writer of natural hiſtory. The author, therefore, adopts the opinion that this effect has been produced by waters, which finding ſubterraneous paſſages, and gradually hollowing the beds in which they flowed, the ground immediately above them has ſunk down cloſer to their ſurface, leaving the upper ſtrata ſtill ſuſpended.

The next chapter treats of mines, damps, and mineral vapours. Here the author obſerves, that upon our deſcent into mines of conſiderable depth, the cold ſeems to encreaſe for ſome time; till having deſcended further, the air becomes gradually warmer, ſo that at laſt the labourers can ſcarce bear any covering while they work. This phenomenon, the hiſtorian obſerves, was ſuppoſed by Boyle, to proceed from magazines of fire lying nearer the centre of the earth, and diffuſing their heat around them.

Our author afterwards delivers a diſtinct account of the ſeveral ſpecies of vapours that are found in mines; to the qualities of which he imputes in a great meaſure the ſalubrity or unwholſomeneſs of different climates and ſoils.

The ninth chapter compriſes the ſubject of volcanoes, or burning mountains. There is no quarter of the world where ſome of theſe perpetual conflagrations are not to be found. In Europe, Ætna, Veſuvius, and Hecla, are univerſally known. In Aſia, particularly in the iſlands of the Indian ocean, volcanoes are more numerous. The moſt famous on the continent is that of Albouras, near mount Taurus. In the iſland of Ternato, there is a volcano, which is ſaid to burn moſt furiouſly at the equinoxes, on account of the winds which then agitate th

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flames. In Africa, there is a burning cavern near Fez, with the Volcano of the island del Fuogo, and the Peak of Teneriffe. In America, however, these tremendous scenes are most frequent and remarkable. Vesuvius and Ætna itself, we are told, are but mere fire-works, when compared to the burning mountains of the Andes, Arequipa, Caraffa, and Malahallo are each of great consideration; but that of Cotopaxi, in the province of Quito, is described as superlatively wonderful. This mountain is said to be more than three miles of perpendicular height from the sea, and became a volcano at the time when the Spaniards first arrived in that country.

The author of this work dissents, with good reason, from the opinion of M. Boffon, who imagines that a volcano extends only a very little way below the base of the mountain.

"We can never suppose, says the great naturalist last mentioned, that these substances are ejected from any great distance below, if we only consider the great force already required to fling them up to such vast heights above the mouth of the mountain; if we consider the substances thrown up, which we shall find upon inspection to be the same with those of the mountain below; if we take into our consideration, that air is always necessary to keep up the flame; but, most of all, if we attend to one circumstance, which is, that if these substances were exploded from a vast depth below, the same force required to shoot them up so high, would act against the sides of the volcano, and tear the whole mountain in pieces. To all this specious reasoning, particular answers might easily be given; as that the length of the funnel encreases the force of the explosion; that the sides of the funnel are actually often burst with the great violence of the flame; that air may be supposed at depths at least as far as the perpendicular fissures descend. But the best answer is a well-known fact; namely, that the quantity of matter discharged from Ætna alone, is supposed, upon a moderate computation, to exceed twenty times the original bulk of the mountain. The greatest part of Sicily seems covered with its eruptions. The inhabitants of Catanea have found, at the distance of several miles, streets and houses, sixty feet deep, overwhelmed by the lava or matter it has discharged. But what is still more remarkable, the walls of these very houses have been built of materials, evidently thrown up by the mountain. The inference from all this is very obvious; that the matter thus exploded cannot belong to the mountain itself; otherwise, it would have been quickly consumed; it cannot be derived from moderate depths, since its amazing quantity evinces, that all the places near the bottom must have long since been exhausted; nor can it have an extensive, and, if I may so call it, a superficial spread, for then the country round would be quickly undermined; it must, therefore, be supplied from the deeper regions of the earth; those undiscovered tracts where the Deity performs his wonders in solitude, satisfied with self-approbation!"

From treating of volcanoes, the author proceeds, by a natural transition, to consider the phœnomenon of earthquakes, which are so much of the same nature with the former, that they both seem to originate from one common cause; there being no other perceptible difference between them but that the rage of the volcano is spent in the eruption, while that of the earthquake, by being confined, produces more violent convulsions. He justly rejects the distinctions which philosophers have made of earthquakes into the tremulous, the pulsative, the perpendicular, and the inclined kind; observing, that these are mere accidental differences arising either from the situation of the country that is agitated, or the cause of the concussion. He no less philosophically disapproves of the distinction introduced by M. Buffon, who supposes one species of earthquake to be occasioned by fire, and another by the expansion of confined air.

"For how, says our author, do these two causes differ? Fire is an agent of no power whatsoever without air. It is the air, which being at first compressed, and then dilated in a cannon, that drives the ball with such force. It is the air struggling for vent in a volcano, that throws up its contents to such vast heights. In short, it is the air confined in the bowels of the earth, and acquiring elasticity by heat, that produces all those appearances which are generally ascribed to the operation of fire. When, therefore, we are told that there are two causes of earthquakes, we only learn, that a greater or smaller quantity of heat produces those terrible effects; for air is the only active operator in either."

In the eleventh chapter our attention is fixed on the appearance of new islands, and tracts of land, and the disappearing of others. These extraordinary phenomena are the consequence of the great operations of nature which have afforded subject for the two preceding divisions of the work. New islands, our author observes, are formed in two ways; either suddenly by the action of subterraneous fires, or more slowly, by the deposition of mud, carried down by rivers, and stopped by some accident; of both which kinds, as also of the disappearing of land, he produces several instances.

In the subsequent chapter, the author proceeds to take a view of the mountains, those immense piles of nature's erecting, as he styles them, that seem to mock the minuteness of human magnificence. He observes, that in flat countries, the smallest elevation is regarded as a remarkable eminence; and that in Holland, they shew a little ridge of hills,

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hills, near the sea side, which Boerhaave was used to point out to his pupils as being mountains of no small consideration. Though such an anecdote may seem very extraordinary to an English reader, the historian remarks, that even in this country we have no adequate ideas of a mountain-prospect; our hills being generally of easy ascent, and covered to the top with verdure.

Various are the conjectures which have been formed by philosophers, respecting the origin and use of mountains. Some suppose them to have been formed at the time of the deluge; others imagine, that they existed from the creation; while a different class of enquirers maintain they were produced by earthquakes; and a fourth ascribes them entirely to the fluctuations of the deep, with which they suppose in the beginning the whole globe was surrounded. Our author confesses his surprize to find the question agitated among philosophers, who might with equal reason have enquired concerning the final cause of plains.

"The most rational answer, therefore, says he, why either mountains or plains were formed, seems to be, that they were thus fashioned by the hand of wisdom, in order that pain and pleasure should be so contiguous as that morality might be exercised either in bearing the one, or communicating the other."

The historian observes that, whatever may be the cause, the greatest and highest mountains are found under the equator; whereas towards the poles, though the earth be craggy and uneven, the height of the mountains is very inconsiderable. Among the most remarkable mountains mentioned by the author, a particular description of the Andes, which he has translated from Ulloa, conveys a lively idea of those wonderful objects of nature; but which our limits will not afford room for inserting.

The succeeding chapter contains an account of the element of water, where we are presented with the various observations and opinions of philosophers respecting this fluid.

The subject next treated is, Of the Origin of Rivers, a point which has been variously agitated in the philosophical world. In this department, the author gives a description of the four quarters of the globe, their rise and course; after which he mentions the several remarkable cataracts which are found in those rivers. His description of that of Niagara, in the river St. Laurence, in Canada, which is admitted to be the most astonishing and magnificent of any thing of the kind that is known in the whole compass of nature, we shall insert for the gratification of our readers.

"This amazing fall of water is made by the river St. Lawrence, in its passage from the lake Erie into the lake Ontario. We have already said that St. Lawrence was one of the largest rivers in the world; and yet the whole of its waters are here poured down, by a fall of an hundred and fifty feet perpendicular. It is not easy to bring the imagination to correspond with the greatness of the scene; a river, extremely deep and rapid, and that serves to drain the waters of almost all North America into the Atlantic ocean, is here poured precipitately down a ledge of rocks, that rise, like a wall, across the whole bed of its stream. The width of the river, a little above, is near three quarters of a mile broad; and the rocks, where it grows narrower, are four hundred yards over. Their direction is not streight across, but hollowing inwards like an horse-shoe; so that the cataract, which bends to the shape of the obstacle, rounding inwards, presents a kind of theatre the most tremendous in nature. Just in the middle of this circular wall of waters, a little island, that has braved the fury of the current, presents one of its points, and divides the stream at top into two; but it unites again long before it has got to the bottom. The noise of the fall is heard at several leagues distance; and the fury of the waters at the bottom of their fall is inconceivable. The dashing produces a mist that rises to the very clouds; and that produces a most beautiful rainbow, when the sun shines. It may easily be conceived, that such a cataract quite destroys the navigation of the stream; and yet some Indian canoes, as it is said, have been known to venture down it with safety."

The historian afterwards treats at large of the ocean in general, and of its saltness; of the tides, motion, and currents of the sea, with their effects; and of the changes produced by the sea upon the earth. On these several subjects he presents us with the opinions of the most approved philosophers, to which he adds many judicious observations. He proceeds in the same manner through the remaining part of the first volume, which contains, A summery account of the mechanical properties of air; an ingenious essay towards a natural history of the air; the theory of winds, irregular and regular; with that of meteors, and such appearances as result from a combination of the elements. To the whole is subjoined a pertinent, beautiful, and sentimental conclusion.—*Crit. R.*

28. *An Argument in Defence of Literary Property. By Francis Hargrave, Esq.* 8vo. 1s. 6d. *Otridge.*

THIS ingenious argument is written with great clearness of thought and expression; the author enters into a full investigation of several parts of the subject, and suggests some new and important ideas, which merit attention.

Concerning the practicability of ascertaining the right of literary property, (after waving the authority of examples, and determining

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mining to reaſon wholly from the nature of the ſubject in which the property is claimed) he ſays:

"The ſubject of the property is a written compoſition; and that one written compoſition may be diſtinguiſhed from another, is a truth too evident to be much argued upon. Every man has a mode of combining and expreſſing his ideas peculiar to himſelf. The ſame doctrines, the ſame opinions, never come from two perſons, or even from the ſame perſon at different times, cloathed wholly in the ſame language. A ſtrong reſemblance of ſtyle, of ſentiment, of plan and diſpoſition, will be frequently found; but there is ſuch an infinite variety in the modes of thinking and writing, as well in the extent and connection of our ideas, as in the uſe and arrangement of words, that a literary work really original, like the human face, will always have ſome ſingularities, ſome lines, ſome features, to characterize it, and to fix and eſtabliſh its identity; and to aſſert the contrary with reſpect to either, would be juſtly deemed equally oppoſite to reaſon and univerſal experience.

"But it is objected, that only corporeal things can be the objects of property; and that every ſpecies of incorporeal property has reſpect to, and muſt have, a corporeal ſubſtance for its ſupport. To which the plain anſwer is, That whatever is ſuſceptible of an excluſive enjoyment, may be property; and that rights may ariſe, which, though quite unconnected with any thing corporeal, may be confined in the exerciſe to certain perſons, and be as capable of a ſeparate enjoyment, and of modes of alienation and tranſmiſſion, as any ſpecies of corporeal ſubſtance. How the excluſive right of printing any particular book may originate; what may give a proper title to the ſole exerciſe of ſuch a right, whether authorſhip, or any other cauſe, is not here of the leaſt importance; becauſe if ſpringing from any ſource, the right may be well appropriated, the argument of impracticability will fall to the ground, and conſequently the objection derived from the ſuppoſed want of ſomething corporeal to uphold and ſuſtain the right."

On the queſtion whether publication deſtroys an author's excluſive property in his work, Mr. Hargrave ſays—

"It is aſked, how an author, after publiſhing his work, can confine it to himſelf, and exclude the world from participating of the ſentiments it contains? This objection depends on the ſuppoſition, that the excluſive right claimed for an author is to the idea and knowledge communicated in a literary compoſition. An attempt to appropriate to the author and his aſſigns, the perpetual uſe of the ideas contained in a written compoſition, might well be deemed ſo abſurd and impracticable, as to deſerve to be treated in a court of juſtice with equal contempt and indignation; and it would be a diſgrace to argue in favour of ſuch a claim. But the claim of literary property is not of this ridiculous and unreaſonable kind; and to repreſent it as ſuch, however it may ſerve the purpoſes of declamation, or of wit and humour, is a fallacy too groſs to be ſucceſsfully diſguiſed. What the author claims, is merely to have the ſole right of printing his own works. As to the ideas conveyed, every author, when he publiſhes, neceſſarily gives the full uſe of them to the world at large. To communicate and ſell knowledge to the public, and at the ſame moment to ſtipulate that none but the author or his bookſeller ſhall make uſe of it, is an idea, which Avarice herſelf has not yet ſuggeſted. But imputing this abſurdity to the claim of literary property, is mere imagination; and ſo muſt be deemed, until it can be demonſtrated that the printing a book cannot be appropriated, without at the ſame time appropriating the uſe of the knowledge contained in it; or in other words, that the uſe of the ideas communicated by an author cannot be common to all, unleſs the right of printing his works is common alſo."

Concerning the expediency of confining the right of printing particular books to certain perſons, he ſays—

"It is apprehended by many, that if there was not any ſuch thing as property in the printing of books, the art of printing would be more beneficial to the public in general, as well as to thoſe who practiſe the art, or are connected with it, in particular. But the truth is, that the opinion, however popular it may be, is without the leaſt foundation. How would making the right of printing every book common be advantageous to thoſe concerned in printing or manufacturing books, or in bookſelling? Every impreſſion of a work is attended with ſuch great expences, that nothing leſs than ſecuring the ſale of a large number of copies within a certain time can bring back the money expended, with a reaſonable allowance for intereſt and profit. But is this to be effected, if immediately after the impreſſion of a book by one man, all others are to be left at liberty to make and vend impreſſions of the ſame work? A ſecond, by printing with an inferior type, on an inferior paper, is enabled to underſell the printer of the firſt impreſſion, and defeats him of the benefit of it, either by preventing the ſale of it within due time, or perhaps by totally ſtopping it. The ſecond printer is expoſed to the ſame kind of hoſtility; and a third perſon, by printing in a manner ſtill worſe, ſtill more inferior, ruins the ſecond; a fourth a third; and ſo on would it be in progreſſion, till experience of the diſadvantages of a rivalſhip ſo general would convince all concerned, mediately or immediately, in the trade of printing, that it muſt be ruinous to carry it on, without an appropriation of copies to ſecure a reaſonable profit on the ſale of each impreſſion.

"Having

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"Having thus explained the disadvantages, which would accrue to those concerned in printing, if copies were common, I will now ask, how the making them so could produce the least benefit to the public in general? Would lessening, or rather annihilating, the profits of printing, tend to encourage persons to be adventurers in the trade of printing? Would it make books cheaper? So long indeed as the least legal idea of property in co. ies remains, most persons will probably hold it both dishonourable and unsafe to pirate editions; and so long only can the few, who now distinguish themselves by trafficking in that way, afford to undersell the real proprietors. Such persons at present enjoy all the fruits of a concurrent property without paying any price for it; and therefore it is not to be wondered at, that they should undersell those who have paid a full and valuable consideration for the purchase of their copies. But if the right of printing books should once be declared common by a judicial opinion; the advantage, which enables particular persons to undersell those who claim the property, would cease; pirating would then become general; and perhaps those, who now practise it, would themselves be sacr fices to their own success in the cause they support. Whilst the question of literary property is in a suspended state, they have the harvest to themselves; but if they should gain their cause, like other Samsons, they would be crushed by the fall of the building they are pulling down."

From these extracts, the merit of this publication will be sufficiently apparent, without any laboured encomium.—*Mon. Rev.*

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FLOWERS OF PARNASSUS.

For the MONTHLY MISCELLANY.

MARIA to HENRY.

[*With a beautiful Engraving.*]

EXCEPT to thee, the author of my woe,
Unknown to all the silent tear shall flow.
In these retreats my life shall waste away,
The bloom of youth, and beauty's charm, decay;
These pathless shades this fallen form shall hide,
So late array'd in all the pomp of pride.

In grandeur's scenes, where pleasure tun'd her song,
The croud ador'd me as I pass'd along;
E'en crown-encircled heads have bent the knee,
And vainly sued for—what I gave to *thee*.
Ah! fall'n from *honour*, *innocence*, and *truth*,
(The blest companions of my early youth)
Why from MARIA did those guardians rove,
And leave her open to the wiles of *love*?
By *love* betray'd I fell an easy prey,
'Twas *love* that lur'd the honour'd guides away.
Shock'd at my fall, to an untimely grave,
(From which nor tears nor penitence could save)
A tender mother drops;—ah! there my heart
Felt a deep wound, and sinks beneath the smart.
This hapless parent of a wretched child,
In life's last scene with fond affection smil'd;
Smil'd, while the tear ran trickling down her face,
And anxious clasp'd me in a last embrace,
Then sighing deep,—"Deluded girl!" she cry'd,
"Thy mother's blessing shall not be deny'd;
"For though, too sure, my hopes to see thee "blest,
"Ere heav'n had call'd me to eternal rest,
"Are vanish'd now, a better hope shall rise,
"We'll meet, my child, where ev'ry sorrow "dies.
"'Till that blest period I must bid adieu,—
"Remember that a *mother* died for you.
"—Yet think not that I'm wishing to destroy
"The calm of peace, the harmless hour of joy;
"So far remember, that the spot of shame
"May not be deepen'd on your sullied fame;
"So far remember, that if *Henry* plead,
"My child may ne'er repeat the guilty deed.
"So far remember, and content I die;
"May tears of sorrow never damp thine eye;
"For *you* I've liv'd, and oh! may heav'n's care
"Preserve thee yet from anguish and despair!
"May virtue, peace, and all their joys be "thine, ["mine!"
"—And oh! may heav'n's forgiveness equal

She spake:—she press'd my trembling hands, and sigh'd,
Then gave a last, *last* look,—and patient died.
Soon from that hour I bent my pensive way,
Where silent shades arise, estrang'd from day;
Alone in these unsocial bounds I rove,
For ever lost to thee, and guilty love.
And where the rocks hang bending o'er the deep,
I haste at silent eve, to sit and weep;
See the dark cloud with sullen front descend,
While tempests rise that force the trees to bend,
Nor e'er attempt to seek a friendly shade,
Tho' the loud blast sweep whistling round my head.
The child that caus'd a parent's tear to flow,
Should feel the full excess of ev'ry woe;
Nor dare to murmur at almighty pow'r,
But turn each thought upon life's final hour:
That awful period hastens on its way,
I feel, I feel each vital pow'r decay;
See death approach, while yet in beauty's bloom,
Yet fall resign'd, nor murmur at my doom.

Last night, as on my bed of pain I lay,
And wept the long and silent hours away,
I heard, or thought I heard, a heav'nly strain,
The pleasing melody remov'd my pain;
While, rob'd in white, my mother's form descends,
And tow'rd my bed in smiling aspect bends.
Then with a look which calm'd my beating heart,
"Depart, (she cries) each mortal fear depart!
"From heav'n, where true unsullied bliss I "find,
"I'm sent to *calm*, and not *disturb* the mind.
"Attend the strain which seems convey'd in "air, ["there;
"Thy lot is heav'n, and I shall meet thee
"Attend the strain, for I must haste away
"To realms of glory and unfading day."

The vision vanish'd, while a heav'nly sound,
And beams of radiant light, prevail'd around:
Now from their happy stations, fix'd on high,
Immortal forms seem'd bursting from the sky;
Rang'd in the air their tuneful harps they string,
While thus the cherub host began to sing:

"Lov'd repentant, cease to weep,
"Death shall come like gentle sleep,
"Grief subside, and pain be o'er;

"No

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Engraved for the Monthly Miscellany.

MARIA.

And where the Rocks hang bending o'er the deep,
I haste at silent eve, to sit and weep.

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" No more to feel his chaſt'ning rod,
" Now thy *father*, and thy GOD,
" Calls thee to a happy ſhore.

" Bleſſed mourner, come away,
" Here a bright unclouded ray
" Ever gilds the vaulted ſkies;
" Come, and join the tuneful train,
" In a loud and ſolemn ſtrain,
" That to Heav'n's King ſhall riſe."

They ceas'd,—yet left ſuch pleaſing hopes behind, [ſign'd;
That ſoothe my pain, and make me more re-
Now with a real joy, unknown before,
I wait the hour that wafts me to the ſhore,
Where endleſs joys in quick ſucceſſion reign,
Unknown the ſting of ſhame, of guilt the pain.

Oh *Henry*, *Henry*, what's thy joys to mine!
Oh! let *my* hope, and let *my* heav'n be *thine!*
Nor vainly think, when health begins to fail,
The pray'r which fear ſhall prompt will then prevail. [days
Ah! no!—the wretch that waſtes his early
In idle pleaſure that too ſoon decays,
Shall find deſpair attend his lateſt breath,
Without one hope to cheer the hour of death.

Newgate-ſtreet, T. B.
London. *No Candidate*.

To the Editors *of the* Monthly Miſcellany.

IF the following may raiſe its humble head amid ſuperior flowers, in your fair garden, admit it among the lovely tribe, and you'll oblige your truly ſincere well-wiſher, who (while your Miſcellany continues what it is) is determined not to ſend a line to any other work.——I remain, Sirs,

Your humble ſervant,

Newgate-Street, T. B.
London. *No Candidate*.

HENRY to EDWARD.

SAY, *Edward*, where ſhall *Henry* fly from pain? [ſhame?
Where ſhun the ſearching ſting of guilt and
Too long by heav'n uncheck'd I've dar'd to rove,
Thro' all the flow'ry paths of guilty love.
Now late deſpair bids ev'ry horror riſe,
Impending vengeance trembles in the ſkies.
Ah wretch!—by injur'd heav'n, by earth condemn'd, [bend,
Now burſts the ſtorm, and thou art forc'd to
While joyleſs, hopeleſs, proſtrate on the ground, wound,
This bleeding heart is conſcious of the
. . . . . .
Ere this, Maria's dead!—from care remov'd,
A victim falling to the man ſhe lov'd.
—Yes, *Henry*, robb'd her of a ſpotleſs fame,
Nor ſtrove to hide,—but triumph'd in her ſhame.
Sure then above a ſadneſs reign'd o'er all,
And weeping angels view'd an angel fall.
Her blood, her fortunes were as great as mine,
Which prov'd a ſtronger motive to the crime.
Proud of the prize, among th' unfeeling gay,
I ſpread her ſullied honour to the day.
——Curſe on that wretch, who led my early youth
Far, far from honour, honeſty, and truth;
Who, proud of empty titles, light and vain,
With dauntleſs front would glory in his ſhame;
With whom I haſten'd to the midnight deed,
Where ſome ſweet innocent was doom'd to bleed:
Some parent's hope, by art entic'd away,
To ſhame, to death, and cruel men a prey.
—Too well you know, by his example won,
Your friend, the noble *Harcourt*, was undone!
Unhappy youth!—thy hour was quickly paſt,
Thy joys, like mine, were never form'd to laſt.
With deep concern I ſaw him yield his breath,
Unwilling fall beneath the ſtroke of death:
Doom'd at an early age to feel the dart,
Which fell diſeaſe had planted at his heart.
Paſt were thoſe ſcenes of revelry and noiſe,
Where guilt prevail'd and pleaſure's fleeting joys;
No more for him intemperance held her bowl,
That drowns each nobler purpoſe of the ſoul;
No more, *Amelia*, lately ruin'd fair!
Shall yield her charms that he may riot there.
Not yet ſeventeen, ſhe now, alas! muſt rove
Thro' wretched ſcenes of variegated love;
No friendly hand to lead her from the road,
That tempts the wand'rer far from heav'n and God:
Soon muſt her breaſt be harrow'd by deſpair,
For ever lodg'd a wretched inmate there.
When palid ſickneſs o'er her form ſhall prey,
And cauſe each lovely tint to fade away,
Denied a parent's tear, uncheer'd muſt lie,
Bend her fine form, and diſregarded die.
. . . . . .
In vain! for crimes like theſe the tear ſhall flow,
The pangs they give no interval can know;
For ever o'er the paſt, remembrance ſtrays,
And former ſcenes of guilt again pourtrays.
. . . . . .
Oh! well my heart recalls the fatal day
When lov'd *Maria* wander'd far away;
While the poor wretch that at her manſion fed, bread;
Approach'd the gate, but miſs'd his daily
Then ſighing deep, he rais'd his weeping eyes,
Imploring heav'n to guide where'er ſhe flies.
Where now, he cries, ſhall want's ſad children go?
Where find relief from poverty and woe?
Who now from cold and hunger ſhall defend?
Since ſhe is gone, that prov'd our ready friend.
. . . . . .
'Twas then ſevere reflection forc'd its way,
And deep deſpair had mark'd me for a prey:
You, *Edward*, oft' have heard me curſe the hour,
That gave *Maria* to my cruel pow'r.
——A parent hurried to an early tomb;
A virgin ruin'd, ere ſhe reach'd her bloom;—
Call'd

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Call'd loud, that Juſtice from her throne might hear,
And force the author of theſe wrongs to fear.
In vain you tried, by ev'ry friendly aid,
To draw my tootſteps from the dreary ſhade;
And while you ſtrove to raiſe me from the ground,
The *bird of conſtant love* flew wheeling round:
Surpriz'd you took the letter which it bore,
For me directed, from a diſtant ſhore;
I-ſnatch'd it quick, by ſome ſad inſtinct led,
And poor *Maria*'s fatal ſtory read.——
Oh! how I dwelt upon the tale of woe,—
Yet ſtill was loſt, I knew not where to go.
Juſt heav'n! I cried, and muſt ſhe yield her breath,
Alone, and helpleſs at the hour of death.
Forbid it, oh thou pow'r, that rules above,
Look down with pity, and each pang remove.
For nine long months has thy poor ſervant ſtray'd
In nature's rudeſt plains, and wildeſt ſhade.
Oh! lead her back to theſe her fields again,
And pour thy pow'rful balm o'er ev'ry pain:
But if thy will ordains ſhe there muſt die,
Oh! lead my ſteps to meet her cloſing eye;
Permit me to fulfil a laſt deſire,
And arm in arm with the dear ſaint expire.
——In vain!—offended heaven turn'd aſide,
My prayer rejected, and my wiſh denied:
. . . . . .
—Oh! cou'd I find that rock which o'er the deep, [weep;
Bends its proud head, where ſhe retir'd to
Gain its high ſummit, only to behold
Her lovely form, now lifeleſs, pale, and cold;
O'er the laſt dear remains I'd weeping lay,
To ſtorms expos'd, to ev'ry blaſt a prey;
Then in my arms I'd bear it to the ſhade,
And ev'ry rite ſhou'd there be duly paid;
With aching heart theſe hands ſhou'd form a bed, [dead;
Tear the hard earth, and place the honour'd
O'er the new grave, while darkneſs hemm'd me round,
I'd paſs the night, extended on the ground;
In that lone ſpot my life ſhou'd waſte away,
'Till weary nature felt her laſt decay;
There ponder o'er the ſcenes for ever fled,
'Till earth receiv'd me to its friendly bed.
. . . . . .
—In vain! in vain theſe heart-felt wiſhes riſe,
No more her form ſhall meet theſe weeping eyes!
—Yet heav'n has fixt a time,—an awful hour,
When earth, and ſea, and ſkies ſhall feel its power;
Then the loud trump, that calls the quick and dead,
Shall raiſe *Maria* from her unknown bed.—
There reſts my hope!—her form again ſhall riſe,
Again ſhall bloom in the eternal ſkies:
And ah! it penitence, and heart-felt pray'r,
May riſe to heav'n, and find admittance there,
Peace, tho' long fled, may yet return again,
Its healing balm may yet relieve my pain:
Eternal hopes may wait my parting breath,
Chear life's laſt hour, and pluck the ſting of death.

On the Death of THOMAS POWYS, *Eſq; of Hardwick in Shropſhire.*

Addreſſed to his LADY.

THINK not, *Narciſſa*, we have hearts of ſtone,
We catch your ſighs, and echo groan for groan!
But what, alas! is all created art,
To ſooth the anguiſh of a bleeding heart!
From *richer* ſtreams the healing balm muſt flow,
By Faith diſtill'd into the breaſt of woe.
The *cauſe*, we grant, whence your affliction ſprings,
Is ſuch as touches Nature's *niceſt* ſtrings;
Tears the fine fibres of the ſoul in twain,
And proves the ſyſtem of the *Stoic* vain:
E'en Faith reverb'rates, at the deep-felt wound,
And all the *Chriſtian*'s in the *Lover* drown'd.
But here, ah! here, how ſhall my numbers paint,
The living *Huſband*—or the dying *Saint*?
How draw the picture, as it ſtrikes my view,
In colours deep?—but deeper ſtill to *you*!
Tho' vain the taſk—and here I droop behind,
The riſing *image* ſtands before *your* mind.

For oh! He was—(and heav'n confirms the page)
Too *bright a ſtar* for this degen'rate age!
Too ripe for bliſs, to ſtay beneath thoſe ſkies,
Where pleaſure ſickens, and where comfort dies;
Where Hope's gay pinions are no ſooner ſpread,
But ſome fell foe lays the poor flutt'rer dead.
And lo! in mercy, and in boundleſs grace,
JESUS tranſports him to the realms of peace:
In one ſhort moment bids his cares remove,
And opens wide the viſions of his love:
Gives him to drink at thoſe celeſtial ſtreams,
Which wrapt the prophets in extatic dreams;
To range the fields, where breathe immortal gales,
And whiſp'ring ſpirits tell their new-born tales;
To gaze eternal on thoſe rays divine,
Which round the *Godhead* and the *Manhood* ſhine.

Yet ſtill, methinks, with pity in *his* eye,
One tender glance *he* throws beneath the ſky;
Marks all *your* anguiſh, bids your care ſubſide,
Which ſoon ſhall ſink in *Jordan*'s friendly tide;
That ſtream whoſe waves ſhall land you on a ſhore,
Where adverſe ſtorms ſhall never part you more.

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For the MONTHLY MISCELLANY.

To BEAUTY.

An Irregular ODE.

HARK! what mean thoſe dire alarms?
Methinks I hear the brazen ſound of arms.
Ah! ſee where *Turk* and *Ruſs* the conflict wage;
See where the *Danube*, ſwoln with thouſands ſlain,
The hapleſs victims of Bellona's rage,
Rolls on his troubled ſtreams more furious to the main.
—Enough—and leave the rueful ſight;
Let *Fancy* check her wandering flight:
Shock'd at the ſcene, in wild diſmay,
My tim'rous Muſe intreats thy ſtay.
Fly from hell-born diſcord far,
From noiſe of camps, and din of war,
From armed hoſts, and plains embru'd with gore, [cannon's roar.
Far from the trumpet's bray, and the loud

Thro' diff'rent ſcenes we'll rove,
Scenes of beauty, ſcenes of love;
Here my firſt-fruits at *Beauty*'s ſhrine I'll pay:
For her I wake the lyre,
For her I tune the humble lay:—
Oh! wou'd ſome heav'nly pow'r my breaſt inſpire,
With warmth divine my boſom fire,
Then ſhou'd each line with gentle ardour glow, [ſubject flow.
My numbers ſoft and ſmooth ſhou'd like my

Hail! *Beauty's Queen!* of potentates ſupreme,
That ever ſtretch'd their ample ſway!
No clime, nor diſtant ſhore,
Can bound thy vaſt, thy univerſal pow'r:
The harden'd heart, the ſtubborn knee,
Bend in lowlineſs to thee;
Thee the rough ſons of Mars obey;
Full oft 'midſt blood they catch the flame,
And liſted on thy ſide, deſert the trade of arms:
Deeply immers'd in learned toils and cares,
The ſtudious ſage a moment ſpares,
Though ſyſtems lay half-form'd, to gaze upon thy charms.

Sound to BEAUTY, ſound the ſtrain,
Who once in Paphos held her bliſsful reign;
From thence ſhe rul'd the nations round,
The willing world the Paphian goddeſs own'd.
Oh! happy iſle! (as poets ſing)
To viſit thee ſhe left the bright abodes,
The nectar'd feaſt, and converſe of the gods.
—What ſudden ſplendors, from yon op'ning ſkies,
Flaſh upon my raviſh'd eyes.—
Ah! how divinely fair! 'tis ſhe, 'tis ſhe;
Lo! thro' the ſmooth expanſe ſhe glides,
Around her hov'ring on the wing
A thouſand little loves in wanton glee:
And lo! thro' yielding air,
Drawn by doves, who ſoft and fair
As their gentle miſtreſs are,
To earth her iv'ry car in triumph guides.

Sing what millions round her throne
(For here below by proxy ſtill ſhe reigns)
Sigh out, in piteous moan,
The pangs they feel from Cupid's wound,
Yet as by ſtrong enchantment bound,
With fondneſs feed their woes, and ſmile beneath their chains.
With more than Syren arts,
With ſpells, that magic's ſelf can charm,
And the ſtern tyrant's brow of all its rage diſarm,
She wins, ſhe captivates our hearts:
Yes—ſavage tempers have confeſt her pow'r,
To infant ſoftneſs chang'd, they thirſt for blood no more.
Of all the treaſur'd ſtores of Nature's god,
Of ev'ry gift his bounty hath beſtow'd,
The choiceſt, rareſt bleſſing,
The beauteous fair one lives poſſeſſing.
Females were ſure the fav'rites of heav'n,
To whom this quality divine was giv'n;
Yet the uſurper Man, with vain pretended claim,
As vicar-lord on earth, will reign ſupreme.
'Tis true, he boaſts a fortitude of ſoul,
A fearleſs brav'ry in th' imbattled field;
But *Beauty* needs nor ſword, nor ſhield,
Who can with ſoftneſs arm'd her fierceſt foes controul.
Her eyes alone can peace or war declare;
There peaceful ſweets are ſtor'd, there magazines of war;
Legions of loves there ambuſh'd lie;
Cupid arm'd with darts and flames,
There his am'rous miſchief aims;
Cupid there lights his torch, his ſhafts in glances flie.

Sound to BEAUTY, ſound the ſtrain;
In ev'ry breaſt may love and beauty reign.
If e'er, (which heav'n avert) to her and love,
This heart of mine rebellious prove;
If e'er the faithleſs lyre
Forget to ſound *her* ſov'reign praiſe,
In ſweet melodious airs,
Such as love and ſoft deſire,
Such as beauty's charms inſpire,
Whene'er to rapt'rous bliſs th' entranced ſoul they raiſe;
O'er my poor devoted head,
His ſable wings may drowſy dullneſs ſpread.
Tho' oft, to aid my ſong,
I call on Phœbus and the tuneful throng,
May Phœbus and the nine be deaf to all my pray'rs.
We muſt, we will her pow'r obey,
The muſe to *Beauty* ſhall her homage pay!

EPITAPH

In Eaſthampſtead *Church-Yard*, Berks, *to the memory of* Mary *the daughter of* Edward *and* Mary Cotterell, *who died in her* 15*th year.*

NYMPH, over thee, ſo good, tho' young,
Each boſom heaves a ſigh,
Applauſes flow from every tongue,
And tears from every eye.

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For the MONTHLY MISCELLANY.

The TRUE PORTRAIT of The ESSENCE of VIRTUE.

IN Man, too oft, a well-diſſembled part;
A ſelf-denying pride in Woman's heart;
In ſynods faith; and, in the fields of fame,
Valour uſurps fair Virtue's ſacred name.
Whoe'er their ſenſe of virtue would expreſs,
'Tis ſtill by ſomething they themſelves poſſeſs.
Hence, youth, good humour; frugal craft, old age;
Warm politicians term it party rage;
True churchmen, zeal right orthodox; and hence,
Fools think it gravity, and wits pretence;
To Conſtancy alone fond lovers join it,
And maids unaſk'd to Chaſtity confine it.

But, have we then no law beſides our will?
No juſt criterion fix'd to good and ill?
Yes; would we ſearch for what we were deſign'd,
And for what end th' Almighty form'd mankind.
A rule of life unerring we ſhould ſee,—
For to purſue that end muſt virtue be.

Then, what is that?—Not want of power, or fame;
Or worlds unnumber'd to applaud his name;
But, as theirs his bleſſings to diffuſe,
And fear leſt millions ſhould exiſtence loſe;
His goodneſs only could his pow'r employ,
And an eternal warmth to propagate his joy.

Hence ſouls and ſenſe; diffus'd through ev'ry place,
Make happineſs as infinite as ſpace;
Thouſands of ſuns beyond each other blaze,
Orbs roll o'er orbs, and glow with mutual rays;
Each is a world, where, form'd with wond'rous art,
Unnumber'd ſpecies live through every part:
In ev'ry tract of ocean, earth, and ſkies,
Myriads of creatures ſtill ſucceſſive riſe;
Scarce buds a leaf, or ſprings the vileſt weed,
But little flocks upon its verdure feed;
No fruit our palate courts, or flow'r our ſmell,
But on its fragrant boſom nations dwell;
All form'd with proper faculties to ſhare
The daily boons of their maker's care:
The great creator from his heav'nly throne,
Pleas'd, on the wide-expanded joy looks down.
And his eternal law is only this,—
That all contribute to the general bliſs.

Nature ſo plain this primal law diſplays,
Each living creature ſees it, and obeys;
Each, form'd for all, promotes through private care
The public good, and juſtly taſtes its ſhare.
All underſtand their great creator's will,
Strive to be happy, and in that fulfill;
Mankind excepted, lord of all beſide,
But only ſlave to folly, vice, and pride;
'Tis he that's deaf to this command alone,
Delights in others woe, and courts his own;
Racks and deſtroys, with tort'ring ſteel and flame,
For luxury brutes, and man himſelf for fame;
Sets ſuperſtition high on virtue's throne,
Then thinks his maker's temper like his own;
Hence are his altars ſtain'd with reeking gore,
As if he could atone for crimes by more.

How eaſy is our yoke! how light our load!
Did we not ſtrive to mend the laws of God:
For his own ſake no duty he can aſk,
The common welfare is our only taſk;
For this ſole end his precepts, kind as juſt,
Forbid intemp'rance, murder, theft, and luſt;
With ev'ry act injurious to our own.
Or other's good,—for ſuch are crimes alone:
For this are peace, love, charity enjoin'd,
With all that can ſecure and bleſs mankind.
Thus is the public faſety virtue's cauſe,
And happineſs the end of all her laws:
For ſuch by nature is the human frame,
Our duty and our int'reſt are the ſame.

God, forming by degrees to bleſs mankind,
This globe our ſportive nurſery aſſign'd,
Where, for a while, his fond paternal care
Feaſts us with ev'ry joy our ſtate can bear:
Each ſenſe, touch, taſte, and ſmell, diſpenſe delight,
Muſic our hearing, beauty charms our ſight;
Trees, herbs, and flow'rs, to us their ſpoils reſign,
Its pearl the rock preſents, its gold the mine;
Beaſts, fowl, and fiſh their daily tribute give
Of food and cloaths, and die that we may live:
Seaſons but change new pleaſures to produce,
And elements contend to ſerve our uſe:
Love's gentle ſhafts, ambition's tow'ring wings,
The pomps of ſenates, churches, courts, and kings,
All that our reverence, joy, or hope create,
Are the gay play-things of this infant ſtate.
Scarcely an ill to human life belongs,
But what our follies cauſe, or mutual wrongs;
Or, if ſome ſtripes from providence we feel,
He ſtrikes with pity, and but wounds to heal;
Kindly perhaps ſometimes afflicts us here,
To guide our views to a ſublimer ſphere,
To more exalted joys to fix our taſte,
And wean us from delights that cannot laſt.
Our preſent good the eaſy taſk is made
To earn ſuperior bliſs, when this muſt fade;
For, ſoon as e'er theſe mortal pleaſures cloy,
His hand ſtrait lead us to ſublimer joy;
Snatch us from all our little ſorrows here,
Calm ev'ry grief, and dry each childiſh tear;
Waft us to regions of eternal peace,
Where bliſs and virtue grow with like increaſe;
From ſtrength to ſtrength our ſouls for ever guide
Through wond'rous ſcenes of being yet untry'd,
Where in each ſtage we ſhall more perfect grow,
And new perfections, new delights beſtow.

Oh! would mankind but make theſe truths their guide,
And force the helm from prejudice and pride;
Were once theſe maxims fix'd, that God's our friend,
Virtue our good, and happineſs our end,

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How ſoon muſt reaſon o'er the world prevail,
And error, fraud, and ſuperſtition fail.

No more applauſe would on ambition wait,
And laying waſte the world be counted great,
But one good-natur'd act more praiſes gain,
Than armies overthrown, and thouſands ſlain;
No more would brutal rage diſturb our peace,
But envy, hatred, war, and diſcord ceaſe;
Our own and other's good each hour employ,
And all things ſmile with univerſal joy;
Virtue, with happineſs her conſort join'd,
Would regulate and bleſs each human mind,
And man be what his maker firſt deſign'd.

The Viciſſitude and Vanity of all ſublunary Enjoyments.

WHAT is this fleeting life of Man?—
The ſcanty meaſure of a ſpan,
A bubble, or a dream;
With ſharp corroding cares perplext,
To ſin and death itſelf annext—
Ah!—melancholy theme!

Behold the infant on the breaſt,
His little peeviſh ſoul oppreſt
With grief and empty fears.
We read his paſſion in his eyes;
He ſpends his breath in ſobs and cries,
And bathes himſelf in tears.

Few years revolv'd, he's ſent to ſchool,
Where taught to think and live by rule,
What diſcontent he bears!
Whilſt book and pen his time employ,
There's none ſo wretched as a boy,
Nor ſo involv'd in cares.

Anon, extravagant deſires,
Tumultuous thoughts, and am'rous fires,
Within his boſom rage;
Theſe reaſon long aſſays to tame,
By dread of pain, and want, and ſhame,
And tedious wars they wage.

But time, at length, like fate prevails,
Tho' Reaſon, Jove's great daughter, fails,
And life grows more ſedate;
What once he made the total ſum
Of all delight, is now become
The object of his hate.

Now happineſs is drawn from gold,
And in the ſhining liſts enroll'd,
Of honour, wealth, and fame;
For this he toils, for this his days
Are ſpent; by this he hopes to raiſe
A grand immortal name.

But gold has wings, and will not ſtay,
Man would purſue, but feels decay
The fond purſuit reſtrain:
And now beneath the hand of death
He ſinks, and yields, with grief, his breath,
Which yet he drew in vain.

He, he alone can life poſſeſs,
Whom ſmiling HOPE ſhall deign to bleſs,
Fair daughter of the ſkies!
A friend to Virtue's friends alone,
The worlds above are all her own,
And there enjoyment lies.

To the Editors *of the* Monthly Miſcellany.

SIRS,

I ſend you the following manuſcript, which I found amongſt ſome old papers, as a curioſity well deſerving a publication in the Monthly Miſcellany. It is not altogether unfaſhionable at preſent, tho' written ſo long ago as the Protectorate of *Cromwell*, and is uſher'd in with the following preface expreſſing the occaſion of it, viz.

To my Grandmother *Stanton*, who erected a little cloſet to hide her common-prayer-book in, to ſecure it from the Roundheads, with which ſhe acquainted a learned Divine, who ſent her theſe verſes in his exile, with a common-prayer-book in a black velvet cover.

SINCE it has pleas'd our wiſe and new-born ſtate,
The common-pray'r-book t' excommunicate;
To turn it out of all, as if it were
Some grand malignant, or ſome cavalier;
Since in our churches 'tis by them forbid,
To ſay ſuch pray'rs as our forefathers did,
So that God's houſe muſt now be call'd no more
The houſe of pray'r, as ever call'd before,
As if thoſe chriſtians were reſolv'd to uſe
That houſe as ill as ever did the Jews;
Since that of Chriſt may now of pray'r be ſaid,
"It wants a place whereon to lay its head;"
I cannot chuſe but think it pious care
To build your cloſet for diſtreſsful pray'r,
Which here, in mourning clad, preſents itſelf,
Begging ſome vacant corner of your ſhelf;
For ſince now baniſh'd from the public view,
'Tis rarely own'd, and entertain'd by few.
How times and men are chang'd! Who wou'd have thought
To 've ſeen the ſervice book thus ſet at naught!
A book worth gold, if rightly underſtood,
Compos'd by martyrs, and its ſeal their blood;
Once burn'd by papiſts mercileſs, becauſe
It was repugnant to their popiſh laws;
Now by our zealots 'tis condemn'd to die,
Becauſe (forſooth!) 'tis full of popery;
And thus we ſee the golden mean defy'd,
And thus 'twixt two extremes 'tis crucified:
But 'tis no wonder; we ſee ſtranger things,
Kings muſt be ſubjects now, and ſubjects Kings;
The meaner ſort of men have all the pow'r,
The upper end is now beneath the low'r,
The head beneath the feet; theſe wear the crown;
Who wou'd n't think the world turn'd upſide down?
Learning muſt now give place to ignorance,
So muſt a ſtatute to an ordinance,
Religion to prophaneneſs and vain glory,
The common-pray'r-book to the directory:
All things are out of order, and I fear
Are like to be, till we be as we were,
Till biſhops ſhall return to end the ſtir
'Twixt independant and the preſbyter,
Till Kings be Kings, and till at length we ſee
The church enjoy her ancient liturgy,

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'Till loyalty be had in more regard,
And till rebellion meet its juſt reward:
And, that theſe things may be, we'll not
deſpair;
All this, and more, may be obtain'd by pray'r.

For the MONTHLY MISCELLANY.

KITTY. An ELEGY.

ATTEND, ye nymphs, whoſe ſofter boſoms know
But, to be conſtant, as the turtle-dove;
Pity the heart from whence theſe ſorrows flow,
A heart, once happy in its Kitty's love.
How ſweetly paſs'd the hours when ſhe was near,
Unknown the happineſs which warm'd my breaſt;
There ſhe would hide herſelf from every fear,
And in my arms bid care and ſorrow reſt.

Reclining there ſhe'd liſten to the tale
Which artleſs love, and homely Damon told;
Her Damon thought his truth would ſure prevail;
When bluſhes ſpoke what ſhe durſt not unfold.
When from her lips ſuch winning words would flow,
And from her eyes ſuch love-fraught glances ſteal;
On them, I fix'd each wiſh'd-for bliſs below,
And felt the pleaſure, conſcious truth doth feel.

How oft has ſhe, with heart-oppreſſive ſighs,
Strove to alleviate, what ſhe could not cure:
Care, in the path of life that lurking lies,
And ſorrows, men are deſtin'd to endure.

Oft have we tript it o'er the flow'ry fields,
Oft wander'd in the abbey's cloiſter'd iſle;
Without her now the plain no pleaſure yields,
Thoſe iſles are darkſome, robb'd of Kitty's ſmile.

For e'en to me th' enliv'ning ſmile's denied,
And giv'n to one, alas! to one more gay:
—Would from this ſad frail clay the breath would glide,
For R****nd's ta'en its very ſoul away.

He with the flatt'ring tongue of guileful youth
To gain my Kitty's heart has fondly ſtrove,
And wou'd ſeduce her innocence and truth—
—Villain forbear—ſhe is—ſhe is my love.
But ah! too ſure, with his prevalent art,
He gains, oh! heav'ns! his utmoſt wiſh he gains;
Tears her for ever from her Damon's heart,
And, to compleat his guilt, her virtue ſtains!

Oh! could my Kitty, ſtill I call her mine,
'Tis to my pen a fond familiar phraſe;
Could ſhe ſo eaſily her truth reſign,
With love of gold, her better love eraze.

For thee I every wealthier fair deſpis'd,
Each woman's charms, but thine alone, withſtood,
Above or gold, or beauty's lure, I priz'd
The heart I once believ'd divinely good.
Heav'ns! doth that heart, which only virtue knew;
Revel with R****nds in the ſoft delight;
Loſe its bright honour in the public ſtew,
In ſleep the day, in lawleſs love the night!
It does,—It does: And e'en the faithleſs ſhe
Wantonly told me of her guilty joys;
Boaſted the happineſs, of being free
From the dull chain, which roving love annoys.

Now in her gawdy ſilken pride ſhe treads
The paths of vice and wiles of looſe deſire;
Regardleſs of the tears her Damon ſheds
To eaſe his boſom's unremitting fire.

His breaſt deprived of each conſoling thought,
Here bids adieu to heart-enliv'ning mirth:
His mind for ever is with ſorrow fraught,
"*For heav'n hath loſt its image here on earth.*"

Soho, Sept. 19, 1774. R. I. T.

To SYLVIA, *with a Noſegay.*

HENCE, my Sylvia, learn to prove
The joys and bliſs of youthful love;
Obſerve this noſegay's ſweet perfume,
Each flower in it's brighteſt bloom,
What odours from it's ſmell ariſe?
What lively tints delight the eyes?
But ſhould you keep it till the e'en,
What piteous changes will be ſeen?
No rapt'rous fragrance will 't diſpenſe,
No roſy hues to chear the ſenſe;
Wither'd, worthleſs, ſcorn'd 'twill lie,
Offenſive to the noſe and eye:
Meet emblem this of human fate!
How ſhort, precarious, is our ſtate!
Unleſs we ſeize the preſent hour,
Pleaſure flies beyond our power;
Each tender, high, extatick bliſs,
The expreſſive ſqueeze, the kindling kiſs,
That which no language can diſplay,
When youth's no more, will die away.
Learn then, my fair, be timely wiſe,
Nor life's beſt joys with frowns deſpiſe;
Whilſt nature youthful charms beſtows,
Haſte to pluck ſweet pleaſure's roſe;
With ſoft, kind, tender wiſhes glow,
And learn what joys from wedlock flow.

S. P.

An ELEGY.

IN vain reflection does my breaſt aſſail,
In vain cool ſober thoughts forbid to love,
More ſoft ideas o'er my ſoul prevail,
And ſtrong ſenſations thoſe ideas move.
What mighty bliſs from ſolitude can ſpring,
What rapturous joys in deſarts waſte and wild,
Tho' nature revell'd in eternal ſpring,
And ev'ry breeze was fragrant, bland, and mild?

What too can dull ſociety beſtow,
When only common ties enchain the mind?
Some ſofter band the human heart ſhould know,
Some dear connexion of a tenderer kind.

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Here LOVE aſſiſts, and with propitious ſmile
Bids us to *Woman*, nature's pride, repair,
With *her*, oppreſſive ſorrow to beguile,
With *her* indulging, loſe each anxious care,
Yield then, my ſoul, to *love*'s ſuperior pow'r,
Of beauteous woman own the pleaſing ſway,
Whilſt gentle Sylvia ſmiles the happy hour,
Whilſt vig'rous youth and nature bids be gay.

S. P.

The WARY DAMSEL.

CELIA, the beauteous ſhining fair,
(Of all the youthful ſwains the care!)
Ador'd by all, by all addreſs'd,
Had charms unparallell'd confeſs'd.
Decius, tho' far advanc'd in years,
Amidſt the crowd of youths appears;
Fancies a coach and equipage
May ballance all decays by age;
He judges riches claim reſpect,
Where youthful airs can naught effect;
Propoſes large demeſnes t' intail,
(A bait that ſeldom us'd to fail).
"And why ſo coy? enchanting fair!
"Can't theſe propoſals reach your ear?
"This treaſur'd hoard—accept—and this,
"As earneſt of our future bliſs.
"At balls and plays you ſhall out-ſhine
"All your whole ſex, if you'll be mine.
"Make way; why, fellow, ſtand you there!
"Are Lady Decius' ſervants there?
"The women's envy you'll be then,
"And admiration of the men!"
Celia attentive, all he ſaid
Had heard, and, like a cautious maid,
Th'roughly the bliſs propoſed traces;
Againſt her gains her loſſes places.
"Honour has charms our ſex to move:
"But where is the endearment love;
"Wealth, it is true, affords ſome pleaſure:
"But where is rich content, that treaſure?"
Thus having canvaſs'd things, and weigh'd
In even ballance all, the maid
Wiſely reſolv'd her choice to fix
On Thyrſis, not a coach and ſix!
The flame, ſhe judg'd, muſt ſoon expire
Whoſe only fuel is falſe fire.

Southampton. E. W.

EPIGRAMS.

— *Xantippe loquitur.* —

NAY, pr'ythee, dear Thomas, never rave thus and curſe,
Remembering you took me for better for worſe:
I know it, quoth Thomas; but then, madam, look you,
You prove on the trial—much worſe than I took you.

EATING a mity cheeſe, elate with pride,
"I, Samſon-like, ſlay thouſands," Damon cry'd;
To him Melites quick reply'd, "'Tis true,
"And the ſame weapon ſerv'd both him and you."

On a young Lady who encouraged two Lovers, and was diſappointed of both.

PATTY, new vers'd in every art
To conquer and ſubdue,
Can't now command a ſingle heart,
Who us'd to boaſt of two.
Preſumptuous maid! no more preſume
To triumph in thy pride;
Submit with patience to thy doom,
Thou ne'er wilt be a bride.

Southampton. M. G.

A SONG.

CRIES Damon, teaz'd by deareſt life,
To trudge to Vauxhall with her,
"If ſong from hell could fetch a wife,
"Why can't it ſend one thither?
"But if, alas! to Pluto's cell
"By muſic none are driven,
"Say, Handel, is there not a ſpell
"Can ſend her ſoul to heaven?
"Come, then, ſome ſweet entrancing ſtrain,
"To native ſkies reſtore her,
"That when to angel turn'd again,
"I may again adore her."

EXTEMPORE,

On ſeeing a Lady weep at reading CLARISSA.

IF from the fictious tender tale,
The generous tear oft falls,
What wounds that gentle heart muſt feel,
When truth for pity falls.
Should diſappointment goad our breaſt,
Or ills which life endures,
Happy the man, whom heaven has bleſt
With ſympathy like yours.

INSCRIPTION

On the Monument of Sir John Newdigate, *buried in Horſefield Church.* 1610.

HERE wiſdomes jewell, knighthoods flower,
Cropt off in prime and youthful hower,
Religion, meekneſs, faithful love,
Which any hart might inly move;
Theſe ever liv'd in this knight's breſt,
Dead in his death with him doth reſt:
So that the marble ſelfe doth weepe
To thinke on that which it doth keepe.
Weep then whoe'er this ſtone doth ſee,
Unleſs more hard than ſtone thou bee.

To Lady TOWNSHEND, *and her two beauteous Siſters, the Miſs* MONTGOMERIES, *called the* IRISH GRACES.

THREE Graces in the early ages born,
Did firſt the earth, and then the heav'ns adorn;
The force of Nature could no further riſe,
'Till *Ireland* gave her three *Montgomeries*
With fairer faces, and with brighter eyes.

[*Weſtm. Mag.*]

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The FASHIONABLE DRESS for OCTOBER.

LADIES in FULL DRESS wear their Hair much higher than for some time, and very wide at the Top, with small Flys and short Lappets, or no Lappets at all.—Silks, with small brocaded Sprigs, small Hoops, Gauze or Blond Trimmings, with no Flounces to the Coats, only trim'd to match the sides, and ornamented with coloured Taffets, and Rows of Ribbon;——Work'd Shoes, with small Rose Buckles.

UNDRESS, the Cloaks rather longer, and the Hats larger, than have been worn all the Summer.——Slight Silk Brunswick Dresses and short Gauze Aprons, or Night Gowns with round puckered Cuffs, and double Robings.—Coloured Slippers, with small Roses.

Marriages, Deaths, Preferments, Prices of Corn, Stocks, &c.

MARRIAGES.

OWEN Putland Meyrick, Esq; High Sheriff of Anglesea, to Miss Clara Garth, daughter of Rd. Garth, Esq; of Mordon in Surry.

The Rev. Edward Owen, of Tottenham-Court Road, to Miss Ann Hardwick, of Albemarle-street.

Rev. Mr. Hugh Ladrents, rector of Doverdale, to Miss Farley, of Worcester.

Rev. Mr. King, rector of Marston, to Mrs. Gold, a widow lady of Windsor.

At Corke, Richard Meade, Esq; to the Hon. Miss De Courcy, daughter of Lord Kinsale.

James Wellington, Esq; of Wilcott, Oxon, to Miss Stephens of Keacott, near Burford.

Thomas Gery Cullum, Esq; an eminent surgeon at Bury St. Edmund's, and Bath King at Arms, to Miss Hanson.

**** Purney, Esq; to Miss Robinson, only daughter of Sir Thomas Robinson, Bart.

Mr. Falconer, an eminent surgeon, to Miss Hewson, both of the Strand.

Mr. Jacob Glover, linen-draper, of Reading, to Miss Pottinger, of Newbury.

At Edinburgh, Col. David Hepburn, to Miss Graham, of Lamside.

The Rev. Mr. Lafargue, of Stamford, to Miss Eliz. Torkington, daughter of the late Rev. Mr. Torkington, and niece to the Earl of Harborough.

William Marwood, Esq; to Miss Goulton, daughter of Christopher Goulton, Esq; of Walcot in Lincolnshire.

The Rev. Mr. Stewart, fellow of Magdalen-college, Oxford, to Miss Wallin, only daughter and heiress of Richard Wallin, Esq; of Jamaica.

At Bristol, Capt. John Ferquharson, to Mrs. Perkins, widow of the late Capt. Perkins.

Mr. Christopher Marchant, attorney, of Bristol, to Miss Jenkins, of Shirehampton.

Capt. Lyon, of the 25th regiment of foot, to Miss Hamilton, of Chatham.

At Leicester, Mr. Brook, hosier, to Miss Sutton, daughter to Mr. Alderman Sutton.

Charles Tyrrel Morgan, Esq; to Miss Raymond, of Fairford.

Richard Reves, of Rowell in Glocestershire, Esq; to Miss Southwell, of Ashley in Worcestershire.

William Hammond, Esq; of Charles-street, Berkley-square, to Miss Elizabeth Partridge, of Curzon-street.

John Corbet, Esq; of Sundorn, to Miss Emma Leighton, second daughter of Sir Charlton Leighton, Bart.

Capt. Gape, of the twelfth regiment of foot, to Miss Pleydell, of Sitterton, Dorset.

Mr. Hallett, ironmonger, of Bath, to Miss Mary Raymond, of Milborn-port.

Thomas Rector, Esq; of Shenston-park, near Litchfield, to Miss Bullock, of Walsall.

Mr. Newnam, surgeon, of Cardigan, to Miss Jones, of Lanina.

Mr. William Pollard, of London, merchant, to Miss Silvester, of Reading.

George Dempster, Esq; to Miss Rose Hamming, of Warwickshire.

Rev. Mr. Bird, to Miss Dashwood, of Sturminster, Dorset.

Francis Sykes, Esq; member for Shaftesbury, to the Hon. Miss Elizabeth Monckton, daughter to the late and sister to the present Lord Galway.

Peter Golder, Esq; of Taunton, aged 57, to Miss Alicia Vere, daughter of **** Vere, Esq; of Bromley in Middlesex, aged 16.

Rev. Mr. John Brutton, rector of North-hill, Devon, to Miss Elizabeth Legassicke, of Modbury.

Mr. John Symons, surgeon, and one of the common-council of Bath, to Miss James, daughter of Mr. James, a very eminent hosier, of London.

DIED.

Miss Lucy Carver, daughter of Mr. Carver, at Bethnal-green. Her death was occasioned by the swallowing of a pin.

Suddenly, Mr. William Palmer, comedian: He had just before been at the rehearsal at Foote's theatre.

At his seat at Cole-park, near Malmsbury, Wilts, Hauley Harvey, Esq.

Dr. Hall, rector of Bocking and Southchurch.

At Highfield in Shropshire, Mrs. Pethall, the only daughter of Sir Thomas Pethall, Bart. and sister of Sir John Pethall, Bart. of Oxford; to whom devolves her elegant seat, with a considerable estate.

Thomas Caldecot, Esq; deputy recorder of Northampton.

At Edinburgh, Robert Keith, Esq; late his Majesty's envoy extraordinary at the Court of Petersburgh.

Mr. James, goldsmith, of Glocester.

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Peregrine Lee, Esq; near Kingston in Surry: He was one of the members of the first Parliament when King George the first came to the Throne.

Mrs. Anne Clieve, a maiden lady, well known for her researches in natural philosophy.

Dagen, who had two of his ribs broke in a battle at Waltham-Abbey a few days since.

At Stockport in Cheshire, Dr. Edmund Watson, physician.

Mr. Abraham Langford, senior, of the Great Piazza, Covent-Garden.

Patrick O'Hara, Esq; an admiral on half pay.

Sir Charles Calder, Bart. at Bayswater-house.

Aged 72, James Liddersdale, Esq; formerly collector of the excise at Aberdeen and Kelkin.

Of a paralytic stroke, at Hardwick in Shropshire, Tho. Powys, Esq; by whose death Berwick estate devolves to Thomas Powys, Esq; of Shrewsbury.

Mrs. Machin, sister to the late Countess of Abingdon.

Miss Aubrey, only daughter of Sir Thomas Aubrey, Bart. of Lantrithyd in Glamorganshire.

Rev. Charles Hall, D. D. late fellow of Corpus Christi, Oxford.

Rev. Mr. Nash, vicar of Sutton Courtney in Berks, late of Jesus college, Oxford.

Mr. Francis Barnard, master of the blue-coat charity school, at Reading.

Mr. Richard Goss, of Winchester; whose death was occasioned by his foot slipping on the stairs as he was going up to bed the preceding evening, by which accident he fell down and fractured his scull.

At Dudmaston, near Bridgnorth, in his 98th year, Thomas Weld, Esq; formerly lieutenant-colonel of a regiment of foot.

Robert Marshall, Esq; formerly one of the Judges of the court of common pleas, in Ireland.

Mrs. Wells, wife of Mr. Wells, surgeon of Bristol.

At Bristol Hotwells, after a lingering illness, Miss Elizabeth Batteps.

At Bristol, Mrs. Dymock, wife of Mr. Dymock, merchant, and sister to the late Dr. Randolph, physician.

Suddenly, Mr. Partridge, an eminent jeweller, of Aldersgate-street.

At Newcon near Durham, aged 95, Mrs. Liddell, mother of Lord Ravensworth.

At Bicester in Oxfordshire, Mr. Hicks, surgeon and apothecary.

Col. John Flood, of Floodhall in Ireland, brother to the late Lord Chief Justice.

Mrs. Adams, relict of Humphry Adams, Esq; and daughter of the late Dr. Cranmer, of Kingston on Thames, and last of that family.

Richard Oliver Groome, Esq; formerly one of the deputy accomptants in the treasury-office.

Aged 74, Mr. Tottell, many years keeper of the Auditors Office, in Lincoln's-inn.

At Carmarthen, the Right Hon. and Rev. Wm. Graham, Lord Viscount Preston; a nobleman who severely experienced many trying vicissitudes of fortune. His Lady was brought to bed about nine days ago of the seventh child, who are now all living, and the eldest not twelve years old.

In an advanced age, Mungo Campbell, Esq; of Monzie.

In his 69th year, at his seat at Hill-house, in Glocestershire, Sir Onesiphorus Paul, Bart.

Suddenly, the Rev. John Sanford, rector of Monckton in Somerset, and prebend of the church of Wells.

Rev. Mr. Dennys, rector of Inwardleigh, near Okehampton, Devon.

Mrs. Hart, sister to William Hart, Esq; of Stapleton, Glocestershire.

Mrs. Hayward, wife of Mr. Hayward, pumper, of Bath.

Mrs. Coles, (the relict of John Coles, gent. attorney at law) of Bishop's-Lydeard in Somerset.

At Thornford, near Sherborne, in her 105th year, Mary King; who enjoyed a good state of health till within a short time of her death.

Samuel Rush, Esq; of Streatly; one of his Majesty's justices of the peace for Berkshire.

Mrs. Wake, wife of Mr. Wake, apothecary, of Bath.

At Wizland in Devonshire, Mr. Samuel Vinerd, formerly a purser in the royal navy.

One Thomas Colton, a carpenter, who made his coffin, and carried it home, on returning to his own house, died directly.

Suddenly, at Lower Swell in Glocestershire, Sarah Duffield, widow, aged 103, who retained her senses to the last. That she might not die unprepared, she 14 years ago provided, and hath ever since kept by her, the coffin and shroud in which she was buried.

At Headbourn Worthy, Hants, Mr. Ambrose Pyle, Lord of the Manor of that place.

At Shurdington, in Glocestershire, William Edwards, Esq.

John Peach, Esq; late an eminent merchant of Bristol.

In the 100th year of his age, Mr. Obadiah Mansley, formerly a West-India merchant.

At Boston, Lieut. Gower, of the 14th regiment of foot.

Capt. Thomas Forbes, an officer in the royal navy, at Harwich, aged 108.

At his uncle Sir Wm. Elves's, Bart. Mr. John Bouquet.

ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

The Rev. Mr. Locke, a priest vicar of Exeter cathedral, to the living of North-Bovey, Devon.

Rev. Mr. Wm. Fisher, to hold the vicarage of West Barsham, with the vicarage of South Creak in Norfolk.

Rev. Joseph Foster, B. L. to hold the rectory of Grimoldby, with the rectory of Ireby super Humber, in Lincolnshire.

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Rev. Mr. Greenall, of Cranbrooke in Kent, to the living of Althorne in Eſſex.

Rev. Mr. Gilbert, to the living of Conſtenton in Cornwall.

Rev. Watkyn Hutchinſon, B. A. to the vicarage of Croyton in Yorkſhire.

Rev. Wm. Saywell, to hold the rectory of Turwell, Wilts, with the rectory of Beardſley, Hampſhire.

Rev. Edward Salter, to hold the vicarage of Turpuddle, with the rectory of Burton Boſtock, and chapel of Shipton George, Dorſetſhire.

Rev. John Garland, to the rectory of Brinklow, Warwickſhire.

Rev. Mr. Jobſon, to be Minor Canon of Ely cathedral.

Rev. Mr. Payne, M. A. vicar of Llangaddock Crickhowel, near Abergavenny, and prebendary of Buckland Dinham, to be canon reſidentiary of Wells Cathedral.

Rev. Mr. Richard Hughes, prieſt-vicar of Wells, to the vicarage of Mudford in Somerſetſhire.

CIVIL and MILITARY PROMOTIONS.

Thomas Jocelyn Pickard, Eſq; to be collector of the cuſtoms in Antigua.

Second lieutenant John Barnes, to be firſt lieutenant, and Geo. Glaſgow, gent. to be ſecond lieut. in the royal reg. of artillery.

James Parker, Eſq; to be a land-waiter in the port of London.

Nath. Green, Eſq; to be his Majeſty's conſul at Trieſte.

Col. Baugh, to be major general of the firſt regiment of foot-guards.

Royals, 2d battalion, Enſign John Campbell, to be lieutenant. Geo. Katen Kemp, enſign.

3d regiment of foot, Andrew Tucker, clerk, to be chaplain.

13th reg. of foot, George James Hamilton, to be enſign.

18th reg. of foot, Lieut. Edward Croſby, to be lieutenant.

30th reg. of foot, Charles Cracroft, enſign.

32d reg. of foot, Lieut. Wm. Moncrieffe, to be captain lieutenant. Enſign William Doughty, lieut. Jenkin Lewis, enſign.

64th reg. of foot, **** Shaw, to be enſign.

Mr. Rogers, ſon to Commiſſioner Rogers, to be Mayor of Plymouth.

Edward Worſley, Eſq; of Gatcombe, to be mayor of Newport.

Mr. Alderman Waldron, to be Mayor of Wincheſter.

Mr. Edgar, to be Mayor of Southampton.

Charles Hotchkin, Eſq; to be mayor of Briſtol.

Sir John Fielding, Knight, to be an honorary burgeſs of Southampton.

Sir Alexander Powel, barriſter at law, to be recorder of Blandford, Dorſet, in the room of the late Counſellor Broderip.

Dr. Thomas, dean of Weſtminſter, to the biſhoprick of Rocheſter, in the room of the late Dr. Zachary Pearce.

From the London Gazette, Sept. 24.

AVERAGE PRICES of CORN,

From Sept. 12, to Sept. 17, 1774.

By the Standard Wincheſter Buſhel of 8 Gall.

	Wheat.		Rye.		Barley.		Oats.		Beans.	
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
London	6	3	3	1	3	0	2	6	3	3
COUNTIES INLAND.										
Middleſex	6	5			3	4	2	7	3	10
Surry	6	6	3	7	3	4	2	7	4	1
Hertford	6	7			2	9	2	4	3	11
Bedford	6	10	4	8	3	4	2	3	3	9
Cambridge	6	3	3	2	2	9	2	2	3	0
Huntingdon	6	6			3	8	2	3	3	7
Northampt.	7	8	5	1	4	0	2	2	3	11
Rutland	7	8	5	0	4	4				
Leiceſter	7	11	5	10	4	4	2	4	4	1
Nottingham	7	1	5	6	4	0	2	3	4	1
Derby	8	1					2	8	4	3
Stafford	8	0	5	5	4	1	2	2	4	7
Salop	8	1	6	3	4	1	2	6		
Hereford	6	6					2	7		
Worceſter	8	2			4	5	2	7	4	8
Warwick	8	3					2	9	4	11
Glocester	8	4					2	4	4	4
Wiltſhire	7	3	4	4	3	5	2	7	4	6
Berks	7	0	5	1	3	4	2	6	3	10
Oxford	7	9			3	9	2	7	4	1
Bucks	6	11			3	8	2	6	4	0
COUNTIES upon the COAST.										
Eſſex	5	10	3	4	3	4	2	4	3	5
Suffolk	5	8	2	11	3	0	2	1	3	1
Norfolk	5	10	3	1	2	9	2	1		
Lincoln	6	8	4	2	3	7	2	2	3	9
York	6	11	4	9	3	5	2	3	3	9
Durham	6	11	4	3	3	7	2	4	4	0
Northum.	6	6	4	4	3	5	2	6	4	1
Cumberland	6	11	4	7	3	8	2	9	4	7
Weſtmorel.	7	9	5	0	4	0	2	6	4	0
Lancaſhire	6	3			3	3	2	4	4	2
Cheſhire	7	2			4	3	2	3		
Monmouth	7	8			4	0	2	2		
Somerſet	7	1			3	0	2	2	4	0
Devon	6	6			3	4	1	10		
Cornwall	6	3			3	5	1	10		
Dorſet	6	9			2	9	2	1	4	6
Hampſhire	6	3			3	0	2	3	4	0
Suſſex	5	7			2	10	2	3	3	6
Kent	6	4	3	3	3	7	2	3	3	2

From Sept. 5, to Sept. 10, 1774.

WALES.										
North Wales	6	10	5	1	4	1	2	1	5	4
South Wales	6	11	6	6	3	10	1	9	3	9

Part of SCOTLAND.

Wheat.		Rye.		Barley.		Oats.		Beans.		Big.	
5	11	4	2	3	1	2	7	3	6	2	2

Publiſhed by Authority of Parliament,

W. COOKE.

PRICE of STOCKS, *Sept.* 8.

Bank ſtock, ſhut. 4 per cent. conſ. ſhut. 3 ½ per cent. 1758, 3 per cent. conſ. 89 ¼th. 3 per cent. red. ſhut. 3 per cent. 1726, —. India ſtock, 148 ¼. 3 per cent. ann. ſhut. India Bonds, 59 a 60 prem. South Sea, —. Ditto old ann. —. Ditto new ann. 87 ⅛th. a ¼th. Ditto 1751, —. India Bonds 59 a 60 prem. Navy bills, ¾ diſc. Long Ann. 26 ⅛ a ¼th. Tickets, 13l. 3s. od.

BRANSCOMBE and Co. *Stock-Brokers, At their Lottery-Office, No. 52 Holborne.*

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THE MONTHLY MISCELLANY, FOR NOVEMBER, 1774.

PRIZE ESSAY;

On the UNCHANGEABLENESS of the DEITY.

THE unchangeable goodneſs of God has always been looked upon by wiſe men, as the grand ſupport of true Religion, and a ſource of the pureſt conſolation to mankind, under the moſt afflictive diſpenſations of his providence. This is alſo the ſpring of our love and filial obedience to his commands. The grandeur of his inimitable perfections inſpires us with awe, amazement, and admiration; but it is his unchangeable goodneſs which awakens the affections of love and gratitude.

That he is *good*, all nature proclaims with united voice; that he is *unchangeable*, we know from the nature of the Deity, and from his own awful declaration, "*I am God, and change not.*"

By his *omnipreſence* he is intimately preſent with, and united to, all creation: by his *omniſcience* he pervades every object, and is acquainted with every circumſtance of action in the univerſe. Hence he cannot be ignorant of any event that takes place in the material, moral, or intellectual worlds. With him, paſt, preſent, and future, are the ſame; all the vaſt ſcenes of time and eternity lie open to his view. His infinite underſtanding takes in the whole compaſs of creation at one comprehenſive glance; and by his *omnipreſence* he ſupports and preſerves the univerſe.

A conſtant ſenſe of theſe his unchangeable perfections, and of his eſſential rectitude, would not only exclude many errors the human mind has imbib'd, but impreſs it with ſuch a humiliating idea of its own imperfections, as would beſt reſtrain the aſpirings of ambition. We ſhould not then be ſo ready as we are, on many occaſions, to form ideas of the Supreme Being, inconſiſtent with his dignity, or to debaſe his excellent glory by not worſhipping him as God.

Our *particular* knowledge of the Deity is for the moſt part *negative*. We are better able to judge, in the general, what *He is not*, than what *He is*. Such is the weakneſs of our capacities, that we cannot contemplate on infinite perfection, without mixing ideas taken from created things. Divinity in the abſtract is an object too ſublime for our faculties to comprehend. Therefore when we think on God, we find it very difficult to diveſt our minds of the ideas of *external form*, *limits*, *paſſions*, and *human weakneſs*, though we know that all theſe things are remote from his nature. He is a pure, holy, undivided, imperiſhable Eſſence, perfect in himſelf, and in all his attributes, and righteous in all his diſpenſations.

Nothing that is done by any part of his creation can affect him; either by giving him any acceſſion of happineſs, or by exciting

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citing in him the emotions of grief, or displeasure.

This may, perhaps, be thought by some of my readers too bold an assertion, as it appears to contradict the *literal* sense of divers passages in scripture; but a close attention to the subject will free me from censure, and convince them of its propriety.

That my assertion is just, I will attempt to prove, first, by shewing that such passages of holy writ are not to be understood *literally*; and secondly, by pointing out the absurdity that must unavoidably follow, if we so understand them.

Wherever *parts*, and *passions*, such as *additional pleasure* arising from man's *obedience*, or *anger* for *disobedience*, are attributed to the Deity, we ought to suppose that such expressions were only adapted to the weakness and narrow capacities of those to whom they were addressed. Nothing more can, in the nature of things, be meant by *pleasure*, or *anger*, in this case, than that the consequence of such *obedience*, or *disobedience*, will be the same to men, as though they really produced such passions in God. When men by a careful observance of the divine laws act consistent with the end and design of their being, they enjoy the fruits of their labour peace, internal complacency, and all that happiness which results from God's favour. When they *disobey* the divine laws, they bring on themselves that anxiety and pain, which according to the divine œconomy results from such actions. But in neither case can their actions *affect the Deity*, or produce any change in *his* will or disposition towards them. Pleasure and pain are, in the wise constitution of God's moral government, the inseparable effects of *virtue* and *vice*, here and hereafter, while the Deity, unmov'd by the giddy whirl of successive events, sits enthron'd in his own essential glory. He can no more *change*, than finite beings can be *unchangeable*. A change, voluntarily, in any being, must arise either from a desire thereby to be free from some *present* inconvenience, or to acquire some *distant* good; but the Deity, not being capable of sustaining any inconvenience, and possessing every possible good, there can be no motive in nature to produce a change in him.

2dly. If such parts of scripture as seem to imply a change in God were to be understood in a *literal* sense, the most absurd consequences would follow. If the Creator could receive any *additional* pleasure from the obedience and good actions of his creatures, then his happiness, prior to such obedience and actions, must have been imperfect; on the contrary, if the evil actions of men could excite *uneasiness* or *anger* in God, then his happiness would thereby be *lessened*: in either case, that happiness would depend on his creatures. Yet further: if the proposition is admitted, we must (from the rapid progress of evil in all ages) conclude the Deity to have been *more miserable* than any of his creatures.

These are some of the consequences that result from supposing the Deity a changeable Being; or, that he is affected by the actions of those beings he has formed; consequences which to name on any other account than to expose their absurdity, were little less than blaspheming God, or rather an image which we have set up in our minds, and worshipped instead of God.

But upon this foundation almost all the superstitions of mankind have been built. Numerous forms, rites, and modes of religious worship, have been established on, and dated their origin from, these erroneous notions of Deity; while the pure, rational religion, that is alone acceptable to him, has been neglected and contemned.

The obedience and service that God requires of men in all ages, is a perfect surrender of the *heart* and *affections* to his will. This is a service which as dependant beings we owe to him, and from which alone true felicity flows; a service which, altho' it adds nothing to *his* happiness, (because that which is already perfect can receive no addition) yet is of the most happy consequence to mankind. Rewards and punishments both here and hereafter, are the necessary consequence of right and wrong action in *moral agents*; and do not flow from arbitrary will, or any change in God's disposition towards them. Let them be happy or miserable in time, or throughout eternity, it cannot affect the Creator.

He who is supremely perfect in himself can never change: "*I am God, and change not.*" Hence flows the hope, hence is deriv'd the certainty, of every wise and good man. They know that notwithstanding human opinions have uncertainty wrote upon them, this principle standeth sure, and is fixed on an immoveable basis.

When we look up to him who is the source of all perfection, the spring of all our joys, and presume to tread the sacred courts of Deity, it becomes us to step on with

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with the most humble reverence. He is indeed almighty, good, and glorious; beyond the comprehension of men or angels. Let not, therefore, frail mortals cloath him with imperfection, or cast a shade on the excellencies of his name. A holy diffidence ought to cover our minds when we contemplate an object so unspeakably great and awful. Let us not indulge the presumptuous curiosity of prying into the secret counsels of his providence, or of exploring the unsearchable mystery of his uncreated Essence; but rather, under a humiliating sense of his perfections, and our weakness, ascribe every excellent attribute to him in silent mental adoration. If blest'd with the smiles of his favour in this life, grateful thanksgivings are his due; if afflictive dispensations are allotted to us; if sorrows assail, and every other comfort is imbittered with woe, we have *this* for our consolation, that "*He is the same, and his years shall never fail.*"

EUSEBORUS.

Bardfield, Essex.

For the MISCELLANY.

A LETTER from a YOUNG GENTLEMAN,

In the Neighbourhood of LONDON, to his SISTER in the COUNTRY.

My dear Sister,

WHEN I last was so happy as to hear from your fair self, you was pleased to desire of me some account of London. It always gives me a peculiar satisfaction when I find myself able either to profit or entertain my dearest, youngest, eldest, and my only Sister.

London is a place an hundred times bigger than Salisbury, divided into wide, handsome streets, and large open squares. It is about seven miles in length, and three or four in breadth; a monstrous size you will say for a town; yet this great place is always so crowded, it is scarce passable. At one end, the streets are filled with people, who croud them because they have a great deal to do; the other end with folk who encumber them, because they have nothing else to do. After all, London is scarce worth your notice, unless you are delighted with what is enough to distract a sober head. For instance, coaches rattling, chairmen swearing, beggars fighting, chimney-sweepers bawling, are the entertainment of every part of the town.

How very different from this are the calm retreats of the country! while London is only fit for those who have large estates, and bad consciences, where by a round of dissipation they may waste the one, and stifle the silent admonitions of the other. I know some retired spots, where an angel might almost spend his eternity, and wish no other heaven. And indeed, by what I can understand, Father Adam, and Mother Eve, were never at London in their lives, yet they were very happy. You may therefore think them old-fashioned folks. But I assure you their taste was not so bad, though they preferr'd *shady groves, and purling streams,* with *gentle sleep, and pleasing dreams,* to all the noisy round of modern pleasures.

But to the purpose. I flatter myself you will be better pleased with some little account of our situation here, than with the most laboured description of London. This is a place more within your comprehension.

We call it G—— Lodge, from the second title of my Lord M——. It is a neat brick building, composed of two small wings, and a bow-front, which we enter by ten steps; before which is a run for a coach, inclosed with iron palisades. Fronting us is a large common, which, with the cattle on it, looks pretty, and much like a private park; this opens on the left to an heath, many miles extended. The furniture I shall say nothing of, as you may judge it suitable to a Nobleman's house. Behind, we enter the garden by as many more steps, which is about four acres. First, we have a lawn, which forms a semicircle, inclosed with clumps of evergreens, through which we look into a thick grove, which grows thinner on the sides, and is interspersed with flowering shrubs, and bounded by a pond. But I must not forget an aviary at the farther end of the grove, which consists chiefly of canary birds, whose merry songs take off from the gloominess of the trees. Yet methinks 'tis cruel to deprive *them* of liberty, that *we* may be diverted. Your tender heart, I am sure,

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could never feel a pleaſure in that, which to another's breaſt gives pain.

The country all about is enchanting. The Thames, which is a large river, is lined on each ſide with Noblemen's ſeats. Its ſilver ſtream, covered with innumerable flights of ſwans, and boats and barges continually under ſail, vary the ſcene, and form a living picture. From the neighbouring hills we ſee this rich proſpect at one view, have the City of London behind us, and almoſt look ſo far into Wiltſhire, as to ſee where you now are.--- Are not calm walks of evening here an enjoyment beyond a gilt coach? beyond all pomp and grandeur?

When theſe great people, my dear, ſhew their parade and ſtate, they ſhew their all. Theirs is but the appearance of happineſs. Peace of mind, and health of body, ſweet content, and joys that ſpring from conſcious innocence and virtue, are ſeldom their lot. No, my dear, they belong to you, and long may you preſerve them! Theſe are bleſſings beyond the golden glories even of a crown. They will keep their beauties, when all things elſe ſhall fail, and make their poſſeſſor ever lovely.

But my reflections are dry. Indeed you muſt be heartily tired with me already. But before I leave off, I muſt inſiſt on your believing me ever to have your happineſs at heart, ever ready to promote it, and to be,

My dear Nancy,

Yours moſt affectionately,

A. B.

For the MISCELLANY.

REFLECTIONS on SYMPATHY with SORROW.

THE word SYMPATHY, in its moſt proper and primitive ſignification, denotes our fellow feeling with the ſufferings of others. It is, in ſome ſenſe, more univerſal than that with joy. What we feel does not, indeed, amount to that complete Sympathy, to that harmony and correſpondence of ſentiments, which conſtitutes approbation. We do not weep, and exclaim, and lament, with the ſufferer. We are ſenſible, on the contrary, of his weakneſs, and of the extravagance of his paſſion, and yet often feel a very ſenſible concern upon his account. But if we do not entirely enter into, and go along with, the joy of another, we have no ſort of regard or fellow-feeling for it. The man who ſkips and dances about with that intemperate and ſenſeleſs joy which we cannot accompany him in, is the object of our contempt and indignation.

Pain, beſides, whether of mind or body, is a more pungent ſenſation than pleaſure; and our ſympathy with pain, though it falls greatly ſhort of what is naturally felt by the ſufferer, is generally a more lively and diſtinct perception than our ſympathy with pleaſure. Certain it is, we often ſtruggle to keep down our ſympathy with the ſorrows of others. For, whenever we are not under the obſervation of the ſufferer, we endeavour, for our own ſake, to ſuppreſs it as much as we can, and yet are not always ſucceſsful. But we never have occaſion to make this oppoſition to our ſympathy with joy. If there is any envy in the caſe, we never feel the leaſt propenſity towards it; and, if there is none, we give way to it without any reluctance. On the contrary, as we are always aſhamed of our own envy, we often pretend, and ſometimes really wiſh, to ſympathize with the joy of others, when by that diſagreeable ſentiment we are diſqualified from doing ſo. We are glad, we ſay, upon account of our neighbour's good fortune, when in our hearts perhaps we are really ſorry. We often feel a ſympathy with ſorrow, when we would wiſh to be rid of it; and we often miſs that with joy when we would be glad to have it. We have ſome indulgence for that exceſſive grief which we cannot entirely go along with. But we have no ſuch indulgence for the intemperance of joy, becauſe we are not conſcious that any ſuch vaſt effort is requiſite to bring it down to what we can entirely enter into. The man, who, under the greateſt calamities, can command his ſorrow, ſeems worthy of the higheſt admiration; but he, who, in the fulneſs of proſperity, can in the ſame manner maſter his joy, ſeems hardly to deſerve any praiſe.

What can be added to the happineſs of the man who is in health, who is out of debt, and has a clear conſcience? To one in this ſituation, all acceſſions of fortune may properly be ſaid to be ſuperfluous: but, though little can be added to this ſtate, much may be taken from it. Tho' between

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between this condition and the higheſt pitch of human proſperity, the interval is but a trifle; between it and the loweſt depth of miſery, the diſtance is immenſe and prodigious. Adverſity, upon this account, neceſſarily depreſſes the mind of the ſufferer much more below its natural ſtate, than proſperity can elevate him above it. It is, therefore, upon this account, that, though our ſympathy with ſorrow is often a more pungent ſenſation than our ſympathy with joy, it always falls much more ſhort of the violence of what is naturally felt by the perſon principally concerned.

It is agreeable to ſympathiſe with joy; and, where our envy does not oppoſe it, our heart abandons itſelf with ſatisfaction to the higheſt tranſports of that delightful ſentiment. But it is painful to go along with grief, and we always enter into it with reluctance. When we attend to the repreſentation of a tragedy, we ſtruggle againſt that ſympathetic ſorrow which the entertainment inſpires as long as we can, and we give way to it at laſt only when we can no longer avoid it; we even then endeavour to cover our concern from the company: if we ſhed tears, we carefully conceal them, and are afraid leſt the ſpectators, not entering into this exceſſive tenderneſs, ſhould regard it as effeminacy and weakneſs. The wretch, whoſe misfortunes call upon our compaſſion, feels with what reluctance we are likely to enter into this ſorrow, and therefore propoſes his grief to us with fear and heſitation; he even ſmothers the half of it, and is aſhamed, upon account of this hard-heartedneſs of mankind, to give vent to the fulneſs of his affliction. It is otherwiſe with the man who riots in joy and ſucceſs. Wherever envy does not intereſt us againſt him, he expects our completeſt ſympathy. He does not fear, therefore, to announce himſelf with ſhouts of exultation, in full confidence that we are heartily diſpoſed to go along with him.

How hearty are the acclamations of the mob, who never bear any envy to their ſuperiors, at a triumph or public entry? And how ſedate and moderate is commonly their grief at an execution? Our ſorrow at a funeral generally amounts to no more than an affected gravity; but our mirth at a chriſtening, or a marriage, is always from the heart, and without any affectation. On the contrary, when we condole with our friends in their afflictions, how little do we feel, in compariſon of what they feel? We ſit down by them, we look at them, and, while they relate to us the circumſtances of their misfortune, we liſten to them with gravity and attention: but while their narration is every moment interrupted by thoſe natural burſts of paſſion, which often ſeem almoſt to choak them in the midſt of it, how far are the languid emotions of our hearts from keeping time to the tranſports of theirs? We may be ſenſible, at the ſame time, that their paſſion is natural, and no greater than what we ourſelves might feel upon the like occaſion. We may even inwardly reproach ourſelves with our own want of ſenſibility, and perhaps, upon that account, work ourſelves up into an artificial ſympathy, which, however, when it is raiſed, is the ſlighteſt and moſt tranſitory imaginable; and, generally, as ſoon as we have left the room, vaniſhes, and is gone for ever. Nature, it ſeems, when ſhe loaded us with our own ſorrows, thought that they were enough, and therefore did not command us to take any further ſhare in thoſe of others, than what was neceſſary to prompt us to relieve them.

It is upon account of this dull ſenſibility to the afflictions of others, that magnanimity amidſt great diſtreſs appears always ſo divinely graceful. He appears to be more than mortal, who can ſupport the moſt dreadful calamities. We are amazed to find that he can command himſelf ſo entirely. His firmneſs, at the ſame time, perfectly coincides with our inſenſibility. There is the moſt perfect correſpondence between his ſentiments and ours, and upon that account the moſt perfect propriety in his behaviour. We wonder with ſurprize and aſtoniſhment at that ſtrength of mind which is capable of ſo noble and generous an effort; and this ſentiment of complete ſympathy and approbation, mixed and animated with wonder and ſurprize, conſtitutes what is properly called admiration. Cato, ſurrounded on all ſides by his enemies, unable to reſiſt them, diſdaining to ſubmit to them, and reduced, by the proud maxims of that age, to the neceſſity of deſtroying himſelf; yet, never ſhrinking from his misfortunes, never ſupplicating, with the lamentable voice of wretchedneſs, thoſe miſerable, ſympathetic tears, which we are always ſo unwilling to give; but, on the contrary, arming himſelf with manly fortitude, and, the moment before he executes his fatal reſolution, giving, with his uſual tranquility, all neceſſary orders for the ſafety of his friends, appears to Seneca, that great preacher of inſenſibility,

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bility, a spectacle which even the gods themselves might behold with pleasure and admiration.

Whenever we meet, in common life, with any examples of such heroic magnanimity, we are always extremely affected. We are more apt to weep and shed tears for such as, in this manner, seem to feel nothing for themselves, than for those who give way to all the weakness of sorrow; and, in this particular case, the sympathetic grief of the spectator appears to go beyond the original passion in the person principally concerned. The friends of Socrates all wept when he drank the last potion, while he himself expressed the gayest and most chearful tranquility.—Upon all such occasions the spectator makes no effort, and has no occasion to make any, in order to conquer his sympathetic sorrow. He is under no fear that it will transport him to any thing that is extravagant and improper; he is rather pleased with the sensibility of his own heart, and gives way to it with complacence and self-approbation.

On the contrary, he always appears, in some measure, mean and despicable, who is sunk in sorrow and dejection upon account of any calamity of his own. We cannot bring ourselves to feel for him, what he feels for himself, and what, perhaps, we should feel for ourselves, if in his situation: we therefore despise him; unjustly perhaps, if any sentiment could be regarded as unjust, to which we are by nature irresistibly determined. How did it disgrace the memory of the intrepid Duke of Byron, who had so often braved death in the field, that he wept upon the scaffold, when he beheld the state to which he was fallen, and remembered the favour and the glory from wh ch his own rashness had so unfortunately thrown him!

ERASTUS,

Oxford. *A Candidate.*

CEREMONY OF THE ELECTION OF A POPE.

AFTER the Cardinals have retired to their cells, and each prayed for inspiration for the government of their choice, each Cardinal writes the name of him whom he votes for in a scroll of five pages. On the first is written (by one of his servants, that the Cardinal may not be discovered by his hand) *Ego eligo in summum pontificem reverendum dominum —, meum Cardinalem.* On this fold two others are doubled down, and sealed with a private seal. On the fourth the Cardinal writes his own name, and covers it with the fifth folding. Then sitting on benches in the chapel, with their scrolls in their hands, they go up to the altar by turns, and, after a short prayer on their knees, throw the scroll into a chalice upon the table, the first Cardinal Bishop sitting on the right hand, and the first Cardinal Deacon on the left. The Cardinals being returned to their places, the Cardinal Bishop turns out the scrolls into a plate, which he holds in his left hand, and gives them, one by one, to the Cardinal Deacon, who reads them with an audible voice, whilst the Cardinals note down how many voices each person has; and then the Master of the Ceremonies burns the scrolls in a chafing-dish, that it may not be known for whom any one gives his voice. If two-thirds of the number present agree, the election is finished, and he on whom the two-thirds fall, is declared Pope.

If the votes do not rise to a sufficient number, billets are taken, in order to chuse the Pope by way of *accessus*; and indeed there scarcely ever is an election without this *accessus*, it being scarce known that the holy father should be chosen by the former way alone. The *accessus* therefore is to correct the scrutiny. In this they give their votes by other billets, on which is written *accedo domini* — (when they join their first vote to another) or *accedo nemini* — (when they keep to their first vote). This is derived from the ancient method of debating in the Roman Senate, where, when one Senator was of another's opinion, he rose up, and went over to his colleague, which was called *Pedibus ire in sententiam.* When they kept their places, they said, *accedo ad sententiam.*

When the Cardinal is thus chosen Pope, the Master of the Ceremonies comes to his cell, to acquaint him with the news of his promotion, whereupon he is conducted to the chapel, and clad in the pontifical habit, and there receives the adoration paid by the Cardinals to the Popes. Then all the gates of the Conclave being opened, the new Pope shews himself to the people,

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people, and bleſſes them, the firſt Cardinal Deacon proclaiming aloud theſe words: *Annuntio vobis gaudium magnum, Papam habemus. Reverendiſſimus Dominus Cardinalis ——— electus eſt in ſummum pontificem, et eligit ſibi nomen.*

After this he is carried to St. Peter's church, and placed upon the altar of the holy Apoſtles, where the Cardinals come a ſecond time to the adoration. Some days after is performed the ceremony of his coronation, before the door of St. Peter's church, where is erected a throne, upon which the new Pope aſcends, has his mitre taken off, and a crown put upon his head, in the preſence of all the people. Afterwards is a grand cavalcade from St. Peter's church to St. John's de Lateran, where the Archbiſhop of that church preſents the new Pope with two keys, the one of gold, the other of ſilver: one of which is a ſign of the power he has of giving abſolution, and opening the gates of heaven to all believers; the other of excommunicating ſinners, and dooming them to purgatory.

Notwithſtanding the ſolemnity of theſe ceremonies, which the vulgar aſcribe to the immediate conduct of the Holy Ghoſt, the election is generally brought about by ſtrokes of policy, and the Cardinals go into their cells, with a previous determination for their favourite.

A TREATISE ON GHOSTS AND APPARITIONS.

A Friend of mine, who inhabits a large old houſe in a country village, being laſt winter in town, during his abſence his ſervants were very much alarmed by a Ghoſt, which they diſcovered one moonlight night, ſtanding at a window in an old gallery which had been long ſhut up as uſeleſs. Their fears of this phantom, at length, became ſo predominant over their reaſon, that they unanimouſly reſolved to go in a body (for none of them, upon any conſideration, would conſent to be left behind) to fetch the curate of the pariſh to come and lay it. The curate they found, but it was with great reluctance he could be perſuaded to quit his tankard of ale and his pipe to accompany them; at laſt, he complied with their intreaties, and went to the ſpot where this Apparition was to be ſeen. At firſt, ſo ſtrange a phœnomenon ſomewhat ſurpriſed him, but he had the addreſs to get all to follow him to the gallery, when they found the Spectre, the diſmal diſturber of their peace, no more than a ſmall ſtatue of Mercury, which had fallen down in the garden, and been placed there out of the way, by one of the ſervants, at that time abſent with his maſter.

I ſhall firſt endeavour to define the idea that people in general, entertain concerning Apparitions: they are, generally ſpeaking, conſidered as the intellectual faculties, or ſouls, of people who have already departed from this world, but, for unknown reaſons, appear again amongſt us, in the form of thoſe bodies they animated when living, but ſtill, void of all corporeal ſubſtance. This is the notion commonly entertained by people of reaſon who have any faith in the real exiſtence of ſuch beings. As to people of another claſs, who are fond of the marvellous, and more extravagant notions, it would be endleſs to enumerate the many grim forms, and wonderful ſhapes they find them in; not contented with repreſenting them ſpitting fire, making hideous noiſes, vaniſhing in clouds of ſmoke, &c. but if we believe what they ſay, they frequently are to be met with diſguiſed in the ſhape of black dogs, white bears, headleſs horſes, and many other forms as unaccountable as that there ſhould be people in the world who believe in ſuch wonderful chimeras. But whatever form they may appear in to our external ſenſes, or we picture them in our imaginations, we all ſeem to concur in conſidering them with fear and horror; our ideas always repreſent them to us as objects of the greateſt terror.

Whether we are ſometimes favoured with viſits from the dead, I will leave to the deciſion of more able pens than mine; but only ſuppoſe we are; how muſt our inconſiſtent behaviour fruſtrate the intention of ſuch viſits! For intention there muſt be; we cannot poſſibly imagine it is to anſwer no purpoſe they leave their peaceful manſions to return to this world; we

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we have then as much, nay surely more reason to think it is for our benefit than the contrary, yet, no sooner do we see the appearance of a body who we know has quitted this mortal state, but our blood chills in our veins; we are petrified with fear; our apprehensions are wound up to the highest pitch with horror; and we look upon it as the dreadful omen of some future accident.

Let us but make use of our reason, and examine into this matter: how extravagant our fears! how ridiculous our conduct will appear! Why should we suppose that we could receive more injury from the mere shadow of a dear departed friend, than that friend would have done us when living? or should we meet with the appearance of an enemy, why should we fear such a phantom, more than we did that enemy when possessed of corporeal substance? and nevertheless I will venture to say there are few people in the world, who would not much sooner be alone with their most inveterate enemy, whilst living (however they might dread such a rencounter) than they would meet him after he had finished his journey through this transitory world, although they knew him divested of all real substance.

On the contrary, could we conquer our prejudices, and pay a proper regard to such appearances, how do we know but for reasons impenetrable to us, it might be attended with beneficial consequences to ourselves? and further perhaps we might be able to render some services to our friends, even after we were deprived of their society by the unrelenting hand of death.

I shall now, as concisely as possible, endeavour to shew from whence our fears upon this point originate.

They must undoubtedly arise from very strong impressions when we are young; they are ideas we imbibe before we are capable of reasoning against the extravagancy of them, and such ideas are much the most difficult to eradicate. We have numberless instances of people, in other respects of the clearest understandings, weak in this one point to such a degree, that they would rather put themselves to any inconvenience, than enter a church, or pass through a church-yard, after night had covered it with her sable wings; which plainly demonstrates that impressions received in our infancy, however absurd they may appear to our reason afterwards, are never to be totally erased, even by the assistance which philosophy affords us.

Were the superintendants of our youth to instill different notions, how different would be the effect! Was a person who had never heard of such a thing as a ghost to be told, on such a day you will see your great grandfather in the same manner as he appeared when an inhabitant of this world; instead of repugnance and horror, with what pleasure would they embrace the opportunity!

But what should be still a more convincing reason against our strange prejudices upon this head, is that out of all the accounts we have both ancient and modern concerning spectres, we never find that they have been guilty of any real mischief. I never yet met with any person who had received any injury from them, but what had been merely the result of their own fear and apprehensions; yet so obstinately are we prepossessed against a set of beings whom I don't know that we have any reason at all to fear, that the same prejudices which have so strongly prevailed for ages past, will in all probability continue so to do, unless some of these imaginary bugbears, more sociable than the rest, will condescend to find out some method to cure us of our fears, and convince us of their pacific intentions.

X. Y. Z.

[*Sent. Mag.*]

THOUGHTS ON THE MORAL RECTITUDE of the PRESENT TIMES.

FROM the many moral and sermonic essays you have presented the public with in your work, many people would imagine you thought the world wanted mending. But how, in the name of goodness, could such a preposterous idea find a place in your head? or, what is still worse, how came you to expose your weakness so much as to make that idea public? In order to remove so palpable an error from your mind, and from the minds of such of your readers as may entertain it, I send you the following demonstrative proof of the contrary.

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It has been a kind of fashion among your moral writers for some years past to declaim, in melancholy mood, on the vices of the present age. They have represented us as divested of virtue and religion; as the slaves of passion, the willing votaries of vice, and hourly ripening for destruction. 'Tis all a solemn farce. The account would indeed be a little alarming as they have stated it, did it not want one necessary ingredient, truth.

The world, it must be owned, is not altogether so wise, and good, and perfect, as it ought to be, or might be, considering the great pains you and your brethren of the quill have taken to mend it; but where shall we find a better?

Our grave declaimers set the examples of ancient days before us, and persuade us to copy after them; but if we trace back the pages of history, and compare generations that are past with the present, with what advantage and honour will the latter appear on the comparison!

It has been generally allowed that wisdom, freedom, and virtue are what render a nation great and honourable; and that these are the durable pillars on which alone the fabric of human happiness can be erected with security. I grant it, in its full force, and by this criterion will I proceed to examine the manners of the present age. Is there a sour moralist, or misanthropic declaimer, who, with a grave lengthened visage, will presume to tell me there ever was, in any age or country, more freedom, wisdom, and virtue conspicuous in the manners of the people than appears among us at this day? If there is, he will be considered by the many as an instrument out of tune, and his lessons thought

——"Tedious as a twice-told tale,
"Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man."

Men's minds are now finely rescued from the fetters of restraint: they both think and act freely. Their notions and opinions, like the arts and sciences, are brought to a degree of perfection, within the course of half a century, unknown to former ages. We have, with much application, found out, that what our frigid forefathers deemed wisdom, freedom, and virtue, are only pusillanimity, abject slavery, and the dreams of enthusiasm, and heroically exult in the discovery. It was indeed formerly thought a mark of wisdom for a man to enquire into his truest interest, to pursue it steadily, and to prefer a future lasting good to such present indulgences as tended to destroy it; to consider a future state of rewards and punishments as certain, and to prepare for it: but men are now grown wiser,---they enjoy the present hour, for they see life is uncertain, and as to a future state, they have found out that it is at best very doubtful whether there will be any.

With respect to freedom, in its antiquated sense they nobly despise it, and are wise enough to submit with alacrity to those chains which custom, fashion, and their animal passions have by their own conduct rivetted upon them. They have discovered that this is true freedom, and glory in the change. Discarding all the profane maxims of infidelity, they now take the scriptures for their guide, and generally reduce to practice that noble precept, "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die." With the wise man, they are "commending mirth, because a man hath no better thing under the sun, than to eat, drink, and be merry;" and although there are divers parts of scripture that seem to contradict this, yet they have discovered them to have been only the forgeries of some half-starved monk, who envied human happiness because the rigid rules of his order would not permit him to enjoy it.

Virtue, in its primitive signification, is now considered as a quaint old-fashioned thing, which none but fools regard. The old musty rules of prudence, temperance, sincerity, humility, and piety, are found to be only the antiquated maxims of dull souls, incapable of relishing the true pleasures of life, and therefore discarded with contempt.

This general reformation is visible in all ranks of the people, from the peer to the peasant, from the R---t R-v---d F---r in G-d to the lowest of his spiritual sons. Our bishops are indeed little and low, exemplary, and laying up for themselves treasure which "moth and rust cannot corrupt." Conscious of the inestimable value of their lives, they seldom risque themselves in imminent danger from the "fiery darts of the wicked one" in their spiritual warfare. Like prudent generals, they leave it to subalterns to bear the burden and heat of the battle against "spiritual wickedness in high places." They experience the truth of that text verified, "The righteous shall inherit the earth." With this inheritance they are content, for heaven is found to be ideal, as Milton's Limbo of Vanity.

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The inferior officers, indeed, of the church militant, having no regard to the pecuniary rewards of their office, exhibit much valour in the noble ſcience of eating and drinking, leſt "to-morrow they die." Such is their diſregard for things of this world, that ſome of them, like the primitive Chriſtians, have only one coat; and yet their wives and daughters are conſtantly employed, like Lydia of old, in making garments for the poor, and adminiſtering to their neceſſities.

The doctrines of Chriſtianity are peaceable doctrines----they teach us to love our enemies. This precept is generally and literally fulfilled among us, to the entire demolition of numerous pipes of wine, and puncheons of rum and brandy every day in our land. Solomon, indeed, hath ſaid, "Look not upon the wine when it giveth its colour in the cup; and Joel ſays, "Weep and howl all ye drinkers of wine," but we know that theſe ſayings are not to be underſtood literally, for "the letter killeth," but we know by experience that it is the ſpirit which giveth life. Let us, therefore, with Judah, "waſh our garments in wine, and our cloaths in the blood of grapes." Herein is the ſcripture verified. --We are, indeed, commanded to "faſt and pray," but I was lately informed by a worthy clergyman, whoſe roſy cheeks were as prominent as thoſe of the ſculptured cherubs in our ancient cathedrals, that, on examining an ancient Armenian manuſcript tranſlation of the ſcriptures, taken from the Greek of the ſeptuagint by Mamproeus, Diodati, Snigigeus, Brucioli, and others, he finds it ſhould be rendered "Feaſt and ſing."

This interpretation of a text, which had, through miſapprehenſion, made ſo many walking ſkeletons in former ages, is ſo perfectly conſiſtent with the above quoted precept of the wiſe man, that there can be no doubt of its propriety. This ſenſe is now generally affixed to the paſſage, and has been of infinite ſervice in elevating the minds of the people: "And in the midſt of their feaſts they ſing and make melody."

The care and watchfulneſs of theſe men over their flocks is very conſpicuous; they watch their crops, the increaſe of their fruits, pigs, and poultry, with as much diligence as the patriarch did the flocks of Laban; and, leſt any of the people ſhould be over-burthened with things of a periſhing nature, they will very freely and generouſly eaſe them of the tenth part of them, fearing, no doubt, that too much of this world's goods might prove a ſnare to them.---- This care has in ſome inſtances been extended to eggs and ducklings. By theſe acts of kindneſs they are become the darlings of the people,---every mouth extols them, and every tongue proclaims their praiſe. The churches are crouded to hear them, and the poor partake of their bounty at the doors of the tabernacle.

We are commanded in ſcripture "not to lay up treaſure on earth:" this precept is generally complied with by almoſt every rank of the people;----they now wiſely conſider that wealth unenjoyed is unprofitable, and therefore make uſe of every expedient in their power to get rid of it, "leſt it ſhould prove a ſnare to them."

Some, indeed, have not confined their activity in this way ſolely to their own property, but have borrowed from their neighbours, as the Iſraelites did of the Egyptians, without any intention of repaying them, fearing, no doubt, that it might corrupt their hearts, and lead them into idolatry: and a grateful public have frequently rewarded the zeal of theſe worthies, by recording their names and actions in that column of fame, vulgarly called the Gazette; and ſome of them have been exalted above their fellows in the view of the public.

Nor is the contempt of riches more obvious among us than the contempt of pride and flattery. Truth guides the tongue, and humility clothes the heart; ſincerity, with her open face, ſits in the midſt of the congregations of the people, and looks compliment out of countenance. How rarely are any inſtances of flattery and falſhood to be found! Aſk a great man to be your friend, and to grant you a favour---he will immediately become ſo, and grant it----in keeping that out of your reach which, if poſſeſſed, you might make a bad uſe of.---- The promiſes of a lord are always kept, and the reaſon why they have been accuſed of breaking them is becauſe they have not been underſtood.-----When a lord ſays, *I will ſerve you*, he means the ſame as the poor man does when he puts the word *not* in the middle of the ſentence. If a lord makes his tradeſmen wait a long time for payment, it is doubtleſs becauſe he knows the danger of riches in the hands of mechanics and dealers, who might abuſe it on their luſts.

We are now convinced that pride was not

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made for man---and realize the apothegm. How meek do our teachers appear! they humble themſelves, and "become vile in the ſight of the people." ——Some of them holding no converſe with their hearers, but at a tythe-feaſt, leſt their hearts ſhould be puffed up with their praiſes, and leſt gratitude ſhould reſound in their ears; others, further advanced in ſtability, and conſcious of their own ſtrength, will mix with the meaneſt, accommodate themſelves to their manners, and, in order to ſet thoſe practices in the moſt odious light, will condeſcend to intoxicate themſelves, and ſwear with all the grace of a carman or porter. In thus demeaning themſelves they have doubtleſs an eye to the words of the apoſtle, where he tells us "He became all things to all men, in order that he might gain ſome."

The ladies---alias all who wear petticoats---join heartily in this reformation. ----Conſcious of the power of native beauty, and fearing it might lead the hearts of men aſtray, they now veil their charms, and hide the beauteous blending of the lily and roſe in their cheeks with rouge, carmine, and coſmetics, to weaken the force of the temptation in our eyes. And whoever obſerves how careful they now are to keep at home, and mind their domeſtic concerns; how cautious they are of liſtening to, or propagating any report that has the appearance of ſcandal; how averſe to cards, aſſemblies, routs, and plays, and how provident in all their expences and œconomy, muſt be obliged to own the like hath not been ſeen in our land!

From theſe looſe hints the public will diſcover my deſign, and be convinced how little occaſion there is for renewing dull lectures of morality at this day. How ridiculous then is it, for you to be always peſtering our ears with complaints on the depravity of the times, when every thing is evidently ripening into perfection as faſt as poſſible. In the above eſſay I mean not to give offence to any individual; but as the language of penegyric often offends the ear of delicacy and virtue, I am not without a ſuſpicion that ſome may be diſpleaſed; the clergy in particular; but from them I fear not much, becauſe as it is a part of their duty to inculcate the doctrine of forgiveneſs, they cannot be ſuppoſed wanting in practiſing this precept; however, to quiet their minds, I will take my leave, by aſſuring them, that when they become *leſs* virtuous I will ceaſe to praiſe them.

[*Sent. Mag.*]

A FRAGMENT OF
ANCIENT POETRY.

AUTUMN is dark on the mountains; a grey miſt reſts on the hills. The whirlwind is heard on the heath. Dark rolls the river through the narrow plain. A tree ſtands alone on the hill, and marks the grave of Connal. The leaves whirl round with the wind, and ſhew the grave of the dead. At times here are ſeen the ghoſts of the deceaſed, when the muſing hunter alone ſtalks ſlowly over the heath.

Who can reach the ſource of thy race, O Connal? And who recount thy fathers? Thy family grew like an oak on the mountain, which meeteth the wind with its lofty head. But now it is torn from the earth, who ſhall ſupply the place of Connal?

Here was the din of arms, and here were the groans of the dying. Mournful are the wars of Fingal! O Connal! it was here thou didſt fall. Thine arm was like a ſtorm; thy ſword a beam of the ſky; thy height a rock on the plain; thine eyes a furnace of fire. Louder than a ſtorm was thy voice; when thou confoundedſt the field, warriors fell by thy ſword, as a thiſtle by the ſtaff of a boy.

Dargo the mighty came on like a cloud of thunder. His brows were contracted and dark, his eyes like two caves in a rock. Bright roſe their ſwords on each ſide; dire was the clang of their ſteel.

The daughter of Rinval was near, Crimora, bright in the armour of man; her hair looſe behind, her bow in her hand; ſhe followed the youth to the war, Connal, her much beloved. She drew the ſtring on Dargo, but erring, pierced her Connal. He falls like an oak on the plain, like a rock from the ſhaggy hill. What ſhall ſhe do, hapleſs maid! He bleeds! Her Connal dies! All the night

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long she cries, and all the day, O Connal! my love, and my friend! With grief the sad mourner died.

Earth here encloseth the loveliest pair on the hill; the grass grows beneath the stones of their tombs. I sit in the mournful shade, the wind sighs through the grass, and their memory rushes on my mind.---Undisturbed you now sleep together; in the tomb of the mountain you rest alone.

[*Sent. Mag.*]

A Refutation of the Vulgar Opinion,

That the LUNGS of CHILDREN, who are Born Alive,

Always Float, when put into WATER.

It is said, That, if the lungs of a deceased infant, when put into water, swim, this is admitted an evidence, that the child was born alive. Now, if this experiment (so much relied on) is proved to be uncertain and fallacious, the world will grant with me, it is an experiment of very dangerous import. That it has proved to be such, there are many gentlemen of the faculty can testify, who were present at Surgeon's-hall, when it was lately declared to be so by a learned gentleman in full court, when, on reading a lecture on the lungs, he took occasion to break off from the subject, and deliver himself in words to this effect:

"And here I must beg leave, gentlemen, to take notice of a method made use of by some of the faculty, to ascertain whether an infant is born alive or dead, which is by opening the thorax of the suspected infant, taking out the lungs, and casting them into water; if they sink, it is looked upon as a fact the child was still-born; but if they swim, then without all doubt the child was born alive.---The truth of this experiment is founded on these reasons: All creatures which come alive into the world must breathe, which breath being received into the lungs, must necessarily inflate and puff them up; and though in death it in a great measure expires, yet there still remains so much air in the veiculæ, as to make them buoyant in water; on the contrary, when still-born, as it is impossible, in that state, for the lungs to receive air, they must consequently subside and sink.

"Now this manner of reasoning, however specious it may appear, or whatever authority it may be supported by, is not strictly true, as I myself can affirm, having, in the course of my practice, had an opportunity of trying the foregoing experiment upon two different births; the one was born alive, but died soon after; the other dead; when behold the lungs of the former sunk, and those of the other, to our great astonishment, swam. These, together with many other experiments I have since made upon the lungs of different animals, convince me that there is no dependence upon what Dr. Gibson looked upon as infallible; for, although it may sometimes prove true, upon the whole it should be regarded no otherwise than as a very uncertain and precarious proof of the fact in question.

"I make bold, therefore, humbly to recommend it to all the gentlemen who now hear me, (as a thing of the utmost consequence) to explode such a notion out of our practice, and to be particularly careful to caution our pupils against giving judgment in such cases, since it may come to pass, that on such judgment may depend the lives of many poor, unhappy women."

These are the remarks made by that learned gentleman, whose merit is well known in London, and whose opinion is now laid before the public, in hopes that it may have its due weight, and answer the salutary purposes for which it was delivered.

[*Gent. Mag.*]

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The LORD TREASURER BURLEIGH's LETTER To his Son ROBERT.

SON ROBERT,

THE virtuous inclinations of thy matchleſs mother, by whoſe tender care thy infancy was governed, together with thy late education under ſo zealous and excellent a tutor, put me rather in aſſurance than hope, that thou art not ignorant of the *ſummum bonum*, which is only able to make thee happy, as well in thy death, as in thy life; I mean the true knowledge and worſhip of thy Creator and Redeemer, without which all other things are vain and miſerable; ſo that thy youth being governed by ſo all-ſufficient a Tutor, I make no doubt but he will furniſh thy life with moral and divine documents.

Yet, that I may not ceaſe of the care beſeeming a parent towards his child, or that thou ſhouldſt have cauſe to derive thy whole felicity and welfare rather from others, than from whom thou receiveđſt thy birth and being, I think it agreeable to the affection I bear thee, to help thee with ſuch advertiſements and rules for the ſquaring thy life, as are gained rather by long experience than reading—to the end that thou, entering into this exorbitant age, mayſt be better prepared to ſhun the cautelous courſes whereunto the world, and the lack of experience, may draw thee; and becauſe I would not confound thy memory, I have reduced them into ten parts, and next unto Moſes's table, if thou imprint them in thy mind, thou ſhalt reap the benefit, and I the contentment. And theſe they are:

I. When it ſhall pleaſe God to bring thee to man's eſtate, uſe great providence and circumſpection in the choice of thy wife; for from thence will ſpring all thy future good or ill: and it is an action in which, like a ſtratagem of war, a man can err but once. If thy eſtate be good, match near home, and at leiſure: if weak, far off, and quickly. Enquire diligently of her diſpoſition, and how her parents have been inclined in their youth. Let her not be poor, how generous ſoever, for a man can buy nothing in the market with gentility; nor chooſe a baſe, uncomely creature, altogether for her wealth: for it will cauſe contempt in others, and loathing in thee. Neither make choice of a dwarf or a fool; for by the one thou ſhalt beget a race of pigmies—the other will be thy daily diſgrace; and it will vex thee to hear her talk, and thou ſhalt find to thy grief, that there is nothing ſo fulſome as a *ſhe fool*.

And touching the government of thy houſe, let thy hoſpitality be moderate, and according to the meaſure of thy eſtate, rather plentiful than ſparing, but not coſtly; for I never knew any grow poor by keeping an orderly table: but ſome conſume themſelves through ſecret vices, and then hoſpitality bears the blame; but baniſh ſwiniſh drunkenneſs of thy houſe, which is a vice that impairs health, conſumes much, and makes no ſhew. And I never heard praiſe aſcribed to a drunkard, but the well bearing of his liquor, which is a better recommendation for a brewer's horſe, or a carman, than for a gentleman, or ſerving-man. And beware thou ſpend not above three parts of the four of thy living, nor above a third part of that in thy houſe, for the other two parts will do more than defray thy extraordinaries, which will always ſurmount thy ordinaries by far; otherwiſe thou ſhalt live, like a rich beggar, in continual want, and a needy man can never live happy, nor contented; for every the leaſt diſaſter makes him ready to mortgage or ſell, and that gentleman that ſells one acre of land loſes one inch of credit; for gentility is nothing but ancient riches; ſo that if the foundation ſhrinks, the building muſt needs follow.

II. Bring thy children up in learning and obedience, yet without auſterity; praiſe them openly, reprehend them ſecretly, give them a good countenance, and a ſufficient maintenance, according to thy ability; otherwiſe thy life will ſeem their bondage, and whatever portion thou ſhalt leave them, they will thank death for it, not thee; and I am perſuaded, that the fooliſh cockerings of ſome parents, and the over-ſtern carriage of others, cauſeth more men and women to go aſtray, than their natural inclinations.

Marry thy daughters in time, leſt they marry themſelves; and ſuffer not thy ſons to paſs the Alps, for they ſhall learn nothing there but pride, blaſphemy, and atheiſm; and if by travelling they get a few broken languages, that will profit them no more than to have the ſame meat ſerved up in different diſhes. Neither by my conſent ſhalt thou train them up to the

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the wars; for he that ſets up his reſt to live by that profeſſion, can hardly be an honeſt man, or a good chriſtian; for every war is of itſelf unjuſt, unleſs the cauſe makes it juſt; beſides, it is a ſcience no longer in requeſt than in uſe, for ſoldiers in peace are like chimnies in ſummer.

III. Live not in the country without corn or cattle about thee; for he that puts his hand to his purſe for every expence of houſhold is like him that pretends to hold water in a ſieve; and what proviſion thou ſhalt want, learn to buy it at the beſt hand: for there is one penny in four ſaved between buying a thing at thy need, and when the markets and ſeaſons are fitteſt for it. And be not ſerved by kinſmen, friends, or men entreated to ſtay, for they will expect much and do little; nor with ſuch as are amorous, for their heads are always intoxicated; and keep rather a few than one too many. Feed them all, and pay them with the moſt, and then thou mayſt boldly require their ſervice and duty.

IV. Let thy kindred and thy allies be always welcome to thy table. Grace them in all other honeſt actions, for by this means thou ſhalt ſo double that bond of nature, as thou ſhalt find them ſo many advocates to plead for thee behind thy back: ſhake off the glow-worms, I mean paraſites and ſycophants, who will feed and fawn in the ſummer of thy proſperity, but in any adverſe ſtorm will ſhelter thee no more than an arbour in winter.

V. Beware of ſuretyſhip for thy beſt friends, for he that pays another's debts ſeeks his own decay; but if thou canſt not otherwiſe, chooſe rather to lend thy money thyſelf upon good bond, though thou borrow it: ſo ſhalt thou pleaſure thy friend, and ſecure thyſelf. Neither borrow money of thy friend, but rather of a mere ſtranger, where paying it thou ſhalt hear of it no more; otherwiſe, thou ſhalt eclipſe thy credit, loſe thy friend, and yet pay as dear for it as to another. But in borrowing of money be precious of thy word; for he that hath care to preſerve days of payment, is lord over other men's goods.

VI. Undertake not a ſuit againſt a poor man without receiving much wrong; for, beſides thou makeſt him thy competitor, it is a baſe conqueſt to triumph where there is no reſiſtance. Neither attempt law againſt any man, before thou haſt thoroughly reſolved thou haſt right on thy ſide; and then ſpare neither money nor pains, for a cauſe or two, ſo followed and obtained, will free thee from ſuits beſt part of thy life.

VII. Be ſure to keep ſome great man thy friend, but trouble him not with trifles; compliment him often, preſent him with money, yet ſmall gifts, and a little charge; and if thou haſt cauſe to beſtow any great gratuity, let it be ſome ſuch thing as may be daily in his ſight, otherwiſe, in thy ambitious age, thou ſhalt remain like an hop without a pole, and be made a football for every inſulting companion to ſpurn at.

VIII. Towards thy ſuperiors be humble, yet generous; with thy equals familiar, yet reſpective; towards thy inferiors ſhew much humility and ſome familiarity, as to bow thy body, ſtretch forth thy hand, or uncover thy head, and ſuch like popular compliments.---- The firſt prepares way for thy advancement, the ſecond makes thee known for a man well bred, the third gains a good report, which once got is eaſily kept; for high humility takes ſuch deep root in the minds of the multitude, as they are eaſier won by unprofitable courteſies than by churliſh benefits; yet I adviſe thee not to affect or neglect popularity too much: ſeek not to be C------, and ſhun to be R----.

IX. Truſt not any man with thy life, or credit, or eſtate; for it is more than folly for a man to enthrall himſelf to his friend, as that occaſion being offered, he dare not become his enemy.

X. Be not ſcurrilous in thy converſation, nor ſatirical in your jeſts: the one will make thee unwelcome to all company; the other will pull on quarrels, and get thee hatred of thy beſt friends; for ſulphurous jeſts, when they ſavour too much of truth, leave a bitterneſs in the minds of thoſe that are touched; and though I have already pointed at this incluſive, yet I think it neceſſary to leave it to thee as a ſpecial caution; becauſe I have ſeen ſo many prone to quip and gird, as they would rather loſe their friends than their jeſts. And if by chance their boiling brains yield any quaint ſcoff, they travail to be delivered of it, like a woman with child: theſe nimble apprehenſions are but the froth of wit.

[*Lond. Mag.*]

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The HISTORY of Miſs WILLIAMS;

In a LETTER to the EDITORS.

IN July, 1773, ſome buſineſs calling me to London, I took a lodging in the houſe of Mr. Maſon, a reputable tradeſman, near Charing Croſs: in this houſe I occupied the middle apartment, and frequently heard the not unpleaſing ſound of a light female footſtep on the floor above me, and on the ſtaircaſe.—— Good manners forbad my opening my chamber door, to indulge my curioſity with a ſight of my fellow lodger; but chance ſoon gratified my wiſh, by my accidentally coming in at the ſtreet-door as ſhe was ſtepping out. There was ſomething uncommonly intereſting in the appearance of this young perſon, excluſive of either youth or beauty, tho' ſhe poſſeſſed them both, not being above eighteen years old, and very handſome. It proceeded from a look of diffidence, and an unfaſhioned air, which denoted her to be unpractiſed in the arts or habits of the world.

She paſſed along, and I entered my landlady's parlour, impelled by an earneſt deſire to know ſomething more of the fair viſion which had glided by me.—— Mrs. Maſon readily informed me of all ſhe knew relative to this young woman, whoſe name ſhe ſaid was Williams; that ſhe had been recommended to her by a perſon whom ſhe had formerly known, and who had kept a little ſchool at Horſham in Suſſex; that ſhe had lodged and boarded with her about four months, paying regularly for her entertainment at the end of the week; that ſhe never went out, but to Church, which ſhe daily frequented, or to take a walk round the Park; that no creature had come to viſit her, nor had even a letter been directed to her, ſince ſhe had been under her roof; that ſhe was of a grave, but not a melancholy caſt, worked well at her needle, ſeemed fond of reading, and ſometimes ſung ſweetly in her own chamber, when ſhe thought no one could hear her; that ſhe often declined accompanying her to the public gardens, nor could ever be prevailed upon to ſit five minutes at a time in the ſhop; that ſhe ſometimes mentioned her having a friend in the country, whom ſhe much wiſhed to ſee, but did not expect that pleaſure ſoon.

From this account I found it impoſſible to form any reaſonable conjecture with regard to the real ſituation of the young woman. Her forlorn and friendleſs ſtate might induce a belief of her being one of thoſe unhappy females who have been ſeduced from the foſtering arms of parental affection, and kept ſecluded from the world to gratify the ſuſpicious temper of her betrayer, who, conſcious of his deſigning to abandon her, might naturally ſuſpect her fidelity to him. But in ſuch a caſe the abſence from her friends would be a ſource of ſorrow; and Miſs Williams was not ſad: her confinement, too, was voluntary, and her conſtant attendance on the ſervice of the church ſpoke a mind devoid of guilt, or its attendant, ſhame. If ſhe were privately married, her huſband would either write, or come to her, and ſhe would neceſſarily bewail his abſence; and if ſhe was what ſhe appeared to be, a virtuous ſingle woman, it was almoſt impoſſible ſhe ſhould be ſo totally unconnected with the whole world, as not to have one friend or correſpondent in it.

In ſhort, after puzzling myſelf, in vain, about this fair myſtery, I gave up all hopes of being able to unravel her deſtiny, and endeavoured to baniſh her entirely out of my mind; when one evening a loud rapping at the door, and the entrance of a perſon in a ſedan chair, who enquired for Miſs Williams, revived mine and my landlady's curioſity, who flew out of her parlour, and lighted up a gentleman nearly of my own age to her young inmate's apartment, and putting out her own candle, and gently ſtepping into a cloſet adjoining to Miſs Williams's room, ſat herſelf down to liſten to the converſation.

In about three quarters of an hour, I was ſurpriſed and ſhocked at hearing a ſudden noiſe, like that of an heavy weight tumbling on the floor, which was inſtantly followed by a loud and piercing ſhriek, and almoſt as ſuddenly echoed by Mrs. Maſon from her concealment, which ſhe now quitted, and called out for help for *the dead gentleman*. On this alarm, I flew up ſtairs, and found the diſconſolate Miſs Williams kneeling on the ground, with a ghaſtly aſpect, and vainly endeavouring to

raiſe

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raiſe a lifeleſs body, whoſe weight ſeem'd too ponderous for her ſtrength. I aided her with all of mine; and our landlord coming to our aſſiſtance, we with ſome difficulty laid the corpſe, for ſuch it now was, upon the bed.

My ſervant was inſtantly diſpatched for a ſurgeon, who arrived in a few minutes. During this interval, the unhappy girl ſhewed every ſymptom of the deepeſt ſorrow; ſhe fixed her eyes upon the lifeleſs form that lay before her, and exclaimed, "Oh! he is gone! my father, friend, and benefactor!" At the ſame time, drops, chafing, ſprinkling of water, and every other means, were uſed to call back the parting ſpirit which had ſo lately left its long-accuſtomed manſion. But when the ſurgeon had vainly tried to make the ſtagnated blood flow from the opened vein, and ſteadily pronounced that life was fled, diſtraction ſeized on the now wretched maid; ſhe tore her hair, beat her breaſt, and hardly was with-held from doing violence to herſelf. At length, quite overcome by the too ſtrong exertion of her paſſions, ſhe fainted quite away, from whence ſhe was recovered to a ſtate of languid ſtupefaction, and ſeemed inſenſible to all around her. In this melancholy ſituation ſhe was conveyed into my apartment, where I left her with Mrs. Maſon, and returned up ſtairs to have a conſultation with the man of the houſe and the ſurgeon, to determine in what manner to proceed, on this extraordinary event.

My landlord had already ſearched the pockets of the deceaſed, but found neither letter, or addreſs of any kind, that could indicate who he was. In his pocket-book there were Bank of England bills to the amount of two hundred pounds, one half of which were endorſed, in a very particular hand-writing, *Mary Williams*.

We all remained totally at a loſs in what manner to proceed, when my landlord, who was extremely anxious for the credit of his houſe, and of courſe unwilling that a coroner's inqueſt ſhould be held there, obſerved, that his wife muſt know more of the matter than we, as ſhe had been liſtening to all the diſcourſe that paſſed between the Corpſe and Miſs Williams, previous to his death. Mrs. Maſon was accordingly ſummoned from her attendance on the afflicted fair one, and queſtioned with regard to what ſhe had diſcovered in her auditory; but all our enquiries were fruitleſs: ſhe ſaid Miſs Williams only called him *Sir*, and addreſſed him with the reſpectful manners of an affectionate daughter; while he ſeemed to treat her with the familiar tenderneſs of a fond and long-abſent father.

As my landlady's information did not ſuggeſt the leaſt rule for our conduct in the preſent difficult criſis, her huſband inſiſted on her endeavouring to perſuade Miſs Williams to acquaint her with the name and abode of the deceaſed, that he might be conveyed home that night, and ſave them any further trouble; but after all her moſt earneſt enquiries, ſhe received no reply from the almoſt petrified Miſs Williams, but, "Alas! I know not."

I confeſs I was ſtartled at ſuch an anſwer, and began to fear her reaſon was diſordered by the ſhock her ſenſibility muſt have received from the ſudden death of one whom I conſidered as her parent or guardian. I therefore adviſed her being immediately let blood, and ſuffered to give full vent to her ſorrows, without being interrupted or importuned for the preſent, by any farther queſtions. With much difficulty I obtained a promiſe of profound ſilence from Mrs. Maſon, and leaving the fair mourner in poſſeſſion of my apartment, took a bed at the Hummums.

On my return home in the morning, I found the *ſearchers* had entered Mr. Maſon's houſe, and a very riotous mob was gathered round it, who threatened to pull it down, if they were not ſuffered to ſee the corpſe of the man whom they ſaid he had murdered. When I had made my way thro' the croud, I found both Mr. and Mrs. Maſon in the utmoſt diſtreſs, not knowing how to act, as Miſs Williams, though to all appearance in her perfect ſenſes, perſiſted ſtill in denying her having any knowledge of the name, family, profeſſion, or adode, of her deceaſed friend, ſaying only that he had been her benefactor from her earlieſt years, and that ſhe had no other friend but him.

I then took upon me to perſuade her to be ſo far communicative with regard to her departed friend, as might relieve the people of the houſe from the irkſomeneſs of their ſituation, and to relate by what chance ſhe became acquainted with her benefactor. I framed my addreſs towards the weeping maid with all the ſoftneſs and gentleneſs I could poſſibly aſſume: ſhe heard me patiently, and even ſeemed to ſuppreſs her ſighs, and ſtop her flowing tears, to liſten to my ſpeech; and

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and when I had ceased speaking, she rose, and with a look of the most perfect innocence, and all the firmness which attends on truth, replied to my question in the following words:

"The deepest trace that remains upon my memory, with regard to my existence, is, that I was placed, when a child, in a very wretched house at Guildford, under the care of a parish-nurse, who treated me most inhumanly. I had one day given some of my breakfast, to a little kitten that cried for hunger; which so enraged this brutal woman, that she fell upon and beat me most unmercifully.

"It happened, that at that moment, my ever dear benefactor passing by, and hearing my shrieks, humanely stept in and rescued me from the hands of my tyrant. He had justice enough to enquire into the cause of her severity, and on being informed of it, became more interested in my favour. He set me on one of his knees, and placed the kitten on t'other, and when I stroked it, and sobbed out, "Ah poor pussy!" he caught me in his arms, and seemed delighted with the tenderness of my expression to the innocent cause of my sufferings. He gave the nurse a proper reproof, and bade her to take care of the child and the cat, and he would call to see them again in a few days.

"When he left me, I thought my little heart flew after him, and his idea was never absent from my mind.----I could not then be above four years old, and yet I think if I had never seen him more, I never should have forgot him. His was the first voice that had ever soothed my infant ear with the soft sounds of fondness. In about ten days he returned, and brought an order to the nurse to deliver me to him, which she most unwillingly obeyed; but positively refused to let me take the half-starved kitten with me, unless he would pay her a guinea for it; he complied with her exorbitant demand, and so rendered two little animals happy.

"From this scene of misery I was conveyed to a very decent house at Horsham, and treated with the utmost kindness by the person to whose care I was entrusted.——I remained three years, during which time I saw my benefactor but thrice. At the expiration of that time, I was removed to a school in the same town, kept by two sisters, of the name of Tyrrel, and there I continued till the elder of them died, and the school was broke up. The youngest sister then brought me to this house, and recommended me to the care of Mrs. Mason.

"During the ten years I lived with those good women, I received an annual visit from my friend. I found he always paid a year before-hand for me, and left ten guineas in the hands of one of my mistresses, exclusive of my common expences for cloaths, and other necessaries, in case I should be sick, or he should fail to come at his usual time, which was generally the end of July, or beginning of August.

"For the last three years I spent at Horsham, I was continually resolving that the next time I saw my friend, I would enquire his name, and how I became intitled to his goodness? But the moment I beheld him, my resolution vanished. No words can ever describe the respectful tenderness I felt for him; and I should readily have persuaded myself that it was filial love, if I had not for ever recollected the particular circumstances which had first introduced me to his notice. Fatal timidity, which has left me as totally ignorant of every thing that relates to myself, as I am of my patron's name or family!

"The good Mrs. Tyrrel, when she left me in this house, gave me about forty pounds, which she said belonged to me, as it was the surplus of the money that had been left in her hands for my use. She bid me keep up my spirits, and said when my father, (for so she always called him) came to Horsham, she would let him know where she had placed me. The good woman lived but to fulfil her promise; for my departed friend informed me, last night, that she died about a week after he saw her last.

"I have now, Sir, related every circumstance with which I am acquainted, relative to my more than father, and my unhappy self. I implore your advice in the present crisis. With regard to his dear remains, let them be treated with that respect I owed him living; and the last farthing I am mistress of, shall be expended for the pious purpose. I am, thank heaven and my departed friend, who had taken care to provide me with a proper education, well qualified to get my bread, by work or service, nor do I feel an anxious thought about my future welfare."

I confess, I was charmed with the spirit of candour and generosity that appeared in Miss Williams's account of herself.

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herſelf. A mean mind would never have revealed the lowneſs of its ſituation; and the frankneſs with which ſhe acknowledged hers, raiſed her to the higheſt pitch in my eſteem. While ſhe was ſpeaking, it occurred to me, from the circumſtance of the particular ſeaſon of the year when her friend made his annual viſit into the country, that he might poſſibly be a lawyer; as the months of July and Auguſt are the uſual time of the aſſizes; and that it was likely he might be, like myſelf, an old batchelor, and might probably have chambers in ſome of our Inns of Court.

Upon this ſurmiſe, I ſet out directly for the Temple, luckily met with the porter, deſcribed the dreſs and figure of the perſon who lay dead at Mr. Maſon's, and enquired if he knew ſuch a one? The man inſtantly replied, "It muſt be my good maſter, Counſellor G-------l, whoſe ſervants were all alarmed at his ſtaying out laſt night, as he has not done ſuch a thing theſe ten years, and his elder brother, 'Squire G--------l, of Suſſex, came to town this morning, and is now waiting to ſee the Counſellor at his chambers."

I begged of the porter to conduct me thither, and met the gentleman he mentioned, whoſe appearance confirmed his relation to the deceaſed. With the beſt preparation which the time would admit of, I informed him of the circumſtances of his brother's death, and took occaſion to mention his attachment to Miſs Williams. We ſet out together in Mr. G--------l's coach; and the moment he beheld the corpſe, Nature proclaimed the conſanguinity of brotherhood; for he wept bitterly.

The body was immediately put into a coach, and conveyed to his late home. Mr. G------l ſaw Miſs Williams, ſpoke kindly to her, and bid her be of comfort; ſaid, he doubted not the veracity of the ſtory I had told him, was ſure his brother had made a proper proviſion for her in his will, and deſired to ſee her and me together, in a few days. In leſs than a week he ſent to deſire ſhe would come to his lodgings, in Soho-ſquare, and bring a friend with her; upon which ſummons ſhe intreated Mrs. Maſon and me to accompany her.

Mr. G--------l received us very politely, but with an air of real concern told our young friend, that after the moſt diligent ſearch through his brother's papers, he had not been able to find a will, nor any memorandum wherein her name was mentioned, except one of a very ſlight nature, in a pocket-book, which was fourteen years old; he therefore entreated her to recollect, if poſſible, what kind of connection there had been between his late brother and her, and aſſured her, that if ſhe could claim any relationſhip, or even promiſe of proviſion from him, he would do more than juſtice to her plea.

The honeſt generous girl frankly declared ſhe had not the leaſt claim to his intended bounty, and without the leaſt heſitation or variation related the ſame ſtory with which the reader is already acquainted. I ſaw Mr. G-----l's countenance much moved, during her artleſs tale; which when ſhe had finiſhed, he produced the pocket-book he had mentioned, in which were only theſe few words: "Auguſt 3d, 1759, I have this day taken a female child under my protection, whom I mean to educate and provide for, as ſhe is friendleſs, and of an amiable diſpoſition. Her name is Mary Williams."

"Now, madam, ſaid Mr. G--------l, I am fully convinced you are the perſon here mentioned, from the particulars of your own ſtory. Your candour in relating it deſerves a reward; and my reſpect for my brother's memory inclines me to fulfil his wiſh. I will, therefore, to-morrow morning, order my lawyer to draw up a deed of gift, which ſhall convey to you the ſum of one hundred pounds per annum, during your life; and if a match worthy of your merit ſhould be propoſed to you, I will then add one thouſand pounds to it, upon your wedding-day. In the mean time, accept of this ſum (preſenting her with the hundred pounds in bills, which had been found in Counſellor G--------l's pocket, with her name indorſed) as a preſent from your late benefactor, and may you long enjoy my little gift!"

Mr. G--------l might have gone on much longer, without interruption.----- Gratitude had overpowered every faculty of the gentle Williams's ſoul; and left her but juſt ſtrength ſufficient to throw herſelf at his feet, burſting into a flood of tears.--------Mrs. Maſon was ſtruck dumb with aſtoniſhment, and ſtared at the good man as a ſupernatural being. For my part, "altho' unuſed to the melting mood," I found it neceſſary to apply my handkerchief to my eyes, and remained ſilent, becauſe I could not ſpeak.

[*Weſtm. Mag.*]

SINGULAR

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SINGULAR ACCOUNT OF

A MUSICAL PERFORMER.

To the EDITORS *of the* MONTHLY MISCELLANY.

AS I am desirous of contributing, as far as in my power, to your valuable *Monthly Miscellany*'s entertaining productions, permit me to send you an extract of a letter from Bury St. Edmund's, in Suffolk, dated Oct. 28,

"During our annual fair here this month, a young Gentleman, who seems to be about 26 years of age, came upon a visit to a friend in this town, and has greatly entertain'd, as well as agreeably surpriz'd, many who have been in his company, by a method of diversion truly singular; and which, I dare venture to say, he may challenge all England to perform besides himself—which is, by imitating so well, with his voice and a violin, several different instruments, that at a little distance, even a *good* judge of music might really imagine it was a whole band performing in concert, and he has deceiv'd many who have heard him.

"He sings in three distinct voices; a clear treble, a good tenor, and a strong bass. I have heard him several times, and have been much entertain'd with his astonishing command of voice, sometimes imitating the French Horn, and at others the Organ, and Trumpet, extremely naturally; while he play'd off some of the finest songs out of the Oratorio of the Messiah, especially *I know that my Redeemer liveth*, &c. &c. *The trumpet shall sound*, &c. with the grand chorus, *Worthy is the Lamb that was slain*, &c. with judgment and execution.

"Pray, if you can, do get to hear him in London. I find he lives in H——— street, and his name is ******. He is a gentleman of fortune and character, I'm inform'd, and ready to entertain any one of a musical turn, who is desirous of hearing him. You'll be greatly delighted, I'm certain, especially as I know you are fond of every thing out of the common road, which this gentleman's performance may justly be reckon'd, as it may without impropriety be stil'd, what I believe was never heard of in the world before:

A CONCERT *perform'd by a Gentleman,*
SOLUS.

I am, dear Sir, &c."

For the MISCELLANY,

CHARACTER OF

EVAGORAS, KING OF SALAMIN,

By ISOCRATES.

THOUGH he was only king of a little state, Isocrates, who was able to judge of virtue and merit, compares him with the most powerful Monarchs, and proposes him as the perfect model of a good King, convinced that not the extent of provinces, but extent of mind, and greatness of soul, constitute great princes. He does, in fact, point out to us many qualities truly royal in him, and which ought to give us a very high idea of his merit.

Evagoras was not of the number of those princes, who believe that to reign is sufficient to be of the Blood Royal, and that the birth, which gave us a right to the crown, gives also the merit and qualities necessary to wear it with honour.—— He did not fancy that it could be supposed, as every other condition and station of life made a kind of apprenticeship necessary to its success, the art of reigning, the most difficult and important of all, should require no pains and preparation for its attainment.

He came into the world with the most happy dispositions; a great fund of genius, an easy conception, a lively and instant penetration, which nothing escaped; and a solidity of judgment, that immediately

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reſolved what it was neceſſary to act; qualities which might ſeem to diſpenſe with all ſtudy and application; and yet, as if he had been born without talents, and found himſelf obliged to ſupply what he might by nature, he neglected no means for the embelliſhment of his mind, and employed a conſiderable part of his time in inſtructing himſelf, in reflecting, meditating, and conſulting the judgment and merit of others.

When he aſcended the throne, his greateſt care and application was to know mankind, in which the ability of a prince, and of thoſe who are at the head of affairs, principally conſiſt. He had, no doubt, prepared himſelf for that ſcience by the ſtudy of hiſtory, which gives a kind of anticipation of it, ſupplies the place of experience, and teaches us what the men are with whom we live, by what they have been in other ages. But we ſtudy men quite differently in themſelves: by their manners, characters, conduct and actions. The love of the commonwealth rendered him attentive to all perſons, who were capable of ſerving or hurting it. He applied himſelf to the diſcovery of their moſt ſecret inclinations and principles of action, and to the knowledge of their different talents and degrees of capacity, in order to aſſign each his proper poſt, to beſtow authority according to merit, and to make the private and public good promote each other. He neither rewarded nor puniſhed his ſubjects, ſays Iſocrates, from the report of others, but ſolely upon his own knowledge and experience of them; and neither the virtues of the good, nor the vices of the bad, eſcaped his virtue and penetration. He had one quality very ſeldom found in thoſe who poſſeſs the firſt rank in authority, eſpecially when they believe themſelves capable of governing alone; I mean a wonderful docility and attention to the ſenſe of others, which aroſe from a diffidence in his own abilities. With his great qualities he did not ſeem to have occaſion for recourſe to the counſel of others, and nevertheleſs made no reſolution, and formed no enterprize, without having firſt conſulted the wiſe perſons he had placed about him in his court, inſtead of which, pride and preſumption, the latent poiſons of ſovereign power, incline the greateſt part of thoſe who arrive at thrones, either to aſk no counſel at all, or not to follow it when they do.

Intent upon diſcovering the excellent in every form of government, and in private life, he propoſed the uniting of all their high qualities, and great advantages in himſelf; affable and popular, as in a republican ſtate; grave and ſerious, as in the council of the aged and the ſenate; ſteady and deciſive as monarchy, after mature deliberation; a profound politician, by the extent and rectitude of his views; an accompliſhed warrior, from intrepid valour in battles, directed by wiſe moderation; a good father, a good relation, a good friend, and what crowns all his praiſe, in every circumſtance of his character, always great, and always himſelf.

He ſupported his dignity and rank, not with an air of pride and haughtineſs, but by a ſerenity of aſpect, and a mild and eaſy majeſty, reſulting from innate virtue, and the evidence of a good conſcience. He won the hearts of his friends by his liberality, and conquered others by a greatneſs of ſoul, to which they could not refuſe their eſteem and admiration.

But what was moſt royal in him, and attracted the entire confidence of his ſubjects, neighbours, and even enemies, was his ſincerity, faith, and regard to all his engagements, and his hatred, or rather deteſtation, for all diſguiſes, falſhood, and fraud. A ſingle word on his ſide had as much regard paid to it as the moſt ſacred oath; and it was univerſally known that nothing was capable of inducing him to violate it in the leaſt circumſtance whatſoever.

It was by all theſe excellent qualities that he effectually reformed the city of Salamin, and entirely changed the face of its affairs in a very ſhort time. He found it groſs, ſavage, and barbarous, without any taſte either for learning, commerce, or arms. What cannot a prince do that loves his people, and is beloved by them? who believes himſelf great and powerful only to render them happy; and knows how to ſet a juſt value upon, and do honour to their labours, induſtry, and merit of every kind?

He had been many years upon the throne, before arts, ſciences, commerce, navigation, and military diſcipline were ſeen to flouriſh at Salamin; inſomuch, that that city did not give place to the moſt opulent of Greece.

Iſocrates often repeats, that in the praiſes he gives Evagoras, of which I have only extracted a part, far from exaggerating any thing, he falls always ſhort of truth. To what can we attri-

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bute a reign ſo wiſe, ſo juſt, ſo moderate, ſo conſtantly employed in rendering his ſubjects happy, and in promoting the public good? The condition of Evagoras, before he came to govern, ſeems to me to have contributed very much to it.

The being born a prince, and having never experienced any other condition but that of maſter and ſovereign, are, in my opinion, great obſtacles to the knowledge and practice of that high ſtation. Evagoras, who came into the world under a tyrant, had long obeyed before he commanded. He had been born in a private and dependant life, the yoke of an abſolute and deſpotic power. He had ſeen himſelf expoſed to envy and calumny, and had been in danger for his merit and virtue. Such a prince had only to be told upon his aſcending the throne, what was ſaid to a great emperor (Trajan) "You have not always been what you are now. Adverſity has prepared you to make a good uſe of power. You have lived long amongſt us, and like us, you have been in danger under bad princes. You have trembled for yourſelf, and know by experience how virtue and innocence have been treated." What he had perſonally ſuffered, what he had feared for himſelf or others, what he had ſeen unjuſt and unreaſonable in the conduct of his predeceſſors, had opened his eyes, and taught him all his duty. It ſufficed to tell him, what the Emperor Galba told Piſo, when he adopted him his aſſociate in the empire:---"Remember what you condemned or applauded in princes when you were a private man. You have only to conſult the judgment paſſed upon them, and act conformably to it, for your inſtruction in the art of reigning well."

Evagoras is ſuppoſed to have reigned about the æra of the world, 3618, before Chriſt 385.

Iſlington. HENRICUS.

ON

SATURDAY, AND ABSURD CLEANLINESS.

My wife's of manners, gentle, pure, and kind,
An honeſt heart—a moſt ingenuous mind;
Beauteoua and gay, domeſtic without vice;
And but one fault—indeed ſhe's over nice.
Mops, pails, and bruſhes, duſters, matts, and ſoap,
Are ſcepters of controul—her joy, her hope.
Each day we ſcrub and ſcower houſe, yard, and limb,
And on a Saturday, ye Gods, we ſwim!

THO' Xantippe once broke the head of Socrates, and he had temper to bear it, yet, if we had the old fellow amongſt us now, I believe we ſhould try his philoſophic patience on a Saturday. The rage of ſcowering and cleanſing is not peculiar to our houſe, for I find all my friends complain of the univerſal deluge on the Saturday. In ſhort, it is the vice of our Ladies; and what they call being only clean, is a general inconvenience to buſineſs and health.

The cleaning begins, like the ſabbath of the Jews, of the Friday, being ordered haſtily and early to bed---that the dining-room may be ſcrubbed out;---or elſe are all crammed into a little parlour, and ſmothered, by way of being cleanly.---To accompliſh this, the ſtairs being juſt ſcowered, we are all commanded to go up bare-footed, though at the riſk of a tertian ague, or a ſore throat.

Early in the morning the ſervants are rung up, and for the operation of the morning dreſſed accordingly; and, tho' ſmart enough on other occaſions, yet to ſee them in their Saturday's garb for the mop and broom rencounter, you would imagine them to be Sybils, or Norwood Fortune-tellers.

To get at the breakfaſt-room, I am under the neceſſity of wading over the ſhoes; and if I am not very accurate in my ſteerage, I am ſure to tumble over a pail, or break my ſhins a-croſs the mop. The weather hath nothing to do with this aquatic operation; froſt or ſnow, dry or wet, the houſe muſt be cleaned on that day; and, during breakfaſt, every door and window is opened to give a quick current to the air, that the rooms may be dried ſoon. By this means, unleſs cloathed in furr, I am periſhed to death, and ſure to take cold. Arguments avail nothing. Miſtreſſes and ſervants are combined in the watry plot, and ſwim or drown is the only alternative.

Sometimes I have pleaded for a room that

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that hath not been uſed in the week;—but in vain:—the word *waſh* is general; and all muſt float, from the garret to the cellar. I once or twice in my life ventured to take a peep at the Cook in the Kitchen; but, to be ſure, no Fury could look ſo fierce; her hair was diſhevelled about her ſhoulders; ſhe mounted on high pattens; her dreſſers covered with pots and pans, and her face all beſmeared with ſoot and brick-duſt.

The animals, too, upon this day of execution, ſkulk into holes and corners; the dogs retreat with their tails between their legs to the ſtable; and poor domeſtic puſs is obliged to aſcend a beer-barrel in the cellar, by way of throne, where ſhe purrs away her time, longing for the return of the dove and the olive branch, as much as Noah did in the old ſurge-beaten ark.

But theſe misfortunes are not all: My wife, and all the maids, as if by intuition or agreement, or inſpiration, or deviliſh witchcraft, are all in the dumps; they univerſally put on one face; and by the lip of Hebe I ſwear, for theſe laſt ten years, I have not ſeen a Saturday ſmile on their fair faces.

I have often thought Mr. Addiſon took his hint of the firſt ſpeech in his Cato, from the laſt day of the week at his houſe; for great wits are very apt to adopt ſublime paſſages from very ludicrous hints; and tho' ſome people may call it a parody, I am rather inclined to believe it an original thought.

The dawn is overcaſt, the morning low'rs,
And heavily in clouds brings on the day;
Th' important Saturday;
The great, th' important, humid Saturday,
Big with the fate of Bucket—and of Broom!

This Saturday carries with it a general perſecution. It is not that we are harraſſed from room to room; floated from the cellar to the garret; waſhed out of the houſe of eaſe; and ſtarved to death with thorough airs, but our ſtomachs, our craving bellies, pinch for it too.

Nothing is to be fouled; all is to be reſerved for Sunday. The dinner muſt be made of ſmall ſcraps; the pantry muſt be cleared, tho' the offals are muſty, and the bread is mouldy; for the laws of Media and Perſia will ſooner give way, than the adopted tyranny ſupported once a week in every manſion. I very often, to keep off the ague, draw a cork extraordinary, for there is poſitively nothing elſe left for it; and if by misfortune a drop of wine ſullies the bright Bath lacquer'd table, my Lady riſes with the dignity of a pontiff, and with a rubber labours for twenty minutes againſt the ſpot—for our tables, you muſt know, ever ſince we got the receipt at Speenhamland for cleaning mahogany, would ſerve the purpoſe of looking-glaſſes; and this is the brighteſt jewel in our diadem. Now, tho' my wife poſſeſſeth the virtues of Dian---yet, the plagues of Egypt never came on the natives once a week, to which we are bound to ſubmit,---in ſpite of every argument ſalutary and feſtive.

I know but one wedded fair one who is a happy contradiction to this weekly rule of conduct; which is Bellaflora;---ſhe is never diſturbed by the waſhing; hath conſtantly the ſame table covered, and the ſame temper to grace it: ſhe never conſiders cleanlineſs further than as conducive to decency and health; and then embraces ſuch opportunities, that the very cat of the family ſhall not be under the diſtreſs of wetting her feet. The morning, early, is uſed to adjuſt theſe matters—the night late---or abſent hours, which fall to the lot of every family.

[*Weſt. Mag.*]

A LETTER to a YOUNG LADY,
On FEMALE AMUSEMENTS.

EVERY period of life, my worthy girl, has amuſements which are natural and proper to it. You may indulge the variety of your taſte in theſe, while you keep within the bounds of that propriety which is ſuitable to your ſex.

Some amuſements are conducive to health, as various kinds of exerciſe: ſome are connected with qualities really uſeful, as different kinds of women's work, and all the domeſtic concerns of a family:---ſome are elegant accompliſhments, as dreſs, dancing, muſic, and drawing: ſuch books as improve your underſtanding, enlarge your knowledge, and cultivate your taſte, may be conſidered in a higher point of view than mere amuſements.—There are a variety of others, which are neither

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neither useful nor ornamental, such as play of different kinds.

I would particularly recommend to you those exercises that oblige you to be much abroad in the open air, such as walking and riding on horse-back. These will give vigour to your constitution, and a bloom to your complexion. If you accustom yourself to go abroad always in carriages, you will soon become so enervated, as to be unable to go out of doors without them. They are like most articles of luxury, useful and agreeable when judiciously used; but, when habitual, they become both insipid and pernicious.

An attention to your health is a duty you owe to yourself and and to your friends: But health seldom fails to have an influence on the spirits and temper.---The finest geniuses, the most delicate minds, have very frequently a correspondent delicacy of bodily constitution, which they are too apt to neglect. Their luxury lies in reading and late hours, equally enemies to health and beauty, But, tho' good health be one of the greatest blessings of life, never make a boast of it, but enjoy it in grateful silence. We so naturally associate the idea of female softness and delicacy with a correspondent delicacy of constitution, that, when a woman speaks of her great strength, her extraordinary appetite, her ability to her excessive fatigue, we recoil at the description in a way she is little aware of.

The intention of your being taught needle-work, knitting, and such-like, is not on account of the intrinsic value of all you can do with your hands, which is trifling; but to enable you to judge more perfectly of that kind of work, and to direct the execution, and to direct the execution of it in others. Another principal end is to enable you to fill up, in a tolerably agreeable way, some of the many solitary hours your must necessarily pass at home.——It is a great article, in the happiness of life, to have your pleasures as independant of others as possible. By continually gadding abroad in search of amusement, you lose the respect of all your acquaintances, whom you oppress with those visits, which by a more discreet management might have been courted.

The domestic œconomy of a family is entirely a woman's province, and furnishes a variety of subjects for the exertion both of good sense and good taste: if you ever come to have the charge of a family, it ought to engage much of your time and attention, nor can you be excused from this by any extent of fortune, though, with a narrow one, the ruin that follows the neglect of it may be more immediate.

I am at the greatest loss what to advise you in regard to books. There is no impropriety in reading history, or cultivating any art or science to which genius or accident leads you. The whole volume of nature lies open to your eye, and furnishes an infinite variety of entertainment: if I was sure that nature had given you such strong principles of taste and sentiment as would remain with you, and influence your future conduct, with the utmost pleasure, would I endeavour to direct your reading in such a way, as might form that taste to the utmost perfection of truth and elegance. 'But when I reflect how easy it is to warm a girl's imagination, and how difficult deeply and permanently to affect her heart; how readily she retires into every refinement of sentiment, and how easily she can sacrifice them to vanity or convenience;' I think I may very probably do you an injury by artificially creating a taste, which, if nature never gave it you, would only serve to embarrass your future conduct.------I do not want to make you any thing: I want to know what nature has made you, and to perfect you on her plan. I do not wish to have sentiments that might perplex you; I wish you to have sentiments that may uniformly and steadily guide you, and such as your heart so thoroughly approves, that you would not forego them for any consideration this world could offer.

Dress is an important article in female life; the love of dress is natural to your sex, and therefore it is proper and reasonable. Good sense will regulate your expence in it, and good taste will direct you to dress in such a way as to conceal any blemish, and set off your beauties to the greatest advantage. But much delicacy and judgment are required in the application of this rule.---A fine woman shews her charms to most advantage, when she seems most to conceal them. The finest bosom in nature is not so fine as what imagination forms. The most perfect elegance of dress appears always the most easy, and the least studied.

Do not confine your attention to dress to your public appearance. Accustom yourself to an habitual neatness, so that, in the most careless undress, in your most unguarded hours, you may have no reason to be ashamed of your appearance.

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---You will not eaſily believe how much we conſider your dreſs as expreſſive of your characters. Vanity, liberty, ſlovenlineſs, folly, appear thro' it. An elegant ſimplicity is an equal proof of taſte and delicacy.

In dancing, the principal parts you are to attend to are eaſe and grace. I would have you to dance with ſpirit, but never allow yourſelves to be ſo far tranſported with mirth, as to forget the delicacy of your ſex----Many a girl, dancing in the gaiety and innocence of her heart, is thought to diſcover a ſpirit ſhe little dreams of.

I know no entertainment, that gives ſuch pleaſure to a perſon of ſentiment and humour, as the theatre.---But I am ſorry to ſay there are few Engliſh comedies a lady can ſee, without a ſhock to delicacy. You cannot readily ſuſpect the comments gentlemen make on your behaviour on ſuch occaſions. Men are often beſt acquainted with the moſt worthleſs of your ſex, and from them too readily form their judgment of the reſt. A virtuous girl often hears very indelicate things with a countenance no ways embarraſſed, becauſe, in truth, ſhe does not underſtand them. Yet this is, moſt ungenerouſly, aſcribed to that command of features, and that ready preſence of mind, which you are thought to poſſeſs in a degree far beyond us; or, by ſtill more malignant obſervance, it is aſcribed to hardened effrontery.

Sometimes a girl laughs with all the ſimplicity of unſuſpected innocence, for no other reaſon, but being infected with other people's laughing; ſhe is then believed to know more than ſhe ſhould do. ----If ſhe does happen to underſtand an improper thing, ſhe ſuffers a very complicated diſtreſs: ſhe feels her modeſty hurt in the moſt ſenſible manner, and, at the ſame time, is aſhamed of appearing conſcious of the injury. The only way to avoid theſe inconveniences is never to go to a play that is particularly offenſive to delicacy.----Tragedy ſubjects you to no ſuch diſtreſs:----Its ſorrows will ſoften and ennoble your hearts.

I need ſay little about gaming, as I flatter myſelf you have no reliſh for it. It is a ruinous and incurable vice; and, as it leads to all the ſelfiſh and turbulent paſſions, is peculiarly odious in your ſex. I have no objection to your playing a little at any kind of game, as a variety in your amuſements, provided that what you can poſſibly loſe is ſuch a trifle, as can neither intereſt or hurt you.

In this, as well as in all important points of conduct, ſhew a determined reſolution and ſteadineſs. This is not, in the leaſt, inconſiſtent with the ſoftneſs and gentleneſs ſo amiable in your ſex. On the contrary, it gives that ſpirit to a mild and ſweet diſpoſition, without which it is apt to degenerate into inſipidity. To conclude, it makes you reſpectable in your own eyes, and dignifies you in ours.

I am, &c.

[*Univ. Mag.*]

CURIOUS SKETCHES OF EMINENT CHARACTERS, who flouriſhed formerly in theſe Kingdoms.

From the Rev. Mr. GRANGER's SUPPLEMENT to his BIOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARY.

JOHN DEE was a man of extenſive learning, particularly in the mathematics, in which he had few equals; but he was vain, credulous, and enthuſiaſtic: He was deep in aſtrology, and ſtrongly tinctured with the ſuperſtition of the Roſicruſians, whoſe dreams he liſtened to with eagerneſs, and become as great a dreamer himſelf as any of the fraternity.--He appears to have been, by turns, a a dupe and a cheat, but acquired prodigious reputation, and was courted by the greateſt princes in Europe, who thought, that, in poſſeſſing him, they ſhould literally poſſeſs a treaſure. He was offered large penſions by the Emperor Charles V. Ferdinand, Maximilian, Rodolph, and the Czar of Muſcovy. He travelled over great part of Europe, and ſeems to have been revered by moſt perſons of rank and eminence, as a being of a ſuperior order. He pretended that a black ſtone, or ſpeculum, which he made great uſe of, was brought him by angels, and that he was particularly intimate with Raphael and Gabriel.

EDWARD KELLY, the aſſociate of his ſtudies and travels, who was eſteemed an adept

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adept in chemiſtry, was appointed his ſeer or ſpeculator. He is ſaid to have written down what came from the mouths of the angels or dæmons that appeared in the ſpeculum. His reputation, as a Roſicruſian, was equal, at leaſt, to that of Dr. Dee; but he was ſo unfortunate as to loſe both his ears at Lancaſter. It was confidently reported that he raiſed a dead body in that country. He was impriſoned for a cheat in Germany; a country which hath produced more dupes to alchemy than all the other nations in Europe. He pretended that he was enjoined by ſome of his friends, the angels, to have a community of wives; and he ſo ſtrictly adhered to this injunction, that he ſeems to have made it a part of his religion. Kelly died miſerably, from the effects of a fall, in eſcaping from his confinement in Germany; and Dee, very poor, at Mortlake, in Surry; the former in October 1595; the latter in 1608, in the 81ſt year of his age. The black ſtones, into which Dee uſed to call his ſpirits, was in the collection of the Earls of Peterborough, whence it came to Lady Elizabeth Germaine. It was next the property of the late Duke of Argyle, and is now Mr. Walpole's. It appears, upon examination, to be nothing but a poliſhed piece of canal coal. But this is what he means, when he ſays,

Kelly did all his feats upon
The Devil's looking-glaſs, a ſtone.

Hudibras, Part II. Canto 3d.

JOHN TAYLOR, commonly called the Water Poet, a native of Glouceſter, was intended by his parents for a ſcholar; but his inclination not leading him to learning, though it did to poetry, he was taken from ſchool before he had gone thro' his Accidence, and bound apprentince to a waterman. After he had quitted the oar, he kept a victualling-houſe, in Phœnix-Alley, Long-Acre, where he hung up his own head for a ſign, with this inſcription:

There's many a head ſtands for a ſign,
Then, gentle reader, why not mine.

He, according to Mr. Wood, did great ſervice to the Royal cauſe, in the reign of Charles I. by his lampoons and paſquils. The works of Taylor, which are not deſtitute of natural humour, abound with that low jingling wit, which pleaſed and prevailed in the reign of James I. and which too often bordered, at leaſt, upon bombaſt and nonſenſe. He was countenanced by a few perſons of rank and ingenuity, but was the darling and admiration of numbers of the rabble. He was himſelf the father of ſome cant words, and he has adopted others, which were only in the mouths of the loweſt vulgar.---His rhyming ſpirit did not evaporate with his youth; he held the pen much longer than he did the oar, and was the Poetaſter of half a century. He died in 1654, aged 74.

ROGER ASCHAM, who was born at North Allerton, in Yorkſhire, and educated at St. John's College, in Cambridge, was one of the brighteſt geniuſes and politeſt ſcholars of his age. He was public orator of the Univerſity of Cambridge, and Latin Secretary to Edward VI. Queen Mary, and Queen Elizabeth; the laſt of whom he taught to write a fine hand, and inſtructed in the Greek and Latin languages, of which he was a conſummate maſter. His letters are valuable both for ſtile and matter, and are almoſt the only claſſical work of that kind, written by an Engliſhman. The moſt perfect collection of them, was that publiſhed by Mr. Elſtole; but he had omitted the Author's poems, which are printed in other editions. His Schoolmaſter abounds with great good ſenſe, as well as knowledge of Ancient and Modern Hiſtory; it is alſo expreſſive of the great humanity of the Author, who was for making the paths of knowledge as level and pleaſant as poſſible, and for trying every gentle method for enlarging the mind, and winning the heart. His Toxophilus, a treatiſe of ſhooting in the long bow, of which he was exceſſive fond, is rather whimſical.---He ſeems to think that a man, who would be a complete Archer, ſhould have as great a compaſs of knowledge as he poſſeſſed himſelf. He died the 4th of January, 1569.

WILLIAM LITHGOW, a Scotſman, born the latter end of the 15th century, whoſe ſufferings by impriſonment and torture at Malaga, and whoſe travels on foot over Europe, Aſia, and Africa, ſeem to raiſe him almoſt to the rank of a martyr and a hero, publiſhed an account of his perigrinations and adventures. Though the Author deals much in the marvellous, the horrid account of the ſtrange cruelties of which, he tells us, he was the ſubject, have, however, an air of truth. Soon after his arrival in England, from Malaga, he was carried to Theobald's on a feather-bed, that King James might be an eye-witneſs of a martyr'd anatomy, by which he means his wretched body, mangled, and reduced to a ſkeleton. The whole

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Court crouded to see him; and his Majesty ordered him to be taken care of; and he was twice sent to Bath at his expence. By the King's command, he applied to Gondamor, the Spanish Ambassador, for the recovery of the money, and other things of value, which the Governor of Malaga had taken from him, and for a thousand pounds for his support. He was promised a full reparation for the damage he had sustained, but the perfidious Minister never performed his promise.—— When he was upon the point of leaving England, Lithgow upbraided him with the breach of his word, in the Presence-chamber, before the Gentlemen of the Court. This occasioned their fighting upon the spot; and the Ambassador, as the traveller oddly expressed it, had his fistula contrabanded with his fist. The unfortunate Lithgow, who was generally commended for his spirited behahiour, was sent to the Marshalsea, where he continued a prisoner nine months. At the conclusion of the octavo edition of his Travels, he informs us, that in his three voyages, his painful feet have traced over (besides passages of seas and rivers) thiry-six thousand and odd miles, which draweth near to twice the circumference of the whole earth.

[*Univ. Mag.*]

A CURIOUS

ANECDOTE, relating to ANDREW MARVEL.

ON that side of the Humber, opposite to Kingston, lived a Lady, whose virtue and good sense recommended her to the esteem of Mr. Marvel, (the father) as his piety and understanding obliged her to take particular notice of him. From this reciprocal approbation arose an intimacy, which was soon improved into a strict friendship. This Lady had a daughter, whose integrity, devotion, filial duty, and exemplary behaviour, endeared her to all who were acquainted with her, and rendered her the darling of her mother, whose fondness for her grew to such a pitch, that she could scarce ever bear to let her be out of her sight.

Mr. Marvel being desirous of increasing, and perpetuating the friendship between the two families, asked the lady to let her beloved daughter come to Kingston, to stand god-mother to a child of his. She consented to his request, as she had a sincere regard for him; though she, by her compliance with it, deprived herself of the pleasure of her daughter's company for a longer time (there being a necessity for the young lady's sleeping at Kingston that night) than she would have agreed to, had any person but Mr. Marvel been the solicitor upon such an occasion.

The young lady came over to Kingston, and the ceremony was performed.

The next day, when she went down to the water-side, in order to return home, she found the wind very high, and the water so rough, that the passage was dangerous: it was indeed supposed to be so dangerous, at this time, by the watermen, that they earnestly dissuaded her from all thoughts of crossing the river. She, however, not having wilfully, from her birth, given her mother a moment's uneasiness, and knowing how miserable she would be till she saw her again, insisted upon going, in spite of all Mr. Marvel himself could advance, who strenuously intreated her to return to his house, and to wait there till the weather was more favourable. At last, finding her resolutely determined to risque her life rather than hazard the displeasure of a fond parent, he informed her, that as she had brought herself into that perilous situation on his account, he thought it incumbent on him, as a man of honour, and a conscientious man, to share it with her. Accordingly, when he had with difficulty prevailed on some watermen to undertake the passage, they both stepped into the boat.

Just as they put off, Mr. Marvel threw his gold-headed cane to some of his friends on shore, telling them that as he could not permit the young lady to cross the river alone, and as he was apprehensive that the passage would be fatal, he desired them to give it to his son, bidding him at the same time to remember his father. In this manner, he armed with innocence, and his fair companion with filial duty and affection, they chearfully proceeded to their inevitable destruction.---- The boat was overset, and they were drowned.

The lady, whose excessive fondness had

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had plunged her daughter and her friend into this terrible ſituation, went the ſame afternoon into her garden, and ſeated herſelf in an arbour, from whence ſhe could view the water. While ſhe was looking at the ſea, with a conſiderable deal of anxiety, as it was in a very tempeſtuous ſtate, ſhe ſaw, or rather thought ſhe ſaw, a moſt lovely boy, with flaxen hair, come into the garden, and heard him, or rather thought ſhe heard him, addreſs her, on his approaching her directly, in the following words: "Your daughter is ſafe arrived, Madam." Surprized at ſuch an addreſs, the lady replied, "My pretty dear, how didſt thou know any thing of my daughter, or that ſhe was in danger?" Then bidding him ſtay, ſhe roſe and went into the houſe to look for a piece of new money for him, as a reward for his care and diligence. When ſhe returned to the garden the child was gone; and upon making enquiries in her family about him, ſhe found that nobody except herſelf had ſeen him, and that there was no child in the neighbourhood which anſwered her deſcription. She now began to harbour ſuſpicions of her calamity; they were ſoon afterwards confirmed; and the untimely fate of her friend was a great addition to the ſorrow which ſhe felt for her unfortunate daughter. Feeling alſo for the ſuffering family of her truly reſpected friend; conſidering, that while *ſhe* had been only deprived of her maternal delights, *they* had been ſunk into a helpleſs condition; and imagining that ſhe was bound by the ſtrongeſt ties to make every kind of reparation in her power; ſhe ſent for young Marvel, took upon herſelf the charge of his education, and left him her fortune at her death.

[*Weſtm. Mag.*]

PICTURE OF A REAL GENTLEMAN.

THE word Gentleman is ſo variouſly applied, that it is impoſſible to give a juſt definition of it. Some are called Gentlemen from their birth, ſome from their riches, ſome from their ſituation, and ſome from their qualifications; but what conſtitutes the Real Gentleman, may, I think, be comprized in the following deſcription:

The Real Gentleman has a heart that that ſympathiſes with the poor, and is ſuſceptible of all the tender feelings; is a good huſband, a loving parent, a ſincere friend, a quiet neighbour, and a chearful companion. Unbiaſſed by party, and unprejudiced by any ſet of men, he directs his principal attention to the good of the public, and to the ſatisfaction of the community. In charity, he is liberal without oſtentation; and to the diſtreſſed he experiences himſelf a father by acts of humanity. He is religious without being an enthuſiaſt, pious without hypocriſy, and virtuous from innate principles of goodneſs. His deportment is graceful and eaſy, and his addreſs engaging and complaiſant. He is affable to his inferiors, agreeable with his equals, reſpectful to thoſe who are above him, cringing to none, but polite to all.

Impartial juſtice on the bench he deals,
And none his wrath but th' harden'd ſinner feels.
He ſpares no coſt nor labour in defence
Of helpleſs right, and injur'd innocence.
So much for buſineſs his capacious mind
Appears: to worthy deeds ſo much inclin'd,
That all around he plenty ſows, and peace,
And reaps of thanks and praiſe a large increaſe.

Bedford. B.

[*Weſt. Mag.*]

NATURAL HISTORY of the COW.

OF all ruminant animals, thoſe of the cow kind deſerve the firſt rank, both for their ſize, their beauty, and their ſervices. The horſe is more properly an animal belonging to the rich; the ſheep chiefly thrives in a flock, and requires attendance; but the cow is more eſpecially the poor man's pride, his riches, and his ſupport. There are many of our peaſantry that have no other poſſeſſion but a cow; and even of the advantages reſulting from this moſt uſeful creature the poor are but the nominal poſſeſſors. Its fleſh they cannot pretend to taſte,

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ſince then their whole riches are at once deſtroyed; its calf they are obliged to fatten for ſale, ſince veal is a delicacy they could not make any pretenſions to; its very milk is wrought into butter and cheeſe for the tables of their maſters; while they have no ſhare even in their own poſſeſſion, but the choice of their market.

The climate and paſture of Great-Britain is excellently adapted to this animal's moderate nature; and the verdure and the fertility of our plains are perfectly ſuited to the manner of its feeding; for, wanting the upper fore-teeth, it loves to graze in an high rich paſture. This animal makes no particular diſtinctions in the choice of its herbage, but indiſcriminately and haſtily devours the proper quantity. For this reaſon, in our paſtures, where the graſs is rather high than ſucculent, more flouriſhing than nutritious, the cow thrives admirably; and there is no part of Europe where the tame animal grows ſo large, yields more milk, or more readily fattens, than with us.

Our paſtures ſupply them with abundance, and they in return enrich the paſture. The horſe and the ſheep are known in a courſe of years to impoveriſh the ground. The reaſon is, that the horſe, being furniſhed with fore teeth in the upper jaw, nips the graſs cloſely, and, therefore only chuſes that which is the moſt delicate and tender; the ſheep, alſo, though, with reſpect to teeth, formed like the cow, only bites the moſt ſucculent parts of the herbage: theſe animals, therefore, leave all the high weeds ſtanding, and, while they cut the finer graſs too cloſely, ſuffer the ranker herbage to vegetate and over-run the paſture. ——— But it is otherwiſe with the cow; as its teeth cannot come ſo cloſe to the ground as thoſe of the horſe, nor ſo readily as thoſe of the ſheep, which are leſs, it is obliged to feed upon the talleſt vegetables that offer; thus it eats them all down, and, in time, levels the ſurface of the paſture.

The breed of cows has been improved by a foreign mixture, properly adapted to ſupply the imperfections of our own. Such as are purely Britiſh are far inferior in ſize to thoſe on many parts of the Continent; but thoſe which we have thus improved by far excel all others. Our Lincolnſhire kind derive their ſize from the Holſtein breed; and the large hornleſs cattle that are bred in ſome parts of England, came originally from Poland.

Of all quadrupedes, the cow ſeems moſt liable to alteration by the richneſs or poverty in the ſoil and paſture.------ The breed of the Iſle of Man, and Scotland, is much leſs than in England or Ireland; they are differently ſhaped alſo, the dewlap being much ſmaller, and, as the expreſſion is, the beaſt has more of the ewe neck. This, till ſome years ago, was conſidered as a deformity, and the cow was choſen with a large dewlap; however, at preſent it is the univerſal opinion, that the cow wants in udder what it has in neck, and the larger the dewlap, the ſmaller is the quantity of its milk. Our graziers now, therefore, endeavour to mix the two breeds; the large Holſtein with the ſmall northern; and from both reſults that fine milch breed, which excels any other part of the world.

ANECDOTES.

The LOIN OF BEEF.

AS King Henry VIII. was hunting in Windſor Foreſt one day, he loſt himſelf, probably on purpoſe. Upon which he ſtruck down, about dinner time, to Reading, where he diſguiſed himſelf in the habit of a yeoman of the king's guard; for one of whom, by his ſtature and figure he might well paſs.

He went to the Abbey, and was invited to dine at the Abbot's table. A Sir Loin of Beef was ſet before him, ſo knighted, ſaith tradition, by this King Henry; on which his majeſty laid on luſtily, not diſgracing the coat of a king's beef-eater, for whom he was taken. "Well fare thy heart, (quoth the abbot) and here, in a cup of ſack, I remember the health of his grace your maſter. I would give an hundred pounds, upon the condition that I could feed ſo heartily on beef as you do. Alas! my weak and ſqueamiſh ſtomach will hardly digeſt the wing of a ſmall rabbet or chicken." The King merrily pledged him, and heartily thanking him for his good chear, after dinner, departed undiſcovered.

Some weeks after, the abbot was ſent for by a King's meſſenger, brought up to London

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London, clapped into the Tower, kept close prisoner, and fed for several days with bread and water only.

The abbot's mind was sorely disquieted with thoughts and suspicions, how he might have incurred the King's displeasure. At last the day came, on which a Sir Loin of Beef was set before him, on which the abbot fed like the farmer of his grange, and verified the proverb, that "two hungry meals make the third a glutton." In bolts King Henry, out of a private lobby, where he had placed himself the invisible spectator of the abbot's behaviour. "My lord (quoth the king) lay down immediately your hundred pounds in gold, or else there shall be no going hence for you all the days of your life. I have been your physician; I have cured you of your squeamish stomach, and here, as I deserve, I demand my reward for the same."

The abbot, glad to escape so, deposited the cash, and returned to Reading, murmuring at the severity of the doctor's regimen, and the exorbitance of his fees.

[*Lond. Mag.*]

The MISER's LEGACY.

PAULINO, finding himself bowed down with age, and ready to sink into the grave, condescends to make his will. "I give and bequeath," says he---and at the word *bequeath* he sighs---"I give and bequeath all my estates unto my son Charles."---*And your cash, Sir?*---"My cash!---What that too?---Well, my cash, since it must be so, I give and bequeath unto my son Henry."---And a tear dropped down.---*Then, Sir, your house, your furniture, your*---"Hold, my friend, hold! My house, my furniture I cannot dispose of!"---Paulino would have given his reasons for it, but it was too late.---Already was his breath gone---already was he in the land of spirits.

[*West. Mag.*]

The VIZIR *and the* CHILD.

IN the reign of the wise Abaddi, a band of Arabian robbers having fortified themselves upon the top of a mountain, had desolated the roads and highways in the neighbourhood by their pillaging and barbarity, and were become formidable to the inhabitants of the country; the persons appointed for the preservation of the public peace being unable to protect them, they, therefore, petitioned the King to consult with his Ministers upon the most speedy and effectual method of dislodging the ruffians from their intrenchments, lest they should fortify themselves more strongly, A tree newly planted is easily pulled up; but, when it has taken root, it is difficult to shake it: A river may be dammed at its source with a handful of earth; but, when swelled in its run, it is difficult to cross it on an elephant. The resolution of the assembly was to appoint a crafty and vigilant man to examine the condition of the robbers, and discover an occasion of attacking them at a disadvantage. For this purpose a number of men were secretly planted in the woods and avenues of the mountains. In the mean time, a party of the robbers being abroad pillaging, and returning at midnight with their booty, were surprised by those that lay in wait for them, and carried before the King, with their hands tied behind their backs. The King ordered them all to be executed: but the Vizir, seeing among them a Youth of remarkable beauty, kissed the foot of the Sublime Throne, and addressed the King to the following purport: "Great and generous Prince! This Child has but just tasted the fruit of the vine of life; he knows not yet its value: I therefore humbly supplicate your Majesty in his behalf, and will esteem it a particular favour if the Royal clemency should extend to an unhappy criminal."

"He will never become good, (answered the King) who is by nature wicked; let us therefore cut down the trunk, and extirpate the roots. To kill the serpent, and spare the brood, would surely be no mark of wisdom." "Powerful Prince! (replied the Vizir) what the King has said is very just, but this unhappy boy has not been long with these robbers, and is not yet infected with their vices: I therefore hope, when educated among people of integrity, he will become honest. He is not yet out of the state of childhood, and cannot yet be hardened in guilt. We are not born wicked: Our parents give us what instructions they please; and we are Mahometans, Jews, Christians, or Idolaters, before we are capable of thinking. "I pardon him, (said the King) contrary to my duty and my inclination. We should never pity the wickedness of their youth; A river is easily passed near its source; but, at a greater distance from its fountain, it bears down the mules and the camels with their loads."

The Vizir, having thus obtained pardon for the little criminal, put him under the care of an able preceptor; by whose instructions he profited so much as to ren-

de-

der himself agreeable to every one, and the Vizir was so charmed with the lad's proficiency in every art and science, that he could not help praising his genius in the presence of the King, who, smiling, said, "The progeny of a wolf will prowl for prey, though reared in the dwellings of men." Accordingly, some years after, a body of rebels elected this young man their chief, and, binding themselves to him with the strongest ties, conspired the death of the Vizir and his two sons, whom they assassinated along with their credulous father, sacking his palace, carrying off his riches, and retiring to the retrenchments of the robbers, whence they exercised every species of hostility and rebellion.

When the King received intelligence of this massacre, he cried with great agitation, "It is impossible to make a good blade out of bad iron: Education will never humanize a heart that is savage by Nature. Flowers are the produce of good soils, weeds of bad ones.----We ought not to shew favour to the guilty, and attempt in vain to reclaim them by benefits: it is as dangerous, and perhaps as criminal, as to injure the innocent."

[*Univ. Mag.*]

NEW THEATRICAL PIECE.

DRURY-LANE.

ELECTRA.

ABOUT two years ago, Dr. Franklin, who translated this tragedy from Voltaire's Orestes, gave it to Mrs. Yates, to be performed for her benefit, at Covent-Garden theatre, and that actress making her appearance this season at Drury-lane for the first time these eight years, the present piece was selected for her introduction, on Saturday Oct. 15, and it must be owned Mrs. Yates shone with unparallelled lustre in the part of Electra.

The tragedy is founded upon a passage in ancient history, which has furnished matter for many fine poetical writers, particularly Sophocles, Euripides, Voltaire, Shirley, and Thomson. The story is this: While Agamemnon was at the siege of Troy, his wife Clytemnestra was seduced by Ægisthus; the event of which was, that when her husband returned, she and her lover murdered him. Ægisthus thereupon ascended the throne, and immediately imprisoned Electra, the daughter of Clytemnestra.—Orestes, her son, was next the object of his cruelty; but he was conveyed away by Electra, and remained an exile for 15 years; but the oracle having declared that he should one day destroy the murderers of his father, Ægisthus ordered his son Plisthenes to find him out, and murder him.——Orestes met the assassin by chance, and slew him; after which, attended by his friend Pylades, he set out for his native country, disguised as Plisthenes, and took with him the ashes of the deceased in an urn, as those of himself; by which means he got admittance into Mycene, and immediately made himself known to his friends. Ægisthus hearing of Orestes being come in disguise, seized upon him, and commanded him to be fettered and imprisoned, but the people rose against the usurper, and loading him with the chains designed for Orestes, dragged him to the tomb of Agamemnon, where Orestes thrusts his sword into the tyrant's heart, and pierces also that of Clytemnestra, who was flying to her husband's assistance.

The ELECTION.

A new Musical Interlude of this name was performed at the same Theatre, on Wednesday, Oct. 19; the design of which is to censure bribery and corruption, and to applaud the firmness of a virtuous Election.

The plot of this little Piece is very simple:---John, an honest old country baker, is solicited to give his vote in favour of a Court Candidate by his wife, but he determines to bestow his suffrage on Squire Trusty. Richard, a young gentleman, friend to Lord Courtly, makes love to Sally, daughter to the old couple, and, notwithstanding his regard for the Nobleman, cannot help applauding her father for giving his vote according to his conscience. The scene then discovers a street, in a market-town, crouded with people, who are employed in chairing Squire

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Squire Truſty; and, Richard having engaged to marry Sally, the Piece terminates with a Chorus Song. The muſic is compoſed by Mr. Barthelemon, and afforded great ſatisfaction to the auditors, particularly the following Airs.

RONDEAU,

By JOHN.

Honeſt John no bribe can charm,
His heart is like his oven, warm:
Tho' poor as Job,
He will not rob,
Nor ſell his truth to fill his fob.

Tools and hirelings, I'd black-ball 'em!
For to let ſuch raſcals ſit
Is as bad as uſing allum,
Or as ſelling bread ſhort weight.
Tho' I oft am mealy-handed,
I'm not mealy-mouth'd likewiſe;
For a knave I'll not be branded,
But declare without diſguiſe,
Honeſt John, &c.

What becauſe my out-ſide's duſty,
Muſt my mind be dirty too?
They perhaps, will find me cruſty,
Who now think me ſoft as dough.
I nor mind their balls nor feaſting,
Nor their ſpecious promiſe heed;
What's the bread without the yeaſt in?
What's the word without the deed?
Honeſt John, &c.

AIR, by JOHN.

Whilſt happy in my native land,
I boaſt my country's charter,
I'll never baſely lend my hand
Her liberties to barter.
The noble mind is not at all
By poverty degraded;
'Tis guilt alone can make us fall,
And well I am perſuaded,
Each free-born Briton's ſong ſhould be,
"Or give me death or Liberty!"

Tho' ſmall the pow'r which fortune grants,
And few the gifts ſhe ſends us,
The lordly hireling often wants
That freedom which defends us.
By law ſecur'd from lawleſs ſtriſe,
Our houſe is our Caſtellum:
Thus bleſt all that's dear in life,
For lucre ſhall we ſell 'em!
No; ev'ry Briton's ſong ſhou'd be,
"Or give me Death or Liberty!"

AIR, by SALLY.

Adieu to ſilks and ſattins,
To love and peace adieu!
Each day in homely pattens,
I ſtill muſt bake and brew.

Each morn, at early riſing,
Muſt twirl the hated mop,
And' ev'ry thought diſguiſing,
Attend my father's ſhop.
Adieu, &c.

AIR, By RICHARD.

Ah! let it ne'er with truth be ſaid,
That public Virtue droops her head;
That Engliſh Faith ſhould luckleſs prove,
Or croſs one Engliſh virgin's love.

If in my Sally's youthful heart
Her Richard e'er may claim a part,
This happy hour ſhall ſmiling prove
That honour firmly fixes love.

The MAID of the OAKS.

THE Fete Champetre given in the ſummer at the Oaks, in Surry, has given a hint to the dramatic geniuſes to furniſh an amuſement of that rural kind for the ſtage. The ſtory of the preſent piece (which was acted for the firſt time on the 5th inſtant) is very ſimple, but the muſic, the ſcenery, decorations, and dreſſes, were extremely attracting.

The fable is very little more than this:---Mr. Oldworth, a gentleman of family and fortune, retires ſoon after the death of his wife, to a ſeat called Oldſworth's Oaks, with his daughter Maria, the Maid of the Oaks. In this retreat they are viſited by Sir Henry Groveby, who, on ſeeing Maria, falls in love with her; Mr. Oldworth refers him to a probation of ſix months, at the end of which time the wedding is celebrated as a rural feſtival, in a manner ſimilar to that of Lord Stanley and Lady Betty Hamilton.

The following Songs met with great approbation.

SONG I.

Come, ſing round my favourite tree,
Ye ſongſters that viſit the grove;
'Twas the haunt of my ſhepherd and me;
And the bark is a record of love.

Reclin'd on the turf, by my ſide,
He tenderly pleaded his cauſe;
I only with bluſhes reply'd,
And the nightingale fill'd up the pauſe.
DA CAPO.
Come, ſing round, &c.

SONG II.

Mrs. SMITH.

Breezes that attend the ſpring,
Bear the ſound on roſy wing;
Waft the ſwelling notes away,
'Tis Maria's wedding-day.

CHORUS of female Voices.
Spread the tidings o'er the plain,
Call around each maid and ſwain,
Dreſs'd in garlands freſh and gay,
'Tis Maria's bridal day.

Mrs

Mr. VERNON.

Hence ſuſpicion, envy, ſtriſe,
Ev'ry ill that poiſons life,
Skuſking vice, and ſpecious art,
All that ſpoils or cheats the heart.

CHORUS of Men.

Here the chaſt'n'd loves invite,
Harmleſs dalliance, pure delight,
Choral ſonnet, feſtive play;
'Tis Maria's bridal day.

Mr. VERNON.

Plenty come, with ceaſeleſs hoard;
Mirth, to crown the ev'ning board;
Truth, the nuprial bed to guard;
Joy and Peace, its bright reward.

Mrs. SMITH.

But the chief invited gueſt,
Health in roſy mantle dreſt,
Come, and with thy lengthen'd ſtay,
Make her life a bridal day.

CHORUS.

Spread the tidings o'er the plain,
Call around each maid and ſwain,
Dreſt in garlands freſh and gay,
'Tis Maria's bridal day.

SONG III.

Ye fine fangled folks, who from cities & courts,
By your preſence enliven the fields,
Accept for your welcome, our innocent ſports,
And the fru ts that our induſtry yields.
No temple we raiſe to the idol of wealth,
No altar to intereſt ſmokes;
To the bleſſing of love, kind ſeaſons and health,
Is devoted the Feaſt of the Oaks.

From the thicket & plain, each favourite haunt,
The villagers haſten away,
Your encouraging ſmile is the bounty they want,
To compenſate the toil of the day;
The milkmaid abandons her pail and her cow;
In the furrow the plowman unyokes,
From the valley and meadow all preſs to the brow,
To aſſiſt at the feaſt of the Oaks.

The precept we teach is contentment & truth,
That our girls may not learn to beguile,
By reaſon to govern the pleaſures of youth,
And decorate age with a ſmile;
No ſerpent approaches with venomous tooth,
No raven with ominous croaks,
Nor rancorous critic, more fatal than both,
Shall poiſon the Feaſt of the Oaks.

Bring roſes and myrtles, new circlets to wave,
Ply the flutes in new meaſures to move,
And lengthen the ſong to the ſtar of the eve,
The favouring planet of love;
Oh, Venus! propitious, attend to the lay,
Each ſhepherd the bleſſing invokes;
May he who is true, like the youth of to-day,
Find a prize like the Maid of the Oaks!

On Saturday, Oct. 8, Mr. Lacy, joint patentee with Mr. Garrick, appeared at Drury-Lane Theatre, for the firſt time, in the character of Alexander; on which occaſion, the following Prologue (written by Mr. Garrick) was introduced:

IN Macedon, when Alexander reign'd,
And victory after victory was gain'd,
The Greek Gazettes (for they had papers there)
Publiſh'd a thouſand fibs—as they do here.
From them one Curtius wrote of Philip's ſon,
How he did things——which never could be done!
Unlike his copy, who will ſoon appear,
His mighty ſoul ne'er knew the ſmalleſt fear:
Tho' laurel-crown'd, our pale young Monarch comes,
Trembling amidſt his triumphs, ſhouts, and drums;
Wou'd give up all his victories, falſe or true,
To gain one greater conqueſt—that of YOU!
" Lord, cries a buxom widow, loud and ſtrong)
" He's a boy! to play that part is wrong."
' Madam, he's ſix feet high, and cannot be too young."
" He looks ſo modeſt; hardly ſpeaks a word:
" Can he with proper ſpirit draw his ſword?
" A face ſo ſmooth, where neither rage or pride is,
Fits not the Hero."——Fronti nulla fides—
In Engliſh thus: Truſt not to looks, they'll cheat us,
Bounc'd not Sir Swagger lately as he'd beat us?
And was not he, with all his frowns and airs,
By one, who ſeem'd all meekneſs, kick'd down ſtairs?
Miſs B. all delicacy, nerve, and fear,
Elop'd laſt year with a horſe grenadier!
And our advent'rer, tho' ſo mild and civil,
If you once rouze him, plays the very devil!
" Indeed (cries Madam) Sir, I'm much your debtor,
" I ſhould be glad to know the young man better."
Twice our young hero, who for glory tow'rs,
In fields leſs dang'rous, try'd his unknown pow'rs;
Like a young ſwimmer, whom his fears command,
In ſhallow ſtreams firſt ventur'd from the land;
Till bolder grown, the rougher wave he ſtems,
Plunges from giddy height into the Thames.
E'en now he ſtarts to hear the torrent roar!
" While his pale fates ſtand frighted on the ſhore!"
Soon will ye leap the precipice—Your nod
Sinks him, or lifts him to a Demi-god.

The Managers of COVENT-GARDEN have not yet brought out any new play during this month, but they have introduced eight good new Performers, viz. Mr. and Mrs. Whitfield, in the characters of *Clerimont* and *Harriet*, in the Miſer; Mr. Young, in *Macheath*; Mr. Clinch, in *Alexander*; a young Lady, in *Indiana*; Mr. Lee, in *Bayes* and *Richard*; Mr. Melmoth, in *Philaſter*; and Mrs. Hunter, in Mrs. *Oakley*, in the *Jealous Wife*.

The

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The LITERARY REVIEW.

29. *An History of the Earth, and animated Nature. By Oliver Goldsmith. In 8 Vols. 8vo. 2l. 8s. boards. Nourse.* [*Continued from p.* 223.]

HAVING delivered a distinct and entertaining account of the earth in general, the author has proceeded, in the 2d volume of the work, to the consideration of the animal kingdom; beginning by a comparison of animals with the inferior ranks of creation. The precise boundaries of animal and vegetable life have hitherto not been ascertained by the most intelligent naturalists. For whether the signs of sensibility, or the power of motion, be considered as the discriminating criterion, the terraqueous globe affords some productions, the peculiarity of which invalidates every established rule of determination.

"The sensitive plant, says our author, that moves at the touch, seems to have as much perception as the fresh water polypus, that is possessed of a still slower share of motion. Besides, the sensitive plant will not re-produce upon cutting in pieces, which the polypus is known to do; so that the vegetable production seems to have the superiority. But, notwithstanding this, the polypus hunts for its food, as most other animals do. It changes its situation; and therefore possesses a power of chusing its food, or retreating from danger. Still, therefore, the animal kingdom is far removed above the vegetable; and its lowest denizen is possessed of very great privileges, when compared with the plants with which it is often surrounded."

The historian remarks, that there is a strong similitude between vegetables and animals, with respect to the places where they are found; those of each tribe, which grow in a dry and sunny soil, being vigorous, though not luxuriant; while, on the contrary, such as are produced conjunctly by heat and moisture, are luxuriant and tender. To confirm this observation, he instances the interior parts of South-America, and Africa, where the higher grounds are usually scorched, while the lower are covered with inundations. There, the insects, reptiles, and other animals, are said to grow to a prodigious size. "The earth-worm of America, says the naturalist, is often a yard in length, and as thick as a walking cane; the boiguacu, which is the largest of the serpent kind, is sometimes forty feet in length; the bats, in those countries, are as big as a rabbit; the toads are bigger than a duck, and their spiders are as large as a sparrow." While such is the law of animal growth in the torrid and humid regions, where nature is luxuriant in all her productions, it is observed, that in the high northern latitudes, both animals and vegetables are proportioned to the ungenial state of the climate. All the wild animals, the bear excepted, are much smaller than in milder countries; and such of the domestic kinds as are carried thither quickly degenerate, and grow less. But the similitude between animals and vegetables, is no where observed to be more obvious than in those that belong to the ocean, where the nature of the one is likewise admirably adapted to the necessities of the other.

Of all the races of animated nature, the historian proceeds to observe, man is the least affected by the soil where he resides, or influenced by the variations of vegetable food. He can exist in climates of the most opposite temperature, and suffers but very gradual alterations from the nature of any situation. That we may not prevent, by a detail of the subjects, the satisfaction which may be reaped from perusing this part of the work, we shall lay before our readers the following passage:

"To diminish the number of animals, and increase that of vegetables, has been the general scope of human industry; and, if we compare the utility of the kinds, with respect to man, we shall find, that of the vast variety in the animal kingdom, but very few are serviceable to him; and in the vegetable, but very few are entirely noxious. How small a part of the insect tribes, for instance, are beneficial to mankind, and what numbers are injurious! In some countries they almost darken the air: A candle cannot be lighted without their instantly flying upon it, and putting out the flame. The closest recesses are no safeguard from their annoyance; and the most beautiful landscapes of nature only serve to invite their rapacity. As these are injurious, from their multitudes; so most of the larger kinds are equally dreadful to him, from their courage and ferocity. In the most uncultivated parts of the forest these maintain an undisputed empire; and man invades their retreats with terror. These are terrible; and there are still more that are utterly useless to him, that serve to take up that room

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which more beneficial creatures might poſſeſs; and incommode him, rather with their numbers than their enmities. Thus, in a catalogue of land animals, that amounts to more than twenty thouſand, we can ſcarcely reckon up an hundred that are any way uſeful to him; the reſt, being either all his open, or his ſecret enemies, immediately attacking him in perſon, or intruding upon that food he has appropriated to himſelf. Vegetables, on the contrary, though exiſting in greater variety, are but few of them noxious. The moſt deadly poiſons are often of great uſe in medicine; and even thoſe plants that only ſeem to cumber the ground, ſerve for food to that race of animals which he has taken into friendſhip, or protection. The ſmaller tribes of vegetables, in particular, are cultivated, as contributing either to his neceſſities, or amuſement; ſo that vegetable life is as much promoted, by human induſtry, as animal life is controlled and diminiſhed."

In the beginning of the ſecond chapter, which treats of the generation of animals, we meet with a few philoſophical reflections on human fragility, of ſo ſtriking a nature, that we cannot with-hold from citing them.

"Before we ſurvey animals in their ſtate of maturity, and performing the functions adapted to their reſpective natures, method requires that we ſhould conſider them in the more early periods of their exiſtence. There was a time when the proudeſt and the nobleſt animal was a partaker of the ſame imbecility with the meaneſt reptile; and, while yet a candidate for exiſtence, was equally helpleſs and contemptible. In their incipient ſtate all are upon a footing; the inſect and the philoſopher being equally inſenſible, clogged with matter, and unconſcious of exiſtence. Where then are we to begin with the hiſtory of thoſe beings, that make ſuch a diſtinguiſhed figure in the creation? Or, where lie thoſe peculiar characters in the parts that go to make up animated nature, that mark one animal as deſtined to creep in the duſt, and another to glitter on the throne

After relating the ſeveral opinions that have been entertained with reſpect to the ſhare contributed by the ſexes towards generation, the author traces the progreſs of animal nature from its earlieſt rudiments. But firſt he remarks, that the general diſtinction of animals into viviparous and oviparous has been queſtioned by ſome naturaliſts, who have thought it not improbable that certain animals are produced merely from putrefaction. In our opinion, however, this hypotheſis is not ſufficiently ſupported: For it cannot be affirmed with any degree of certainty, that the animals ſuppoſed to be thus produced, had not really been contained in ova depoſited in the putrefying matter; and it ſeems more reaſonable to admit this conjecture, than acquieſce in the ſuppoſition of a law of nature ſo directly repugnant to her general analogy. But whatever may be determined on this ſubject, it is certain that there obtains in the animal world a mode of generation yet more inconteſtable and extraordinary, which is merely by cuttings. We ſhall preſent our readers with what is advanced relative to this inveſtigation.

"The earth-worm, the millipedes, the ſea-worm, and many marine inſects, may be multiplied by being cut in pieces; but the polypus is noted for its amazing fertility; and from hence it will be proper to take the deſcription. The ſtructure of the polypus may be compared to the finger of a glove, open at one end, and cloſed at the other. The cloſed end repreſents the tail of the polypus, with which it ſerves to fix itſelf to any ſubſtance it happens to be upon; the open end may be compared to the mouth; and, if we conceive ſix or eight ſmall ſtrings iſſuing from this end, we ſhall have a proper idea of its arms, which it can erect, lengthen, and contract, at pleaſure, like the horns of a ſnail. This creature is very voracious, and makes uſe of its arms as a fiſherman does of his net, to catch, and entangle ſuch little animals as happen to come within its reach. It lengthens theſe arms ſeveral inches, keeps them ſeparated from each other, and thus occupies a large ſpace in the water, in which it reſides. Theſe arms, when extended, are as fine as threads of ſilk, and have a moſt exquiſite degree of feeling. If a ſmall worm happens to get within the ſphere of their activity, it is quickly entangled by one of theſe arms, and, ſoon after, the other arms come to its aid: Theſe altogether ſhortening, the worm is drawn into the animal's mouth, and quickly devoured, colouring the body as it is ſwallowed. Thus much is neceſſary to be obſerved of this animal's method of living, to ſhew that it is not of the vegetable tribe, but a real animal, performing the functions which other animals are found to perform, and endued with powers that many of them are deſtitute of. But what is moſt extraordinary remains yet to be told; for, if examined with a microſcope, there are ſeen ſeveral little ſpecks, like buds, that ſeem to pullulate from different parts of its body; and theſe, ſoon after appear to be young polypi themſelves, and, like the large polypus, begin to caſt their little arms about for prey, in the ſame manner. Whatever they happen to enſnare is devoured, and gives a colour not only to their own bodies, but to that of the parent; ſo that the ſame food is digeſted, and ſerves for the nouriſhment of both. The food of the little one paſſes into the large polypus, and colours its body; and this, in its turn,

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turn, digeſts, and ſwallows its food to paſs into theirs. In this manner every polypus has a new colony ſprouting from its body; and theſe new ones, even while attached to the parent animal, become parents themſelves, having a ſmaller colony alſo budding from them. All, at the ſame time, buſily employed in ſeeking for their prey, and the food of any one of them ſerving for the nouriſhment, and circulating through the bodies of all the reſt. This ſociety, however, is every hour diſſolving; thoſe newly produced are ſeen at intervals to leave the body of the large polypus, and become, ſhortly after, the head of a beginning colony themſelves.

"In this manner the polypus multiplies naturally; but, one may take a much readier and ſhorter way to increaſe them, and this only by cutting them in pieces. Though cut into thouſands of parts, each part ſtill retains its vivacious quality, each ſhortly becomes a diſtinct and a compleat polypus; whether cut lengthways or croſsways, it is all the ſame; this extraordinary creature ſeems a gainer by our endeavours, and multiplies by apparent deſtruction. The experiment has been tried, times without number, and ſtill attended with the ſame ſucceſs. Here, therefore, naturaliſts, who have been blamed for the cruelty of their experiments upon living animals, may now boaſt of their increaſing animal life, inſtead of deſtroying it. The production of the polypus is a kind of philoſophical generation. The famous Sir Thomas Brown hoped one day to be able to produce children by the ſame method as trees are produced; the polypus is multiplied in this manner; and every philoſopher may thus, if he pleaſes, boaſt of a very numerous, tho', I ſhould ſuppoſe, a very uſeleſs progeny.

"This method of generation, from cuttings, may be conſidered as the moſt ſimple kind, and is a ſtrong inſtance of the little pains nature takes in the formation of her lower, and humbler productions. As the removal of theſe from inanimate into animal exiſtence is but ſmall, there are but few preparations made for their journey. No organs of generation ſeem provided, no womb to receive, no ſhell to protect them in their ſtate of tranſition. The little reptile is quickly fitted for all the offices of its humble ſphere, and, in a very ſhort time, arrives at the height of its contemptible perfection."

The author afterwards recites diſtinctly the theory and progreſs of oviparous generation, and next deſcribes the gradual advancement of the fœtus that is generated in the womb. At the head of the animals thus produced, ſtands man, the lord of the creation, who naturally becomes the firſt object of the hiſtorian's regard.

The third chapter contains an account of the Infancy of Man, which is rendered intereſting by a variety of pertinent obſervations.

The ſubſequent chapter treats of Puberty, a period which the author obſerves is variable in different countries, and always more late in the male than the female ſex; a ſwelling of the breaſts in the one, and a roughneſs of the voice in the other, are the uſual ſymptoms with which this ſtage of life is accompanied. The author here enters into a detail of the cuſtoms which the paſſion that is excited in the heart at the time of puberty, has produced in different countries, animadverting particularly on thoſe which have ſubjected the women to a life of ſlavery, ſecluded from the free enjoyment of ſocial pleaſures. Our readers may not be diſpleaſed to ſee the inſtances that are produced for confirming the various ideas of perſonal beauty, entertained by different nations.

"Female beauty is always ſeen to improve about the age of puberty: but, if we ſhould attempt to define in what this beauty conſiſts, or what conſtitutes its perfection, we ſhould find nothing more difficult to determine. Every country has its peculiar way of thinking in this reſpect; and even the ſame country thinks differently at different times. The antients had a very different taſte from what prevails at preſent. The eye-brows joining in the middle was conſidered as a very peculiar grace, by Tibullus, in the enumeration of the charms of his miſtreſs. Narrow foreheads were approved of, and ſcarce any of the Roman ladies that are celebrated for their other perfections, but are alſo praiſed for the redneſs of their hair. The noſe alſo of the Grecian Venus, was ſuch as would appear at preſent an actual deformity; as it fell in a ſtraight line from the forehead, without the ſmalleſt ſinking between the eyes; without which we never ſee a face at preſent.

"Among the moderns, every country ſeems to have peculiar ideas of beauty. The Perſians admire large eye-brows, joining in the middle; the edges and corners of the eyes are tinctured with black, and the ſize of the head is increaſed by a great variety of bandages, formed into a turban. In ſome parts of India, black teeth and white hair, are deſired with ardour; and one of the principal employments of the women of Thibet, is to redden the teeth with herbs, and to make their hair white by a certain preparation. The paſſion for coloured teeth obtains alſo in China and Japan; where to complete their idea of beauty, the object of deſire muſt have little eyes nearly cloſed, feet extremely ſmall, and a waiſt far from being ſhapely. There are ſome nations of the American Indians, that flatten the heads of their children, by keeping them, while young, ſqueezed between two boards, ſo as to make the viſage much larger than it would naturally be. Others flatten the head at top; and others ſtill make

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it as round as they possibly can. The inhabitants along the western coasts of Africa, have a very extraordinary taste for beauty. A flat nose, thick lips, and a jet black complexion, are there the most indulgent gifts of nature. Such, indeed, they are all, in some degree, found to possess. However they take care, by art, to increase these natural deformities, as they should seem to us; and they have many additional methods of rendering their persons still more frightfully pleasing. The whole body and visage is often scarred with a variety of monstrous figures; which is not done without great pain, and repeated incision; and even sometimes parts of the body are cut away. But it would be endless to remark the various arts which caprice, or custom, has employed to distort and disfigure the body, in order to render it more pleasing; in fact, every nation, how barbarous soever, seems unsatisfied with the human figure, as nature has left it, and has its peculiar arts of heightening beauty. Painting, powdering, cutting, boring the nose and the ears, lengthening the one, and depressing the other, are arts practised in many countries; and, in some degree, admired in all. These arts might have been at first introduced to hide epidemic deformities; custom, by degrees, reconciles them to the view; till, from looking upon them with indifference, the eye at length begins to gaze with pleasure."

The fifth chapter is employed on the Age of Manhood, and is chiefly a translation from M. Buffon.

The five succeeding chapters treat respectively of the following subjects, viz. Of Sleep and Hunger; Of Seeing; Of Hearing; Of Smelling, Feeling, and Tasting; Of Old Age and Death. This part of the work abounds not only with speculations properly physical, but with many observations of a political and moral nature, and includes much entertainment on a multiplicity of curious subjects in natural history.

In the eleventh chapter, the author treats of the varieties in the Human Race. A diversity in the form of the body, and the tincture of the skin, is observable in the natives of the different quarters of the globe, proceeding, it is probable, from the difference of climate, their food, and customs. These varieties have been divided into six distinct classes; the first comprehending the race of men who are found towards the polar regions; the second, the Tartars, including the greater part of the inhabitants of Asia; the third is the southern Asiatics; the fourth, the negroes of Africa; the fifth, the natives of America; and the sixth great variety, the Europeans. These various species of mankind are here accurately described, and their difference is yet more fully delineated by plates.

In the subsequent divisions of the work, the naturalist presents us with an account of monsters, mummies, wax-works, &c. His observations, in these several disquisitions, are equally entertaining and instructive, and he has frequently enlivened them with historical anecdotes.—*C. R.*

30. *A Description of that admirable structure, the Cathedral Church of Salisbury. With the Chapels, Monuments, Grave-stones, and their Inscriptions. To which is prefixed, an Account of Old Sarum.* 7*s.* 6*d. sewed. Baldwin.*

THE British cathedrals being generally the most ancient structures in the island, an account of them seldom fails to engage the attention of the reader; and though in the history of those edifices we meet with few anecdotes that raise in the mind ideas either of remote domestic occurrences, or of public transactions, yet we feel ourselves impressed with a reverential awe in the contemplation of objects which have been appropriated to religious exercises through a long succession of ages. As far as local circumstances can influence the imagination, it must be peculiarly affected by the description of scenes where truths the most important to the happiness of mankind have been delivered, and where contrition has awakened many generations to the practice of virtue and piety. Next to the tombs of our ancestors, the prospect of the sacred mansions of devotion is calculated to inspire the soul with moral reflections. It resounds, so to speak, in our ears the collective voice of departed millions, echoing the doctrines of Christianity, and crying aloud to their posterity to forsake the paths of folly and irreligion.

The first part of this volume contains an account of Old Sarum, a town of great antiquity, said to have been a fortress of the Britons before the Roman conquest, and afterwards a Roman station. Here Kenric, the Saxon, frequently resided; and Edgar assembled a parliament, or great council, in the year 960, in which several laws were enacted. Here likewise, in the year 1086, the principal landholders in England, submitting to the military tenure, became vassals to William the Conqueror, and did homage to him in person. In subsequent periods we find Old Sarum

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Sarum distinguished for being the scene of several other national assemblies; and copies are produced of various ancient charters and deeds relating to the city and cathedral of Salisbury. This cathedral is said to have been founded by Bishop Osmund in the eleventh century, with the assistance of the Bishops of Winchester and Bath; and here, we are told, was at first the king's free chapel, as that at Windsor is at present. In this work we meet with the following stanzas relative to Bishop Poore, who could not determine on what spot to build his new church, after he had obtained leave of the pope and king for its removal.

One time as the prelate lay on his down bed,
Recruiting his spirits with rest,
There appear'd, as 'tis said, a beautiful maid,
With her own dear babe at her breast.

To him thus she spoke, (the day was scarce broke,
And his eyes yet to slumber did yield)
"Go, build me a church without any delay,
"Go, build it in Merry-field."

He awakes and he rings; up ran monks and friars,
At the sound of his little bell;
I must know, said he, where Merry-field is,
But the devil a bit cou'd they tell.

Full early he rose on a morning grey,
To meditate and to walk;
And by chance o'erheard a soldier on guard,
As he thus to his comrade did talk:

"I will lay on the side of my good eughen bow,
That I shoot clean over the corn,
As far as that cow in yon Merry-field,
Which grazes under the thorn."

Then the bishop cry'd out, "Where is Merry-field?"
For his mind was still on his vow;
The soldier reply'd, "By the river's side,
"Where you see that brindled cow."

Upon this he declar'd his pious intent;
And about the indulgencies ran,
And brought in the people to build a good steeple,
And thus the cathedral began.

Our author afterwards presents us with the several accounts of Old Sarum, delivered by Leland, Lambarde, and Stukeley. The first of these writers affirms that it is of great antiquity; the second, that it was a place of not much fame in our chronicles before the Norman conquest; but the description of it by Dr. Stukeley, in his Itinera Curiosa, is so explicit, and gives so clear an idea of the singularity of its construction, that we shall lay it entire before our readers.

"This city (Sorbiodunum, or Old Sarum) is perfectly round, and formed upan one of the most elegant designs one can imagine, probably a fortress of the old Britons; the prospect of this place is very august, and would have afforded us a noble sight, when in perfection, such a one will not be difficult to conceive when we have described it. It fills up the summit of an high and steep hill, which originally arose equally on all sides to an apex. The whole work is 1600 feet diameter, included in a ditch of prodigious depth; 'tis so contrived that in effect it has two ramparts, the inner and the outer, the ditch between. Upon the inner, which is much the higher, stood a strong wall of 12 feet thick, their usual standard, which afforded a parapet at the top, for the defendants, with battlements quite round. Upon still higher ground, is another deep circular ditch of 500 feet diameter, this is the castle or citadel. Upon the inner rampire of this was likewise another wall, I suppose of like thickness, so that between the inner ditch and the outer wall all around, was the city; this is divided into equal parts by a meridian line. Both the banks are still left, one to the south, the other to the north: and these had walls upon them too. The traces of all the walls are still manifest, and some parts of them left. In the middle of each half, towards the east and west, is a gate with each a lunet before it, deeply ditch'd, and two oblique entries; that to the east is square, to the west round. The hollow where the wall stood is visible quite round, though the materials are well nigh carried away to New Sarum. In every quarter were two towers, the foundations plainly appearing. Then with those that were upon the cardinal points, the gates and the median rampart, as it must necessarily be understood, there were 12 in the whole circumference; so that supposing it about 5000 feet in circumference, there was a tower at every 400. Hence we may imagine the nature of the city was thus; a circular street went round in the middle between the inner and outer fortifications concentric to the whole work, and that cross streets like radii fronted each tower; then there were 24 issets of building, for houses, temples, or the like. Now such was the design of this place, that if one half was taken by the enemy, the other would still be defensible; and at last they might retire into the castle. The city is now plowed over, and not one house left."

This account, our author observes, corresponds so exactly with Alesia in Gaul, as described by Cæsar, that both those places may be considered as built upon the same model: and it being generally admitted that Alesia was founded by the Phœnician Hercules, the antiquarian scruples not to ascribe the foundation of Old Sarum likewise to that extraordinary personage; a conjecture which he endeavours to support by the etymology of Sorbiodunum, its Latin name.

After

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After the account of Old Sarum there follows a minute and accurate deſcription of the preſent ſtate of Saliſbury Cathedral, &c. illuſtrated with excellent engravings. Next follow the monumental inſcriptions; and the volume concludes with an account of the biſhops of Old and New Sarum, and ſome additional remarks. To thoſe who are deſirous of knowing the ancient and preſent ſtate of the places and edifices here deſcribed, and to architects in particular, this work will undoubtedly prove acceptable. It contains a variety of materials, and the great number of plates with which it is embelliſhed, are well executed.—*Crit. Rev.*

31. *Sermons chiefly upon Religious Hypocriſy, by the Author of the Eſſays on Public Worſhip, &c.* 2 *Vols.* 8*vo.* 5*s. ſewed. Payne.*

MR. Addiſon ſomewhere obſerves, that hypocriſy, at the faſhionable end of the town, is very different from hypocriſy in the city*. The modiſh hypocrite endeavours to appear more vicious than he really is; the other kind of hypocrite more virtuous. The former is afraid of every thing that has the ſhew of religion in it, and would be thought engaged in any criminal gallantries and amours, of which he is not guilty. The latter aſſumes a face of ſanctity, and covers a multitude of vices under a ſeeming religious deportment. There is a third ſort of hypocrites, who not only deceive the world, but very often impoſe on themſelves. Theſe different kinds of hypocriſy cannot be too much deteſted. The firſt is a flagrant depravity of mind, which induces a man to prefer the appearance of vice to virtue, a deſpicable to an amiable character. The ſecond diſgraces and abuſes virtue by aſſuming her reſemblance. The laſt, though not more criminal, is more dangerous than either of the former, as it is accompanied with mental blindneſs and ſelf-deception.

The deſign therefore of the author in theſe diſcourſes is laudable. It is to point out the difference between hypocriſy and religion, and to expoſe the former, wherever it appears in the robes of piety.

In the firſt diſcourſe he ſhews, that our private opinions depend very much on our characters, and that every man's God is ſuch a one as himſelf.

"The beſt repreſentations, that can be made of the works of God; the moſt expreſs declarations of Scripture, that he is good and merciful to all his creatures, will not ſignify to a man of a ferocious and cruel diſpoſition; he views every thing through his own paſſions; he turns the univerſe upſide down; places the devil at the head of it, and deals out thunder, wrath, and damnation to all but himſelf and a few favourites. On the other hand, the humane and good-natured entertains more liberal ſentiments; he wiſhes all men happy; and his God is therefore benevolent and good; he finds merciful deſigns even in evils, and baniſhes puniſhment and miſery out of the univerſe. Theſe two characters muſt be ever at variance; their views of the works of God, and the ſervice due to him; their views of Chriſtian ity and its obligations are totally different, from the difference of their underſtandings; but principally from the difference of their tempers."

The purport of the ſecond diſcourſe is to ſhew, that all mankind walk in a vain ſhew; and are generally unhappy from various kinds of miſtake and impoſture; that young people form viſionary proſpects of life; and that the reading of romances increaſes the deluſion; that parade and oſtentation are the ends of all our toil and trouble; that our pretenſions are quite oppoſite to our real characters; that the candour and liberality of the preſent times are moſtly affectation; that in the general commerce of ſocial life, in friendſhip, in love, and in the moſt important of all ſocial connections, we ſeldom ſhew our natural faces; that ſelfiſhneſs puts on the appearance of generoſity, ſeverity of gentleneſs, and cruelty of ſentiment and ſenſibility.

The ſubject of the third diſcourſe is religious perfection; the character of the mere philoſopher, and the mere religioniſt on one hand, and that of the real good man on the other.

In the fourth ſermon preached on Chriſtmas-day, the author endeavours to prove, that merely giving and receiving entertainments, is ſo far from being criminal, or oppoſite to the ſpirit of Chriſtianity, that under the regulations of œconomy and temperance, and with the views of promoting friendſhip, good neighbourhood, and general benevolence, few things in outward manners, can be more virtuous, and more conformable to the ſpirit of Chriſtianity; one of the principal ends of which was to produce peace and good will amongſt men.—He then proceeds to recommend beneficence to the poor.

The fifth diſcourſe is intended to ſhew, that the entertainment of a fancy, the gratification

* *In the preſent age this obſervation is not juſt. The city coxcomb affects the vices of the man of faſhion; and is proud of his amorous connections in the New Buildings, or Soho.*

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gratification of a paſſion, or the love of pleaſure, is natural and lawful; that they who condemn all paſſions and all pleaſures, have more zeal than knowledge; and where they have any influence, muſt in this inſtance do injury, rather than ſervice to the intereſt of religion; and that we are only reprehenſible, when in our purſuits of pleaſure we neglect or tranſgreſs any part of our duty, or become lovers of pleaſure more than lovers of God.

The deſign of the ſixth diſcourſe is to evince, that the works of the creation, and eſpecially the common and general effects of divine goodneſs, furniſh the beſt proofs of a providence, and ought to produce in us the firmeſt and beſt principles of devotion.

In the ſeventh ſermon the author explains the nature and deſign of the Lord's Supper, and points out ſome of the moſt remarkable abuſes and miſrepreſentations of it. And in the next diſcourſe endeavours to remove all falſe apprehenſions, which ſome people may entertain, when they approach the communion-table.

There are ſome obſervations in the following extract, which place the character of our Saviour in a very juſt and ſtriking light:

"It is hardly poſſible to conceive any thing more conciſe, plain, and intelligible, than the ſeveral accounts of this inſtitution given by the Evangeliſts. They ſay, that juſt before our Saviour's ſufferings, he rendered his laſt ſupper with his beloved diſciples one of the moſt moving ſcenes that can well be imagined. He had often given them hints by which they might underſtand that his end would be tragical, and would come upon him early. We have reaſon to think, however, they did not thoroughly underſtand him till the very night in which he was betrayed. Nothing can be more amiable and more affecting, than his *manner* of taking leave, as it were, of his diſciples, and *gently opening* to them a *view* which, he knew, they had not fortitude *at once* to contemplate. The calmneſs with which he broke the bread, and took the wine, and the *tenderneſs* with which he deſires *to be remembered* by his diſciples, by thoſe emblems of the cruelleſt effects of inhumanity that ever befel innocence and virtue: the temper with which he ſpeaks of a villain who was before his face, who had agreed to betray him by the vileſt diſſimulation, and in the meaneſt manner: and the candor with which he hints to his diſciples the weakneſs they would diſcover, when they ſaw him in diſtreſs; a weakneſs which, in ſimilar caſes, is ſeldom pardoned by the ſufferer: in ſhort, there appears through the whole a ſtrain of benevolence and generoſity as well as wiſdom and knowledge of human nature, which beggars all deſcription, and ſets our Saviour's character and conduct in a light, which muſt engage the eſteem and admiration of every virtuous mind.

"I may ſeem to have exceeded my deſign, and to have been inſenſibly led beyond my ſubject, which was only to give a ſimple idea of the Lord's ſupper. Indeed that idea is *fully* conveyed by the words *do this in remembrance of me:* but it may appear, in ſome parts of this diſcourſe, that the general obſervations made on our Saviour's *diſpoſition* and *behaviour* on this extraordinary occaſion will be uſeful, in clearing a plain ſubject of the many abſurdities with which it has been obſcured.

"All that can be truly ſaid of the *inſtitution* of the Lord's ſupper, is this, that our Saviour, at ſupper with his diſciples, the night before he was betrayed, took ſome bread and brake it, and gave it to his diſciples as an *emblem* of his body which was ſoon to be tortured by his enemies; that he took the cup in the ſame manner, and gave them ſome wine as *emblematical* of his blood, which was ſoon to be ſhed in a violent and cruel manner. As he knew the real characters of his diſciples; that though they were ignorant, ſimple, and not the braveſt in difficulties; yet that their integrity and goodneſs was very conſiderable, and their attachment to him, though formed at firſt by intereſted views, was become at laſt, that of the moſt genuine eſteem, gratitude, and admiration; he therefore, with the moſt amiable condeſcenſion, deſires that his diſciples would recal to mind the melancholy circumſtances he was juſt entering into, by eating bread and drinking wine together in the manner he then directed them."

The ſubject of the eighth ſermon is the difficulties of ſelf-knowledge; or the unhappy effects which ariſe from a miſapprehenſion of our own characters, habits, and diſpoſitions. The ſubſtance of what the author has advanced on this head may be included in the following propoſitions.

I. In the methods we take to preſerve the health and vigour of our bodies, where we are ſincerely intereſted, and where experience ſoon furniſhes us with materials for reflection, we generally act at random and commit innumerable miſtakes; we ruin our conſtitutions, and deſtroy our lives, while we think we are improving or preſerving them.

II. As moral beings, in our ſocial capacities, we are unhappy from ſimilar cauſes; and ſome of the beſt ends of public inſtitutions and private connections are defeated by our ſecret faults.

III. In the relations of private life, the ſame cauſes produce the ſame effects.

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The tenderest and best affections of our hearts are made to give way to these secret faults. We harbour a humour, and indulge a passion; we are vain, or negligent, or reserved, or peevish; we estrange the hearts of our best friends; we lose all our valuable acquaintance, we complain of what we suffer, and do not consider that our own errors are the causes of our unhappiness.

IV. These errors and mistakes concerning ourselves have very bad effects on that part of our religion, which goes under the name of piety. They lead us to form unjust and irrational conceptions of the Divine nature, and make us look upon God, as a being, in some measure, like ourselves.

The tenth sermon is calculated to shew, that "preaching Christ," is preaching the religion of Christ, or the moral precepts of the gospel. If it be asked, what is then to become of the distinguishing and peculiar doctrines of Christianity? our author cavalierly replies,—

"I really cannot tell what is to become of them; and it is impossible I should care, because I know of no such doctrines. I look upon Christianity to be a system of morality, agreeing in every article with the religion of nature.... I am often at a loss to know, what people mean by any doctrines of it different from those of morality. I should have been entirely ignorant in this affair, if I had not mispent some part of my time (not a great deal indeed) in enquiring into the distinguishing tenets of the various sects of Christians. Here I found peculiar doctrines: Athanasius had one, Arius another, Socinus another, Luther another, Calvin another, Arminius another; but not one of these peculiar doctrines could I ever find in christianity; and it seems to me, they might as well have pretended to derive them from the plainest chapter of Solomon's Proverbs, or Seneca's Morals, as from the New Testament."

Here we are persuaded, our author is too peremptory. There are many passages in the Scriptures, which he must inevitably interpret upon either the principles of Athanasius or Arius, Calvin or Arminius: How, therefore, can he fairly assert, that he never found any of their peculiar doctrines in the New Testament?

The eleventh sermon is an elucidation of these words of Solomon: "It is better to go to the house of mourning, than to the house of feasting." Eccl. viii. 2.—"In the one, says this writer, the senses only are gratified, and the appetites indulged; in the other, the heart is affected, its affections are raised, and its virtues exercised. In the one, we are only animals of a higher order, a finer taste, and more various pleasures; in the other we are men, who feel the powers of a rational and virtuous mind; our hearts are softened, and formed for the best duties of humanity."

The subject of the twelfth sermon is religious superciliousness.—The following trait, in the character of the religious hypocrite, is a good stroke of satire.—"He pretends to uncommon piety; and to support that pretence in the exercises of public worship, he works up his countenance into uncommon uglineſs, and groans in a tone of uncommon dissonance; while in secret and in the general conduct of his life, he gives no proof, that he even believes the existence of a supreme being and a moral governor."

In the next sermon, which treats of the inefficacy of preaching and all our religious advantages, the author has these just reflections. "To worship Almighty God is the only important business under heaven, on which a man will go and sleep. . . . We need only have recourse to religious congregations to see the most perfect scene of heavineſs and dulneſs: We feel ourselves as the poet describes Iris to have been, infected with drowsiness in the cave of sleep, even in the time she was delivering a message.

"Sunday is the day of convivial assignations, and almost every man is engaged in his party of pleasure. It would be more severe than religion requires, to speak against those little social migrations, which the leisure and cleanliness of the day give rise to, especially among the lower ranks of people. They are conducive to health, and they obstruct no duty of religion. But when all the hours of that day are dissipated; when it is a question with a man whether he shall go to church, or *set* to his bottle, or walk in his garden, or sleep in his chair, we are astonished at his folly, as well as provoked at his impiety. Who is this mighty man, and what are his pretensions! He lives by the goodneſs of that God, whom he affects to despise; all things about him are the effects of his bounty. The man's employment is to collect these things for his own use, or to save the like trouble to others whom he trains in the art of dispersing them; and when he has run his course of a few years, he returns to the dust from whence he came. This may be a very important creature on some spots of this world; but if he looks up to heaven, he sees his insignificance, and if he has the understanding and feelings of a man, he never thinks of God but with reverence, and every service that has a relation to that great being impresses on him sentiments of humility.

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What shall we say, therefore, to those who slight his worship? They must either believe it is not the worship of God, or their ideas of him must be very unbecoming and unworthy."

In the fourteenth sermon, the author points out some of the principal causes of lying, and its mischievous consequences. In the fifteenth, he considers the happy death, and the future rewards of the true Christian. By way of contrast, he gives us a view of the situation of the wicked in their last moments. The following character of the hypocrite is drawn in just and lively colours:

"The hypocrite, the sly and specious hypocrite, is now caught. If he has saved his reputation, imposed upon his acquaintance, and managed his conscience through life, all is over with him now. His most finished artifices, in which he found his greatest account, are now his greatest torments; and religion revenges the injury of borrowing her sacred name, and amiable appearance, in the only manner religion can revenge any thing, by denying her consolations, and shewing her wrongs. The unhappy wretch finds his conscience let loose, and like a fury tearing up his heart, she incessantly places before him the numberless instances of his insincerity and falsehood; she leads him in imagination to the house of God, and acts over all his religious grimaces; she mimicks his wretched and sanctified cant before the world; makes him run over his works of darkness and all his underhand and secret practices; she tells him of every character he has blasted by sly insuendos, by back-biting and scandal; of every man he has duped, cheated, and oppressed; of every unhappiness he has occasioned, and every heart he has broken: She makes him imagine himself haunted by the ghosts of his injured acquaintance, feigns their cries in his ears.—In short, she makes him feel himself to be what he really is, an accomplished villain; impious, unjust, detestable, and fit for nothing but the discipline of the infernal spirits, who are hardly worse than himself."

The last sermon is an estimate of human life, calculated to shew, that we ought to suit all our views, desires, and actions to its different periods, and its natural uncertainty.

There is a freedom of sentiment in these discourses, which, the author * informs us, has brought upon him the imputation of infidelity. His accusers, we suppose, have been men of narrow minds, or ignorant old women, to whose taste and apprehensions many of his observations are certainly not adapted. Persons of superior discernment may read these two volumes with pleasure and advantage.—*Crit. Rev.*

32. *Moral Discourses on Providence and other important Subjects. By Thomas Hunter, M. A.* 8vo. 12s. *Cadell.*

THESE Discourses are superior to the ordinary class of sermons. They are not merely compositions of a pious tendency, designed for common use, but are fraught with arguments and reflections, which will afford amusement and instruction to the most intelligent reader. The author has considered the subjects he treats of with great attention, and has generally expressed himself in clear and nervous language.

In the first volume he has explained and established the doctrine of a superintending Providence, and answered the most material objections, which have been urged against it, with great acuteness and strength of reasoning.

In the second and third sermons he gives us a view of some of the principal revolutions, which are mentioned in ancient and modern history; and endeavours to shew, that the moral attributes of the Deity have been eminently displayed in the fate and fortune of nations; that the rise and progress, the decline and fall of empires in general, have been owing to the greater or less influence of moral and religious principles upon their conduct, in the different periods of their existence.

The natural blessings of the earth, as he justly observes, are not more regularly produced by a proper cultivation, than the civil advantages of life by our moral application and improvement. If you here see an edifice falling into ruins, and there a field uncultivated, and covered with briars and thorns, through the sloth or carelessness of the owner or occupant; in the same manner, you observe here a city in ruins, kingdoms dissolved, and empires depopulated, by the vices and wickedness of the inhabitants; and the history of the world a standing and successive comment on the moral attributes of God. "Let depopulated states, says this writer, and desolated empires, pass in review before you; examine their monuments, contemplate their ruins, and read their broken inscriptions; every trace and fragment will present you with this awful information, "this hath God done." It was he who humbled the proud, who

* *Mr. D. Williams, author of a Treatise on Education, mentioned in our last Miscellany.*

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diſſolved the luxurious, who reſtrained the ambitious, who confounded the flagitious, and checked the preſumptuous, who brought to nought the lords and tyrants of the earth."

The notion, which ſuppoſes the agency of the ſupreme Being to be in any reſpects contracted, is, as this writer properly repreſents it, a vulgar error, debaſing that very philoſophy, which has diſcovered new ſyſtems of worlds, extending far and wide in the boundleſs regions of the univerſe.

"A univerſe peopled with worlds above worlds, ſcattered from the Creator's hand, gives new glory to his attributes, wings our piety to bolder flights, opens new fields to our hopes, and affords firmer footing to our faith. A ſolitary globe, inhabited only by one order of rationals, might ſeem to proceed from envy or impotence in the firſt former: but a power or profuſion of eſſence, beyond human comprehenſion and knowledge, fills us with wonder, with joy and confidence, that we are the workmanſhip of ſuch an Almighty agent. . . . . It is only by ſuppoſing that he gives life and motion, and order to ſuch an ample ſcene, that you can do honour to the Deity."

In accounting for the calamities of human life, he rightly obſerves, that many of them are neceſſary to man, as a moral agent in a ſtate of trial; and that virtue owes to them its exerciſe, and even its exiſtence.

"For, ſays he, how could the honeſt patriot and philoſopher have exerted their zeal for truth and public liberty under no falſhood to be oppoſed, and no tyranny to be reſiſted? The moſt ſhining virtues of private life muſt be obſcured and buried, without proper occaſions to call them forth, and give them their diſplay and full luſtre: What room for patience, were you ſubject to no pain? or, for alacrity and courage, under no labours to be endured, and no dangers to be undergone? Could forgiveneſs be a virtue, had you no enemies to forgive? Or how would your meekneſs appear, had you no provocations to anger? Had the world no wants or woes, what call would there be upon your charity and benevolence? I muſt add, that without difficulties and diſtreſſes, a great part of your duty to God would be entirely cancelled and aboliſhed: were you under no ſenſe of want, or fear of danger, for what could you ſend up your prayers to heaven? Free from all perplexity, and every diſmal appearance in nature, with what propriety could you be ſaid to put your truſt in God? Were religion clear of all difficulty and doubt, certain and evident to a demonſtration, palpable as the objects of ſenſe, and plain as the eaſieſt deductions of reaſon, faith would have no being; and hope itſelf muſt be ſwallowed up and loſt in the bliſsful viſion of God, and of his future kingdom laid open, and preſent to your eye.

"You ſee then that to remove your complaint of ſuffering piety and virtue, you muſt remove all piety and virtue out of the world. It is to the tempeſt, the philoſopher tells us, that the pilot owes the applauſe of his art; and I will add, that without tempeſts in the moral world, life would be a dead and inſipid calm, under which we ſhould languiſh rather than live, like animals or plants, and not like reaſonable beings, who had virtue for their guide, and glory for their end*."

This argument is farther extended in another diſcourſe.

"In the moral or civil world, you obſerve convulſions of ſtate and revolutions of empire: but without theſe perhaps the world would be a ſtranger to the order, peace, and policy of a well-regulated ſociety, and of the virtues neceſſary to ſupport them. In the religious world, ſuperſtition and idolatry, wanton and cruel rights, abſurd and unmeaning ceremonies, have prevailed; this ſerves only to illuſtrate the ſimplicity and purity of God's truth, and the benevolent temper and ſpiritual tendency of his own diſpenſations. If ignorance for a time covered the nations of the earth, we may conſider that without this preceding darkneſs, we had not been ſenſible of, or ſufficiently attentive to the benefit and luſtre of the light and glory of the goſpel of Jeſus Chriſt. Had not the juvenile, and, as I may ſay, the infant elements of the law gone before, we had not acknowledged the dignity, the importance and happineſs of the perfect man in Chriſt Jeſus: as without the antecedent and preparatory aſſiſtance of grace we had never been meet partakers with the ſaints in light. Without the experience of the miſery of the preſent life, we ſhould have leſs reliſh of the bleſſings of the future. For ſuppoſe us completely happy in our abode upon earth, what addition of happineſs could we be ſenſible of in our tranſlation to heaven? Nay the very trifles, the follies and vices, which have place in the human drama, are not without their uſe; as they give us to know and taſte the importance, the weight and conſequence of ſincere virtue, divine wiſdom, and immortal truth. The ſeeming deformity and diſſonance of life form the harmony and beauty of life: and evil, or what is called ſuch, is frequently the foundation and immediate cauſe in nature of our greateſt good; and what we call a blot grows a beauty in the proceſs and ſcheme of the divine government."

This is certainly the proper light, in which we ſhould view the various evils and afflictions of human life. And theſe conſiderations account at once for ſome of the moſt unfavourable appearances in the preſent ſtate. The

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The ſubjects, which the author treats of in the ſecond volume, are theſe: The wiſdom and piety of the Shunamite (2 Kings iv. 13.) or the happineſs of private life; the ſanctifying nature of divine truth, the one thing needful; Love an eſſential attribute of God; the different judgement of God and man; moral reflections on the hiſtory of Joſeph; a vindication of the miniſtry of Joſeph; ſeriouſneſs a moral and chriſtian duty; reflections on the parable of the rich man and Lazarus; the wiſdom of being religious; and the character of a good man.

On all theſe topics the author has diſplayed a warm and vigorous imagination, properly reſtrained by a rational ſenſe of piety and virtue.

We bear teſtimony to the learning and ingenuity of this writer with particular pleaſure, as we are informed, that he is a gentleman of reſpectable character; that he has been afflicted many years with blindneſs; that under this affliction he has employed himſelf in educating pupils; and that this publication is intended to aſſiſt him in the firſt and moſt indiſpenſible office of charity and benevolence, the ſupport of his family.—*Cr. R.*

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FLOWERS OF PARNASSUS.

For the MONTHLY MISCELLANY.

A POETICAL VERSION

Of the much-admired STORY of

INKLE and YARICO.

[*Illuſtrated with a beautiful Engraving.*]

MERCATOR,* tempted by the happy times,
Quits his own ſhore for oriental climes,
With choiceſt goods his wealthy veſſel lades,
And leaves for *India*'s, *Britain*'s cooler ſhades.
But as, enraptur'd with indulgent gales,
That kiſs'd each wave, and ſweil'd the curling ſails,
The veſſel drove, a ſudden burſt of rain
Impetuous ruffled the Cerulean plain;
Conflicting winds deſcend with rapid flight,
And, whirl'd in hurricane, tumultuous fight.
Surges on ſurges, waves on waves ariſe,
That proudly foam, and blot the azure ſkies;
The cordage rattles, and with ſails declin'd,
The ſhip bewilder'd drives before the wind;
'Till weaken'd with th' extremes of Ocean's pow'r,
At laſt ſhe bulg'd againſt the Indian ſhore.
When from an ambuſh, lo! encircling round,
A cloud of Indians thicken'd on the ground,
And with barbaric rage, the crew they tore,
Eat of their fleſh, and quaff'd the ſtreaming gore——
All but MERCATOR;—him, lo! ſlight unſeen
Now ſaves from death, and from the tragic ſcene;
With tim'rous haſte amid the woods he flies,
(Fear in his heart, and horror in his eyes)
'Till ſpent with wearineſs, himſelf he laid
Beneath a waving elm's embracing ſhade,
Where a long range of thick'ning foreſts grows, [poſe;
And twining boughs a cooling ſhade com-
Their pleaſing charms his reſtleſs thoughts controul, [ſoul.
Soothe his tumultuous breaſt, and tune his

But lo! ere gentle ſleep had lent her aid,
Forth from a thicket ruſh'd an Indian maid,
Whom the hot ſun-beams tempted out to rove
Thro' the thick mazes of this ſhady grove.
Alluring beauty and perſuaſive grace
Beam'd in her eye, and brighten'd in her face;
Her jetty treſſes flowing hung behind,
And wildly wanton'd in each breeze of wind.
Refulgent jewels, plac'd with artleſs care,
And ſhining bugles glitter'd on her hair,
Whoſe beams reflect the ſun's meridian ray,
And add new ſplendor to the blaze of day.

At once they ſaw, with wonder and ſurpriſe,
Commutual paſſion darting in their eyes,
While from each boſom ſympathetic ſighs,
And mutual heavings, mutual tears ariſe;
The undiſtinguiſh'd forms of ſpeech impart
A tort'ring anguiſh to each longing heart.
The pow'rs of language too deficient prove
To ſhew the thrilling extaſy of love;
But ſouls like theirs, myſteriouſly wrought,
Converſe by ſilent ſympathy of thought.

She led MERCATOR to a friendly ſhade,
A cooling grotto elegantly made,
Where ſweet Sabæan odours' fragrant bloom,
Their ſmells diffuſing round a rich perfume;
Where hyacinthus, and the purple roſe,
A downy bed of various ſweets compoſe.
She plac'd him there, and gave a choice repaſt,
Subſtantial food, delicious to the taſte;
And in a curious ſhell with ſpeed ſhe brings
Tranſparent water from the limpid ſprings.—
Oft when the moon, in trembling ſtreams of light,
A paler day ſhed o'er the gloom of night;
And when with gentle ſighs the ev'ning breeze
Remurmur'd ſoftly thro' the whiſp'ring trees,
Pleas'd ſhe would lead him thro' the ſhady ſcenes
Of Caſſia groves and everlaſting greens,
Too anxious leſt each gale of breezy air
Should hurt her love, or diſcompoſe his hair:
Or, while he ſlept, wou'd tune the melting ſong,
Or modulate the muſic of her tongue.——

Thus for ſome months.——
Once, as they walk'd in a ſequeſter'd grove,
And am'rous told the pleaſing tale of love,
The Indian maid began, and with a ſigh,
That fetch'd a pearly tear into her eye,
Thus ſpoke (for to expreſs herſelf ſhe'd found
In Engliſh accents and diſtinguiſh'd ſound)
" Still as I view theſe ever-pleaſing bow'rs,
" Once the dear ſcenes of thy BARSINA'S hours,
" Corroding thoughts and ſad reflections riſe,
" And all the parent triumphs in my eyes.—
" MERCATOR! oh, the thought diſturbs my reſt, [breaſt.
" And ſpreads its thrilling horrors in my
" Once as I ſlept beſide yon ſoft caſcade,
" While Cynthia's pearly beams around me play'd,
" Sudden appear'd a viſionary fair,
" Whoſe radiant luſtre brighten'd all the air;
" A virgin's veſt the blooming phantom wore,
" And in her hand a verdant thyrſus bore;
" Then wav'd it thrice, and ſpoke, *Unhappy Fair,*
" And vaniſh'd from my ſight in fluid air.
" O ſay, my love, what means this phantom gueſt, [breaſt?"
" And why theſe horrors in my tortur'd

She ſaid, and ceas'd; her lucid eye-balls pour
In chryſtal ſtreams the ſoft-diſtilling ſhow'r.

The

* *The writer, for* poetical *reaſons, has altered the names to* Mercator *and* Barſina.

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Engraved for the Monthly Miſcellany.

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The salient blood its sprightly course disdains,
And curdling freezes in her icy veins;
Confusion on her falling spirits hung,
And half-form'd accents flutter'd on her tongue.
Rous'd from this fainting fit, MERCATOR prest
The weeping beauty to his am'rous breast,
And sought by balmy words to calm her fears,
And stem the swelling torrent of her tears:
"Thus, my BARSINA, as I view (he said)
"Unrival'd beauties in my lovely maid,
"Alas! thy sorrows doubly touch my heart,
"With equal grief and sympathizing smart;
"Each chrystal tear, with agonizing pains,
"Runs thro' my soul, and thrills along my veins.
"Heav'ns! shall a *nothing*, an ideal shade,
"Whose poor existence is by fancy made,
"Diffuse its horrors thro' thy tender breast,
"Taint ev'ry thought and discompose thy rest?
"Why wast thou born with such a coward mind,
"The sport of shadows, or a gale of wind?
"Forsake these barb'rous coasts, these savage plains,
"Where tyranny and superstition reigns;
"This arm shall guard BARSINA from the foe,
"Repel each storm, and intercept each blow;
"Thou, loveliest of thy sex, in me shalt find
"A tender parent, and a lover kind,
"And in my country, gloriously array'd,
"Shalt shine in crimson, or more rich brocade; [press
"And thy sweet charms with elegance ex-
"All the grand gay variety of dress."

These silken words an easy entrance find,
And charm the poor deluded Indian's mind;
Frequent she climbs a lofty mountain's brow,
Her far-stretch'd eye-balls skim the deeps below;
At length an English ship, by tempests tost,
For shelter makes th' inhospitable coast;
The Indian sees, and rising joys impart
A thrilling pleasure to her longing heart;
With eager haste, borne on the zephyrs' wings,
The joyful tidings to MERCATOR brings.
They both ascend the ship—the azure sea
Wafts them spontaneous on the chrystal way;
The vessel drives, with soft refreshing gales,
And soon *Barbadoes* greets the swelling sails.
No more BARSINA's beauties now can move,
But av'rice triumphs o'er the ties of love;
The wretch, by that destructive passion sway'd,
To slav'ry sold the hospitable maid.

She heard,—and fell reluctant on his breast,
Embrac'd the wretch, and with fond joys caress't——
Then strove to speak—in vain the accents rise,
Her fault'ring breath evaporates in sighs;
Nature oppress'd grew weak—she swoons—around
A general sigh diffus'd a mournful sound—
An heart of adamant wou'd melt in woe,
And barren rocks in copious torrents flow;
Marble wou'd weep, and sympathetic sighs
Force the pearl dew-drops from Barbarian eyes;
But *he*, relentless, sails before the wind,
And expeditious makes the fort assign'd.

CAMBRIDGE. TOGATUS.

PRIZE POEM.

For the MONTHLY MISCELLANY.

An ETHIC EPISTLE.

WHILE MAN, dear C**, careless of his ease,
Plows, in pursuit of wealth, the *Indian* seas;
While busy Statesmen gather fortune's smiles,
And plod in politick's laborious toils:
Let us with care survey this wondrous maze,
And follow NATURE thro' her various ways;
Consider MAN thro' every stage of life,
Sinking in ease, or plunging into strife:
Daring, tho' impotent, he still disdains
To bear controul, & breaks discretion's reins;
Or by alluring passions hurried on,
Grasps at a shade, and seeks to be undone:
Thought hurrying thought perplex his lab'ring mind,
Then stumbles next on what he ne'er design'd:
Who wou'd attempt to draw that creature MAN,
Explain his actions, or his folly scan?
How can his different humours be express'd,
Or what describe the *Chaos* in his breast?
Who strongly mark the passions as they roll,
Or paint the inward motions of the soul?

Man, rich in reason, still mistakes his view,
Pursues false notions, and neglects the true;
Stubborn he roams, and heedless scorns his guide,
And deep immerges into falshood's tide;
Tugs thro' the sea of life his leaky bark,
And wanders groping thro' the dreary dark.

Audacious Man, the reptile of an hour,
Presumptuous aims at HEAVEN's superior pow'r, [plore,
Blinded by pride dares boundless heights ex-
And leaves the easy paths he trod before;
A slave to error, soars above his sphere,
And smiles perfidious at religion's fear:
Fill'd with chimera, finds with GOSPEL fault,
And impious mends what *inspiration* taught:
Wou'd (tho' a stranger to himself) dispute
And call in question every attribute:
Snears at *futurity*, (ill season'd joke!)
And laughs at truths which reverend *Prophets* spoke!
Asserts, in spite of GOD's long-promis'd doom,
Like brutes we lie forgotten in the tomb;
Wou'd trace RELIGION to her hidden cell,
And dare prophanely 'gainst his GOD rebel.

Forbear, thou fool, give thy researches o'er,
Nor, what thou can'st not comprehend, explore:

Why

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Why wou'dſt thou know, what Nature has forbid?
Why ſeek thoſe depths which lay in darkneſs hid?
Why wou'dſt thou dare, on weak *Icarian* wings,
To raſhly pry into myſterious things?
Impartial HEAVEN, if Heaven had judg'd it right,
Had laid all NATURE open to thy ſight;
Had ſtamp'd *Omniſcience* on thy weaker ſoul,
And thou had'ſt known the fabric of the whole.

This HEAVEN refus'd—yet MAN, this thing of clay,
(Span of an hour, and ſhadow of a day)
Swoln with ambition, haunts the cover'd ways,
And beats about thro' error's crooked maze;
Aſſerts prophanely in his boundleſs pride,
Reaſon alone is a ſufficient guide.

Stop thy career:—*Religion*'s laws obey,
They will conduct thee thro' a ſmoother way,
Will point out every folly to thy view,
And teach thee virtues which thou ſhou'dſt purſue:
Will bid thee open thy miſtaking eyes,
And wildly ſhew where all thy error lies.

Read with attention, and conſider well
What SCRIPTURES promiſe, and what GOSPELS tell;
View how each law in *reaſon* takes its root,
And then, thoſe laws (if poſſible) diſpute.

Myſterious truths, like gentle rivers, flow,
Firſt ruſh from rocks, then run thro' vales below;
Rapid, yet clear, the ſilver waters glide,
Their ſtream how fertile! and how ſmooth the tide! [courſe,
Charm'd with the bleſſings of their healthful
Who'd vainly mount, to trace the hidden ſource?

If GOD ne'er acts without immediate cauſe,
Why all his precepts—for what uſe his laws?
Reaſon had taught us, if our ſureſt guide,
To fly the Robber, and the Homicide,
And *Moral* had *Religion*'s want ſupplied.

Unhappy nations where no laws ſubſiſt,
No precepts govern, where no rules exiſt!
Where fell oppreſſion bears deſpotic ſway,
And vaſt dominions tremble and obey!
Where no reward to virtuous deeds excites,
Nor puniſhment the guilty breaſt affrights;
Where friendſhip, falſehood, pity, lawleſs force,
Take from one boſom—one reſiſtleſs courſe!

But HEAVEN, more watchful of our future
Has pointed out the road to *happineſs*; [bliſs,
Sound laws ordain'd, and wholeſome precepts gave,
If *ſcorn'd*, to puniſh—but if *kept*, to ſave:
Has colour'd *vice* in all the gloom of night,
But *virtue*—like HIMSELF—ſerenely bright:
Be yours the choice, purſue or *that* or *this*,
Your certain *ruin*—or your certain *bliſs*.

Here uſe thy *Reaſon*, here thy efforts try,
Attend to HEAVEN, and court ETERNITY;
Virtue with eager ſtep purſue in time,
Mount by degrees—nor tremble as you climb;
Soon ſhall the uncouth paſſage diſappear,
Thy eyes will open as the proſpects clear.

MAN by his ſuffering, the true *hero* ſhows,
When calmly bearing the full load of woes,
Who ſmiles at perils, and encompaſs'd round
With troubles, reſolutely ſtands his ground;
Who 'midſt the ſtorm of life, unhurt, unaw'd,
Braves the loud tempeſt, and adores his GOD.

ODE to HOPE.

By C. Jones, of Crediton, Devon.

CELESTIAL maid! propitious friend!
Queen of Futurity! attend,
And crown my humble lines;
For poets, like their monarchs, raiſe
On thee their pyramids of praiſe,
And all their vaſt deſigns.

Madly impatient of a name,
The rapid bard aſpires to fame,
His pilot, thou alone!
But, ah! what hapleſs ills betide
The wretch who over-runs his guide
To hail Ambition's throne!

Yet, bleſs'd by thee, what are the dreams
Of nymphs Aonian, or the ſtreams
Of fabled Helicon?
Rich draughts from thy all-cheering fount
Will lift us o'er Parnaſſus' mount
To heights beyond the ſun!

When o'er the unavailing ſtrife
Of man, to ſweeten human life,
Unfriendly ſtars prevail;
E'en there thy influence benign,
Rich beam! will in depreſſion ſhine,
And turn the ſinking ſcale.

When fierce Bellona calls to arms,
Thy flame the martial hero warms,
And ſtrengthens in the field;
Fluſh'd with ideal victory,
His confidence is plac'd in thee
Beyond Minerva's ſhield!

By thee inſpir'd a hardy train
Advent'rous plough the foaming main,
And all its ſtorms defy;
Thro' thy perſpective-glaſs they view
The golden treaſures of Peru
Their own, in fancy's eye.

Up-borne by thee, the ſinking ſtate
Patiently bears th' enormous weight
Luxurious miſchief lays;
By thee, when ruin's deſtin'd hand
With ſtroke deſtructive awes the land,
We ſtill ſee happier days.

At thy command the furrow'd field,
The barren glebe, rich treaſures yield,
And lonely deſerts ſmile;
Each ſweating peaſant, charm'd by thee,
Increaſing golden crops can ſee,
To recompenſe his toil.

Enwrapt

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Enwrapt in winter's frozen arms,
When cold Aquarius opes in ſtorms
His northern magazines;
By thee his rude aſſaults we bear,
And ſee advancing ſpring appear
In all her flow'ry ſcenes,

Thou, like the day's refulgent Lord,
Thy genial comfort doſt afford,
Impartial, to the throng;
From nights of woe to mid-day blaze,
Affliction's ſons thy beam can raiſe,
And ſighs convert to ſong.

And thus, when conflicts wound the ſoul,
When ſorrow's waves tempeſtuous roll,
And blending ills annoy;
Upheld by thee, we baffle fate,
And ſee a more auſpicious date
That rouſes us to joy.

Life, in its moſt exalted ſphere,
Unbleſt by thee, is empty air,
A bubble all, at beſt;
For, when the buſy ſtrife is o'er,
Hope lifts us to a farther ſhore,
To an eternal reſt.

By thee, we more divinely ſpring
Than on imagination's wing,
Or fancy's airy car;
High o'er etherial fields we rove,
And trace the glorious realms above,
Where heav'n's bright legions are!

But, loſt to reaſon, when we ſtray
Through error's too-frequented way,
To give our paſſions ſcope;
Then, like an ignis-fatuus, thou
Deluſive flyeſt, a phantom now,
For what hath vice to hope?

Through ev'ry age, thy friendly ray
Has ſtill illumin'd all the way
Where virtue ever trod;
The great firſt cauſe of all things known,
By thee, has pointed to the throne
Where bliſs proclaims the God!

Then, let me ever bend to thee,
Parent of immortality!
And hail thy ſacred ſhrine!
Oh! guide me to the happy ſhore
Where thou ſhalt ceaſe, and all thy pow'r
To endleſs joys conſign.

For the MONTHLY MISCELLANY.

To the hereditary Prince of BADEN, CHARLES LOUIS, *on his intended Marriage.*

——Happy they, the happieſt of their kind,
Whom gentle ſtars unite.—— Thomſon.

WHAT do I hear? Fame, tell me, is it true?
Muſt then my *Prince* be happy? 'Tis his due.
With extaſy I view th' approaching hour,
When thou ſhalt taſte new joys, when fate ſhall pour
Into thy cup a ſtream of laſting bliſs.
Live, great in virtue. Prince, remember this:
The nuptial joys conſiſt in pureſt love;
O! mayſt thou ever know, for ever prove
Its laſting force; for 'tis in this we know
The genial ſource, whence all true pleaſures flow. [inſpires!
How great that flame, which virtuous love
Be thine that paſſion, thine thoſe pure deſires;
Be thine that bliſs, and, oh! let mankind ſee
That love and virtue are combin'd in thee.
True to the leſſons of thy princely ſire,
Let his example raiſe a generous fire
In that dear breaſt: O! copy his great name;
This is the only way to truth and fame.
May ſmiling graces deck the nuptial bed,
And with the ſweets of love, the ſoft retirement ſpread.
When fair Amelia gives up all her charms,
Sighs on thy breaſt, and folds thee in her arms,
Then thy enraptur'd ſoul ſhall melt away
In perfect bliſs; eternal loves ſhall play
In ſweeteſt harmony throughout thy frame,
And ſhall each riſing morn confirm the ſame.
O! think on this; think on thy happy fate,
And ſure thy heart will bleſs the marriage ſtate; [there
For ſweet contentment, and true pleaſure,
Crown our beſt hopes, and put an end to care. [friend!
O! much-lov'd Prince! dear maſter! deareſt
Baden's ſole hope! permit my ſoul to blend
Its happineſs with thine; its hopes and fears:
Be thine contentment, mine theſe joyous tears,
Dear ſympathy! O Prince! thy future weal
Occaſions now the inward joy I feel.
No words can paint what my fond heart would ſay;
Nor can I ſing in more harmonious lay
Thoſe ſweet ſenſations which my ſoul doth prove: [above)
O! hear me, Sir! (grant it, ye pow'rs
Be greatly happy, ever live and love.

From a LADY *to her* FRIEND, *almoſt inconſolable at the death of her only Child, who died in the ſmall-pox.*

OH! could theſe lines conſole
My friend's afflicted breaſt!
Oh! could they calm her troubled ſoul,
And bid her ſorrows reſt!
With patient hope and pious truſt
In God's unbounded love,
Who has engag'd to raiſe the juſt
To happy ſeats above;
Where hope is with fruition crown'd,
And faith with viſion bleſs'd,
Where perfect charity is found,
And endleſs bliſs poſſeſs'd.
Tho' reaſon and religion call
For joy inſtead of grief,
Yet human nature, felt by all,
In tears finds ſome relief.
Then, ſure, without offence we may
Your own ſad loſs lament,
For ſuch a ſweet babe, ſnatch'd away,
No doubt, with kind intent,

To

To screen her from impending ill,
With which this world is fraught:
Then let our selfish hearts be still,
Take comfort in this thought:
Comparatively small's your loss,
To her eternal gain;
Then be resign'd, take up this cross,
And labour to attain
True holiness of heart and life,
Without which none can find
The sweet abode of peace and love,
For all the bless'd design'd.

DEATH and the DOCTOR.

By PAUL WHITEHEAD, Esq.

To Dr. SCHOMBERG, *of Bath.*

'TWIXT Death and Schomberg, t'other day,
Fierce contest did arise;
Cries Death, your patient yield my prey,—
The Doctor Death defies.
Enrag'd to hear his power defy'd,
He aim'd his keenest dart,
But wond'ring, saw it glance aside,
And miss the vital part.
Thus baffled, Death, surveying o'er
The dart so us'd to kill,
Found Schomberg had its feather tore,
And fledg'd it with his quill.

ANOTHER. By the Same.

TO Schomberg, quoth Death, I your patient will have; [I'll save:
To Death, reply'd Schomberg, my patient
Then Death seiz'd his arrow—the Doctor his pen, [it again;
And each wound the one gave, t'other heal'd
Till Death swore he never had met such defiance, [ance.
Since He and the College had been in alli-

To the Editors *of the* Monthly Miscellany.

GENTLEMEN,

THE following lines were lately sent by a young Lady to the Author of the *Rural Christian*. By his permission I took a copy of them, and now send them to you for a place in your entertaining work, if you shall think them worthy. Your's &c,

Islington, Sept. 28th, 1774. F. S.

To the Author of the Rural Christian; *a poem.*

HAIL matchless bard! within whose every line,
Both sentiment and true devotion shine;
Whose thoughts are penn'd with an unusual grace,—
In them we seem the Author's soul to trace;
A soul so pure, that angels might descend,
From heav'n, to call the *Rural Christian* friend;
Oh! whilst you paint a mother's soul distrest,
What sympathetic passions move my breast;
I seem to see the lovely victim lie [eye;
In death's cold arms, and mark her closing
Condemn'd, alas! unhappy maid, to prove
Too stern a penance for too soft a love;
But when your muse a lofty theme essays,
And sings platonic love and friendship's praise,
What soft emotions fill my soul with joy,
Thrill thro' each nerve, and every sense em-
ploy!
What tongue but thine so soft a tale can
What pen, a tender passion paint so well
O did not doubts and rising fears controul
The strange emotions lab'ring in my soul,
Yes, I could say, what but to *think*, not *speak*,
Calls forth the blushes on a virgin's cheek;
Wer't thou but *free*, and did no rival charms
Detain thee from a longing virgin's arms.*
But ah! I must not, dare not speak the rest;
Honour must guide, tho' *passion* tear my breast.

M. I. P.

* *The Rural Christian was written by a young Gentleman, which is supposed to be the occasion of the above lines, evidently the hand-writing of a Lady.*

For the MONTHLY MISCELLANY.

The JUDICIOUS BACCHANAL.

WHILE the bottle to humour and social delight,
Has the smallest appearance to tend,
Facetiously keeps up the laugh of the night,
And enlivens the mind of a friend:

O let me enjoy it, ye bountiful powers,
That my time may deliciously pass,
And shou'd care ever think to intrude on mine hours,
Scare the haggard away with a glass:

But if, from a rational feast of the sense,
Shou'd prudence be fatally stole;
And folly, debate, or contention commence,
From too great an expansion of soul;

Shou'd the man I esteem, or the friend of my breast,
In the ivy feel naught but the rod;
Shou'd I turn sweet religion to laughter or jest,
And daringly sport with my God: [fate!
From my lips, dash the poison, O merciful
Where folly and blasphemy hung,
And let every accent, which virtue shou'd hate,
Parch up on mine infamous tongue;
From my sight, let the curse be eternally driven,
Where my reason unhappily stray'd,
That no more I may offer an insult to heaven,
Or give man a cause to upbraid.

For the MONTHLY MISCELLANY.

An Address to the EVENING STAR.

NOW Twilight from the low-brow'd rock descends,
Dusk and more dusk the deep'ning shadows fall; [ends,
And now the toil of swain and ploughman
And now the milkmaid flies the ivy'd wall.

Far

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THE HAPPY SURPRIZE.

Affettuoso

While Autumn weighs down the late Year, and Harvest is thick on the Ground; the Grapes in thick Clusters appear, the Village with Plenty is crown'd, the Village with Plenty is crown'd.

I tell to the lone Woods my Grief,
For Laura so fair fled away
Nor Music can yield me Relief:
I sigh for her all the long Day.

I rov'd o'er the once happy Plain,
The Woodlands and Vales in despair:
The Nightingale echo'd my Strain:
But Laura alas! was not there.

I turn'd from the Dew weeping Grove,
I saw her resplendent in Charms;
'Twas she, or the Goddess of Love:
'Twas Laura return'd to my Arms!

No longer my Fair One will stray:
Tho' Winter's approaches I see;
I bask on the Bosom of May,
'Twill always be summer with me.

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Far have I gone, and far have yet to go,
Nor at the lengthen'd way do I repine,
If you, fair *folding-ſtar*, your circlet ſhow,
If you to light my darkling footſteps ſhine.
The glow-worm trails his ſpangles on the thorn,
The two-fold bat now flitts on plumeleſs wing,
Againſt my face the heedleſs chafer's borne,
And, hark! I hear the diſtant curfew ring.
Long have I mourn'd my too, too diſmal fate,
Long watch'd the moment care would me reprieve,
Fate ſmil'd at laſt, care ſet me free, tho' late,
Then trim thy golden lamp ſweet eye of eve.
Conſcience my guard, each evil I defy,
For no bad act I crave thy beamy aid;
The *ſtar of love* thou art; his ſlave am I;
Guide then a wandering lover to his maid.

Chelmsford. B. K.

*Lines addreſſed to the Rev. Dr. S***houſe.*

[*By Miſs* H. More, *of Briſtol.*]

WHILST dauntleſs Vice purſues its rapid way,
And boaſts an almoſt *univerſal* ſway;
Whilſt well-bred Prieſts their *eaſy* virtue bend
T' accommodate the failings of a friend,
Too mild, too ſympathetically nice,
To probe *their own* or ſhock their patron's vice,
Actively bad, or negatively good,
No ſin avoided, no deſire withſtood:
Whilſt theſe at *Folly*'s ſhrine devoutly bend,
Shall not Religion find *one* zealous friend?
Yes, St**houſe! but with life *thy* care ſhall ceaſe,
Thou choſen Envoy of the God of Peace!
'Tis not becauſe the Stagyrite might praiſe
The finiſh'd meaning in thy poliſh'd phraſe;
Not that thou ſhunn'ſt the wild *Enthuſiaſt*'s dream,
And the dull lifeleſs *Reaſoner*'s cold extreme;
Not that thy evangelic pages glow
With all that piety and taſte beſtow;
That *theſe* neglected Orat'ry reſtore,
And Paul at Athens ſeems to preach once more:
—It is not theſe—tho' Envy's ſelf muſt own,
In *theſe* thou ſtand'ſt unrival'd and alone:
No—'tis thy *actions* more than ſermons teach,
For St**houſe *lives* what others only preach.

A DUETTO,

By Dr. Harrington, of Bath.

HOW ſweet in the woodlands, with fleet hound and horn,
To waken ſhrill echo and taſte the freſh morn;
But hard is the chace my fond heart muſt purſue,
For Daphne, fair Daphne, is loſt to my view;
She's loſt, fair Daphne &c.

Aſſiſt me, chaſte Dian, the nymph to regain,
More wild than the roe-buck, and wing'd with diſdain.
In pity o'ertake her who wounds as ſhe flies,
Tho' Daphne's purſu'd, 'tis Myrtillo that dies!
That dies! that dies! 'tis Myrtillo &c.

ODE performed at the Muſic Meeting, at Leiceſter, held on the 24th of October, for the benefit of the Infirmary there.

[*Written by Joſeph Cradock, Eſq; formerly of Emanuel college, and ſet to muſic by Dr. Boyce.*]

LO! on the thorny bed of care
The trembling victim lies,
Deep ſunk his eye-balls with deſpair:
What friendly hand his want ſupplies?
Deplore his fate to woes conſign'd,
Deplore the fate of human kind.
Forbear to murmur at heav'n's high decree,
Nor ſwell the bulk of human miſery.

Think not in vain the pitying tear
To thoughtleſs man was giv'n;
Sweet as the morn its dews appear,
A balmy incenſe in the ſight of heav'n.
Here ſhall ſoft Charity repair,
And break the bonds of grief,
Down the flinty couch of care;
Man to man muſt bring relief.

Why lingers then the generous flame?
Awake an high enraptur'd ſtrain,
Breathe louder yet——nor yet refrain——
Again——repeat——and yet again——
To hail the work the full-voice choir we raiſe,
And all unite to ſing Jehovah's praiſe.

[*A collection was made at the church-doors, and the plates were ſupported by the Counteſs of Denbigh, attended by the Earl of Harborough; and the Counteſs of Harborough, attended by the Earl of Denbigh.*]

On his WIFE's BOSOM.

By the late Dr. Doddridge.

OPEN, open, lovely breaſt,
Lull my weary head to reſt;
Soft and warm, and ſweet and fair,
Balmy antidote of care;
Fragrant ſource of ſure delight,
Downy couch of welcome night,
Ornament of riſing day,
Always conſtant, always gay!

In this gentle, calm retreat
All the train of Graces meet;
Truth, and Innocence, and Love,
From this temple ne'er remove.
Sacred Virtue's worthieſt ſhrine,
Art thou here, and art thou mine?
Wonder, Gratitude, and Joy,
Bleſt viciſſitude! employ
Every moment, every thought:
Crowds of cares are long forgot.

Open, open, beauteous Breaſt,
Angels here might ſeek their reſt.

Cæſar, fill thy ſhining throne,
A nobler ſeat I call my own;
Here I reign with boundleſs ſway,
Here I triumph night and day;
Spacious empire! glorious pow'r!
Mine of inexhauſted ſtore!

Let the wretched love to roam,
Joy and I can live at home.

Open, open, balmy Breaſt,
Into raptures waken reſt.

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A List of Members returned for the *New Parliament*,

And of the unsuccessful Candidates where there was any Opposition.

[☞ *Those set in Italic are new Members, and those marked thus * represented other Places in the last Parliament.*]

Abingdon, *John Mayor*, Esq. - 146
Unsuccessful, Nath. Bayley, Esq. 116

A question arose upon opening the poll, whether Mr. Mayor, as High Sheriff, could legally be chosen in the county for which he is Sheriff? as the writ for the election of Members throughout the county directs the Sheriff *not to return himself*. This has been generally understood to exclude him from returning himself Knight of the Shire, the Sheriff always presiding as returning officer for the county. Mr. Bailey, however, has declared his resolution to petition against the turn. This borough sends but one member.

Agmondesham, Wm. Drake the elder, and Wm. Drake the younger, Esqrs.
St. Alban's, Sir Richard Sutton, John Radcliffe, Esq.
Aldborough, *Suff.* Thomas Fonnereau, Esq. *Richard Coombe*, Esq.
Andover, Sir John Griffin Griffin, Bart. Benj. Lethuiellier, Esq.
Arundel, *Thomas Brand*, Esq. *George Lewis Newnham*, Esq.
Ashburton, Charles Boone, Esq. Robert Palk, Esq.*
Aylesbury, Anthony Bacon, Esq. 222
Mr. *Aubrey*, - - 215
Unsuccessful, Mr. Durand, - 197
Mr. Lowndes, - 196
Banbury, Right Hon. Lord North.
Barnstaple, John Cleveland, Esq. 206
William Dewayne, Esq. 167
Unsuccessful, Denys Rolle, Esq.
Bath, John Smith, Esq. - 29
Abel Moysey, jun. Esq. 17
Unsuccessful, Sir John Sebright, - 10
Bedfordshire, Earl of Upper Ossory, Robert Henley Ongley, Esq.

	No. polled	*Rejected*	
Bedford, *Sir William Wake*,	541	14	527
Rob. Sparrow, Esq.	530	13	517
Unsuc. Sa. Whitbread, Esq.	613	184	429
John Howard, Esq.	582	180	402

The Mayor and Bailiffs rejected and struck off the poll the votes of those inhabitants who had partaken of Sir William Harpur's annual bounty, (and who have always voted at all former elections,) and by receiving the votes of more than 400 non-resident freemen, made the above majority for Sir William Wake and Mr. Sparrow: But the validity of the return will be determined by the House of Commons.

Bedwin, *The Earl of Courtown*, Paul Methuen,* Esq.
Berkshire, John Elwes, Esq. *Christopher Griffith*, Esq.
Berwick, *Jacob Wilkinson*, Esq. 452
Colonel Vaughan, - 388
Unsuccessful, Alex. Campbell, Esq. 14
Beverley, Sir James Pennyman,* 719
George Forster Tufnell, 540
Unsuccessful, Sir Charles Thompson, Bart.
Bewdley, *William Henry Lyttleton*, Esq.
Bishop's-Castle, George Clive, Esq. Henry Strachey,* Esq.
Blechingly, Sir Robert Clayton, Frederick Standart, Esq.
Bodmin, George Hunt, Esq. - 27
James Laroche, Esq. - 25
Unsuccessful, Henry Dagge, Esq. - 3
Boroughbridge, *Charles Mellish*, Esq. *Anthony Eyre*, Esq.
Bossiney, Hon. Colonel Luttrell.
Boston, Lincoln. Lord Robert Bertie, Charles Amcotts, Esq.
Brackley, Lieut. Col. Egerton, Timothy Caswall, Esq.
Bramber, Sussex, *Sir Henry Gough*, Thomas Thoroton, Esq.
Bridgnorth, Lord Pigott, Thomas Whitmore, Esq.
Bridgwater, The Hon. Ann Powlett, Benjamin Allen, Esq.
Bridport, Dorset, Tho. Coventry, Esq. 121
Hon. Mr. Cary, - - 78
Unsuccessful, Samuel Freeman, Esq. (the old member) - 70
Bristol, Henry Cruger, Esq. 3565
Edmund Burke, Esq. 2707
Matthew Brickdale, Esq. 2453
Lord Clare, - - 268

Every corner of the kingdom was ransacked for voters at this election, which continued 23 days; and it is said not less than 2000 new-made freemen were admitted to poll; on the legality of whose votes Mr. Brickdale means to petition the House.

Buckinghamshire, Earl Verney, *George Grenville*, Esq.
Buckingham, Hon. Henry Grenville, James Grenville, jun. Esq.
Calne, Col. Barré,* John Dunning, Esq.
Cambridgeshire, Sir John Hynde Cotton, Sir Sampson Gideon.
Cambridge Univ. Marquis of Granby, Richard Croftes, Esq.
Cambridge, Hon. Charles Sloane Cadogan, Soame Jenyns, Esq. 92
Unsuccessful, Tho. Plumer Byde, Esq. 63
Sam. Meeke, Esq. 60
Camelford, *John Amyand*, Esq. *Francis Herne*, Esqrs.
Canterbury, Richard Milles, Esq. - 856
Sir William Mayne, - 761
Unsuccessful, Sir William Lynch, - 438
Sir Philip Hales, - 177
Carlisle, Fletcher Norton,* Esq. *A. Storrer*, Esq.
Unsuccessful, Geo. Musgrave, Esq, Robert Milbourne, Esq.

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Caſtle-Riſing, Alex. Wedderburne,* Eſq.
Robert Mackreth, Eſq.
Cheſhire, Samuel Egerton, Eſq.
John Crewe, Eſq.
Cheſter, Hon. Thomas Groſvenor,
R. Wilbraham Booth, Eſq.
Chicheſter, The Hon. William Keppel,
Rt. Hon. Thomas Connolly.
Chippenham, Sir Edward Bayntun, Bart.
Samuel Marſh, Eſq.
Chriſtchurch, *Hon. Mr. Hyde, ſon to Ld. Hyde.*
James Harris, Eſq.
Cirenceſter, James Whitſhed, Eſq. 414
Samuel Blackwell, Eſq. 381
Unſucceſsful, Eſtc. Creſſwell, Eſq. 174
Clitheroe, Thomas Liſter, Eſq.
Hon. Aſheton Curzon.
Cockermouth, Fletcher Norton,* Eſq.
George Johnſtone, Eſq.
Colcheſter, Charles Gray, Eſq.
Iſaac Martyn Rebow, Eſq.
Corffe Caſtle, John Bond, Eſq.
John Jenkinſon, Eſq.
Cornwall, Sir William Lemon*, 1099
Sir John Moleſworth, 1050
Unſucc. Hu. Mackworth Praed, Eſq. 892
John Buller, Eſq. - 900
Coventry, *Edward Roe Yeo*, Eſq. 1571
Walter Waring, Eſq. 1111
Unſucceſsful, Thomas Green, Eſq. 827
Cricklade, *William Earle*, Eſq. - 150
Arnold Neſbit,* Eſq. 137
Unſucceſsful, Henry M'Culloch, Eſq. 69
George Dewer, Eſq. - 4
Cumberland, Sir James Lowther, 976
Henry Fletcher, Eſq; 876
Unſucceſsful, Sir Joſeph Pennington, 365
Dartmouth, Lord Viſcount Howe,
Richard Hopkins, Eſq.
Derbyſhire, Lord George Cavendiſh,
Godfrey Baghall Clarke, Eſq.
Derby, Lord Frederick Cavendiſh,
Wenman Coke, Eſq.
Devizes, Charles Garth, Eſq.
James Sutton, Eſq.
Devonſhire, Sir Richard Bampfylde,
John Parker, Eſq.
†Dorcheſter, William Ewer, Eſq. - 235
Hon. John Damer, - 215
Unſucceſsful, Anthony Chapman, Eſq. 145
Mr. Chapman, having a majority of 2 legal votes, intends to petition the Houſe.
Dorſetſhire, *George Pitt*, jun. Eſq; (ſon of the late Member,)
Humphry Sturtt, Eſq.
Dover, *John Trevanion*, Eſq.
John Henneker, Eſq.
†Downton, Wilts, Tho. Duncombe, Eſq. 22
Thomas Dummer,* Eſq. 22
Unſucceſsful, John Cooper, Eſq. - 11
Sir Thomas Hales, - 10
Droitwich, Thomas Foley,* jun.
Andrew Foley, Eſq.
Dunwich, Gerard Wm. Van Neck, Eſq.
Miles Barne, Eſq.
Durham county, Sir Thomas Clavering,
Sir John Eden.
Durham city, General Lambton, - 328
John Tempeſt, jun. Eſq. 369
Unſucceſsful, Mark Milbank, Eſq. 248
St. Edmondſbury, Rt. Hon. Auguſtus Hervey,
Sir Charles Davers,* Bart.
Unſucceſsful, Hon. Colonel Fitzroy.
Eſſex, John Luther, Eſq. 2262
John Conyers, Eſq. 2155
Unſucceſsful, Lord Waltham, - 1013
Eveſham, John Ruſhout, Eſq. - 490
Henry Seymour, Eſq.* 373
Unſucceſsful, Lord Milſintown, 241
George Durant, Eſq. - 64
Exeter, John Walter, Eſq;
Mr. *Bampfylde, ſon of Sir Rd.*
Eye, Suffolk, Col. Phillipſon,
Mr. St. John.
Fowey, Cornwall, Philip Raſhleigh, Eſq.
Molyneux Shuldham, Eſq.
Gatton, *Sir William Mayne*, Bart.
Robert Scott, Eſq.
Gloceſterſhire, Sir Wm. Guiſe, Bart.
Edward Southwell, Eſq.
Gloceſter, Charles Barrow, Eſq.
Geo. Auguſtus Selwyn, Eſq.
Grampound, Sir Joſeph Yorke,*
Rich. Aldworth Neville, Eſq.
Grantham, Lord George Sutton,
Sir Brownlow Cuſt.*
Eaſt Grinſtead, Lord George Germaine,
Lieut. General John Irwin.
Guildford, Sir Fletcher Norton, Knt.
George Onſlow, Eſq.
Hampſhire, Sir Simeon Stuart, Bart.
Sir Harry Paulet St. John, Bt.
Harwich, Gen. Harvey,
Right Hon. Ch. Jenkinſon.
†Haſlemere, Tho. More Molyneux, Eſq. 61
Dr. William Burrell, - 61
Unſucceſsful, William Burke, Eſq. 40
Henry Kelly, Eſq. - 40
Haſtings, Lord Palmerſton,
Rt. Hon. Cha. Jenkinſon.
Hedon, *Yorkſhire*, Sir Charles Saunders,
Beilby Thompſon, Eſq.
Hereforddhire, Tho. Foley, ſen. Eſq. 2450
Sir Geo. Cornewall, Bart. 1971
Unſucceſsful, Mr. Alderman Harley, 1631
Hereford, Sir Richard Symons, Bart.
John Scudamore, Eſq.
Hertfordſhire, William Plumer, Eſq. 2588
Thomas Halſey, Eſq. 1540
Unſucceſsful, Lord Grimſton, - 1081
Heyteſbury, Lieut. Gen. Wm. A'Court Aſhe,
The Hon. Col. Wm. Gordon.*
Higham Ferrers, Frederick Montague, Eſq.
Hindon, Wilts, *Gen. Richard Smith*, 163
Thomas Brand Hollis, Eſq. 161
Unſucceſsful, James Calthorpe, Eſq. 63
Richard Beckford, Eſq. 32
Honiton, Sir George Younge, Bart. 429
Lawrence Cox, Eſq. - 305
Unſucceſsful, Mr. Baring, - 164
Huntingdonſh. Lord Vifc. Hinchinbrook,
Earl of Ludlow.
Huntingdon, Hon. *Wm. Auguſtus Montagu*,
George Wombwell, Eſq.

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Hythe, Sir Charles Farnaby,* Bart.
William Evelyn, Esq.

Ilchester, Peregrine Cust,* Esq.
William Innes, Esq.

Ipswich, Colonel Wollaston, - 357
Thomas Staunton, Esq. 204
Unsuccessful, Lord Orwell, - 160

Kent, Hon. Charles Masham,*
Thomas Knight, jun. Esq.

Kingston-upon-Hull, Lord Rob. Manners, 1067
Mr. Hartley, - - 645
Unsuccessful, Mr. Shirley, - - 579

Knaresborough, Sir Anth. Tho. Abdy, Bart.
Hon. Rob. Boyle Walsingham.

Lancashire, *Lord Stanley*,
Sir Thomas Egerton.

Lancaster, Lord Rd. Cavendish,
Sir George Warren.

Launceston, Rt. Hon. Humphry Morrice,
John Buller,* Esq.

Leicestershire, Sir John Palmer,
Thomas Noel,* Esq.

Leicester, The Hon. Booth Grey,
Mr. Darker.

Leominster, Lord Viscount Bateman,
Thomas Hill, Esq.

Lewes, *Sir Thomas Miller*,
Thomas Hay, Esq.
Unsuccessful, Hon. John Trevor,
Wm. Kemp, Esq.

Lincoln, *Lord Vis. Lumley*, —— *Viner*, Esq.

Litchfield, George Adams Anson, Esq.
Thomas Gilbert, Esq.

Liverpool, Sir William Meredith,
Richard Pennant, Esq.

LONDON, John Sawbridge,* Esq. 3456
George Hayley, Esq. - 3390
Richard Oliver, Esq. 3354
Frederick Bull, Esq; (Lord-Mayor) - - 3096
Unsuccessful, William Baker, Esq. 2802
Brass Crosby, Esq. 1913
John Roberts, Esq. - 1398

Ludlow, Lord *Villars*,
Capt. William Clive.*

Luggershall, Lord Melbourne,
Lord George Gordon.

Lyme Regis, Hon. Henry Fane, Esq.
John Fane, Esq.

Kings Lynn, Crisp Molyneux, Esq.*
Hon. Thomas Walpole, Esq.

Maidstone, *Sir Horace Mann, Bart.* 541
Saville Finch,* Esq. 458
Unsuccessful, Robert Gregory, Esq. 226

Malden, Mr. *Nassau*, and Mr. *Strutt*.

Malmsbury, The Hon. Charles Fox,*
William Strahan, Esq; his Majesty's Printer.

Malton, Saville Finch, Esq.
Edmund Burke, Esq.*

Marlborough, Sir James Long, Bart.
The Hon. James Brudenell.

Great Marlow, *John Borlase Warren*, Esq. 190
Wm. Clayton, Esq. - 151
Unsuccessful, Wm. Dickenson, Esq. 76

MIDDLESEX, John Wilkes, Esq.
John Glynn, Esq.

Midhurst, Herbert Mackworth,* Esq.
Clem. Tudway,* Esq. (who is also elected for Wells.)

Milborne-Port, Edward Walter, Esq. 62
Hawkins Brown, Esq. 62
Unsuccessful, Hon. Temple Luttrell, 58
Captain Wolseley. 58

Two other returns were made at this election, according to which Mr. Luttrell and Mr. Wolseley had a majority of 39 votes; these several returns will be sent to the clerk of the crown, and the determination thereon must rest with a committee of the House.

Minehead, Henry Fownes Luttrell, Esq.
and his *Son*.

Monmouthshire, John Hanbury, Esq.
John Morgan, Esq.

Monmouth, Sir John Stepney, Bart.

Morpeth, *Peter Delme*, Esq.
Francis Eyre, Esq.
Unsuccessful, Hon. Mr. Byron,
Thomas Charles Bigge, Esq.

Newcastle upon Tyne, Sir Walter Blacket, 1164
Sir Mat. White Ridley, 1142
Unsuccessful, Hon. Const. Phipps, 794
Thomas Delaval, Esq. 677

Newport, (I. Wight) *Sir Richard Worsley*,
Hans Sloane, Esq.

Newport, *Cornw.* Rt. Hon. Humphry Morrice,*
Richard Bull, Esq.

Newtown, (I. Wight) Sir John Barrington,
Harcourt Powell, Esq.

Newton, *Lanc.* James Anthony Keck, Esq.
Rob. Ath. Gwillam, Esq.

Norfolk, Sir Edward Astley,
Wenman Coke,* Esq.

Northallerton, Daniel Lascelles, Esq.
Henry Peirse, Esq.

Northamptonshire, Lucy Knightly, Esq.
Thomas Powys, Esq.

Northampton, Hon. Wilbr. Tollemache, 785
Sir George Robinson, - 691
Unsuccessful, Sir James Langham, 267

Northumberland, *Lord Algernon Percy*, 1231
Sir William Middleton, 1096
Unsuccessful, Sir John Delaval, 1080
Mr. Fenwick, - - 769

Norwich, Sir Harbord Harbord,
Edward Bacon, Esq.

Nottinghamshire, Lord Lincoln*,
Hon. Thomas Willoughby.

Nottingham, *Sir Charles Sedley*, - 1116
Hon. William Howe, - 974
Unsuccessful, Lord Edward Bentinck, 908

Orford, Lord Viscount Beauchamp,
Hon. Rob. Seymour Conway.

Oxfordshire, Lord Charles Spencer,
Lord Viscount Wenman.

Oxford City, Lord Robert Spencer,
The Hon. Peregrine Bertie.

Oxford Univer. Sir. Roger Newdigate,
Francis Page, Esq.

Penryn, *Cornwall*, Sir George Osborne,* 139
William Clayton, Esq - 90
Unsuccessful, John Rogers, Esq. 81

Plymouth, Lord Barrington,
Sir Charles Hardy.

Peterborough,

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†Peterborough, *Richard Benyon*, Esq. 259
Matthew Wyldbore, Esq. 219
Unsuccessful, James Phipps, Esq. 212
†Petersfield, William Jolliffe, Esq.
Sir Abraham Hume.
Unsuccessful, Capt. John Luttrell.
Pontefract, Hon. Charles-James Fox,* 225
James Hart, Esq. - 252
Sir John Goodrick, Bart. 130
Charles Mellish, Esq. - 130
Notwithstanding the disparity of the numbers, the returning officer declared Sir John Goodricke and Mr. Mellish duly elected; the question therefore must be determined by the House of Commons.
Poole, Dorset, Joshua Mauger, Esq. - 55
Sir Eyre Coote,* Bart. - 59
Unsuccessful, Hon. Charles-James Fox, 5
John Williams, Esq. - 2
Upwards of 100 of the inhabitants offered to poll for the Hon. Mr. Fox and Mr. Williams, but it having been a custom for the Corporation only to elect their Representatives, the sheriff refused their votes.—Mr. Fox and Mr. Williams intend therefore to petition.
Portsmouth, Sir Edward Hawke, - 64
Peter Taylor, Esq. - 37
Unsuccessful, Mr. Iremonger, - 34
Preston, Sir Henry Houghton,
General Burgoyne.
Queenborough, Sir Charles Frederick,
Sir Walter Rawlinson.
Reading, *Francis Annesley*, Esq. - 327
John Dodd, Esq. - 302
Unsuccessful, John Walter, Esq. - 251
Retford, *Lord Thomas Pelham Clinton*,
Sir Cecil Wray.
Ripon, William Aislabie, Esq.
Charles Allanson, Esq.
Rochester, *Robert Gregory*, Esq. - 349
Geo. Finch Hatton, Esq. 293
Unsuccessful, Sir Thomas Pye, 252
New Romney, *Sir Edward Dering*,
Richard Jackson, Esq.
Rutlandshire, Thomas Noel, Esq.
Geo. Bridges Brudenell, Esq.
Rye, Rose Fuller, Esq.
D. Onslow, Esq.
Sandwich, Philip Stevens, Esq;
William Hey, Esq.
Salisbury, Lord Viscount Folkstone,
William Hussey, Esq.
Old Sarum, Thomas Pitt, Esq.*
Pinkney Wilkinson, Esq.
Scarborough, Lord Tyrconnel,
Sir Hugh Palliser, Bart.
Unsuccessful, R. Gregory, Esq. (returned for Rochester.)
Seaford, Lord Gage, - } 28
George Medley, Esq. }
John Chetwood, Esq. } 53
Stephen Sayre, Esq. }
This election is to be decided by the House.
Shaftesbury, Francis Sykes, Esq. - 284
Tho. Rumbold,* Esq. 248
Unsuccessful, Hans Wint Mortimer, Esq. 112

Shrewsbury, Lord Clive, and *Mr. Leighton.*
Unsuccessful, Mr. Pulteney, who intends to petition.
Shropshire, Charles Baldwyn, Esq.
Noel Hill,* Esq.
Somersetshire, Richard Hippisley Coxe,
Edward Phelips, Esq.
Southampton, Rt. Hon. Hans Stanley, 356
John Fleming, Esq. - 307
Unsuccessful, Lord Charles Montagu, 88
Southwark, Henry Thrale, Esq. - 1195
Nathaniel Polhill, Esq. 1026
Unsuccessful, William Lee, Esq. 741
Sir Abraham Hume, Bt. 457
Staffordshire, Sir John Wrottesly,
Sir William Bagot.
Stafford, Richard Whitworth, Esq.
Hugo Meynell,* Esq.
Stamford, Lieut. Gen. George Howard,
Henry Cecil, Esq.
Steyning, Thomas Edward Freeman,
Filman Honeywood, Esq.
Stockbridge, Hon. *Capt. John Luttrell*, 83
Lord Irnham,* - - 78
Unsuccessful, Mr. Crowe, - - 29
Mr. Widmore, - - 31
†Sudbury, Tho. Fonnereau,* Esq. 181
Philip Crespigny, Esq. - 179
Unsuccessful, Sir Patrick Blake, - 73
Sir Walden Hanmer, 74
Suffolk, Sir Thomas Cha. Bunbury,
Rowland Holt, Esq.
Surry, Sir Francis Vincent, 2017
James Scawen, Esq. 1656
Unsuccessful, Sir Joseph Mawbey, 1390
Tamworth, *Thomas de Grey, jun.* Esq. 191
Edward Thurlow, Esq. 186
Unsuccessful, Isaac Brown, Esq. 118
Taunton, Nathaniel Webb, Esq. 260
Hon. Mr. Stratford, (son to Ld Baltinglass) - - 254
Unsuccessful, Alexander Popham, Esq. 201
John Halliday, Esq. 202
The polling at this election lasted more than a week. The successful candidates were in the court interest supported by the corporation; the unsuccessful in the country interest, by the Union society.—Messrs. Popham and Halliday mean to petition.
Tewkbury, Sir Wm. Codrington, Bart.
Joseph Martin,* Esq.
Thetford, Hon. Charles Fitzroy,*
Hon. Cha Fitzroy Scudamore.*
Thirsk, Sir Thomas Frankland,
T. Frankland, Esq.
Tiverton, Nathaniel Ryder, Esq.
John Duntze, Esq.
†Totness, Devon, Philip Jennings, Esq.
——— *Amyatt*, Esq.
Wallingford, *Sir Robert Barker*, Bart.
John Cator, Esq.
Wareham, Hon. W. Gerard Hamilton,*
Christopher D'Oyly, Esq.
Warwickshire, Tho. Skipwith, Esq. 2954
Sir Charles Holte, - 1845
Unsuccessful, John Mordaunt, Esq. 1788

Warwick,

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Warwick, *Hon. Charles Greville,*
Hon. Capt. Greville.
Wells, Clement Tudway, Esq.
Robert Child, Esq.
Wendover, Joseph Bullock, Esq.
J. Adams, Esq.
Wenlock, Sir Henry Bridgeman,
George Foreſter, Esq.
Weobly, Sir Wm. Lynch,*
John St. Leger Douglas,* Esq.
Weſtbury, Wilts, *Hon. Mr. Wenman,*
Nathaniel Bayley,* Esq.
Weſtloo, Corn. James Townſhend, Esq.
Wm. Graves, Esq.
Weſtminſter, Right Hon. Earl Percy, 4994
Lord Thomas Pelham Clinton, 4733
Unſucceſsful, Lord Mountmorres, 2531
Lord Mahon, - 2342
Humphrey Cotes, Esq; 130
Weymouth, and Melcombregis, John Tucker, Esq.
John Purling,* Esq.
Right Hon. Welbore Ellis,*
William Chaſin Grove,* Esq.
Wigan, George Byng, Esq.
Beaumont Hotham, Esq.
Wilton, The Hon. Nicholas Herbert,
(uncle to Earl Pembroke)
Hon. Hen. Herbert, (his Lordſhip's nephew.)
Wiltſhire, Charles Penruddock, Esq.
Ambroſe Goddard, Esq.
Winchelſea, Arnold Neſbit, Esq.
J. C. Cornwall, Esq.
Wincheſter, Henry Penton, Esq.
Lovel Stanhope, Esq.
Windſor, Hon. Auguſtus Keppell,
Hon. John Montagu.
Woodſtock, John Skinner, Esq.
William Eden, Esq.
Wootton Baſſet, The Hon. Henry St. John,
Mr. *Scott.*
Worceſterſhire, Rt. Hon. Wm. Dowdeſwell,
Edward Foley,* Esq.
Worceſter, Thomas Bates Rous, Esq. 981
John Walſh, Esq. - 893
Unſucceſsful, Sir Watkin Lewes, Knt. 736
Edward Bearcroft, Esq. 312

Sir Watkin has proteſted againſt the return. Many proofs of bribery are ſaid to have appeared; but one very notorious inſtance of corrupt influence was in the appointment of 300 freemen to be conſtables, &c.

Chipping Wycomb, Hon. Th. Fitzmaurice,*
Robert Waller, Esq.
Yarmouth, (I. Wight) *Jervaiſe Clarke,* Esq.
Edward Worſley, Esq.
Yarmouth, *Norf.* Cha. Townſend, Esq. 310
Hon. Richard Walpole, 310
Unſucceſsful, Sir Charles Saunders, 216
William Beckford, Esq. 218
Yorkſhire, Sir George Saville,
Edwin Laſcelles, Esq.
York city, Lord John Cavendiſh, 807
Charles Turner, Esq. 828
Unſuc. Martin Bladen Hawke, Esq. 647

WALES.

Angleſea, *Lord Bulkeley.*
Breconſhire, Charles Morgan, Esq.
Brecon, Charles Van, Esq.
Cardiff, *&c.* Herbert Mackworth, Esq.
Cardiganſhire, Lord Viſcount Lisburne.
Cardigan, *Sir Robert Smyth,* 1488
Unſucceſsful, Tho. Johnes, jun. Esq. 980
Carmarthenſhire, Right Hon. George Rice.
Carmarthen, *John Adams,* Esq.
Carnarvonſhire, *Thomas Aſheton Smith, Esq.*
Carnarvon, Glynn Wynn, Esq.
Denbighſhire, Sir Watkin Williams Wynn.*
Flintſhire, Sir Roger Moſtyn, Bart.
Flint, Sir John Glynn, Bart.
Glamorganſhire, Geo. Venables Vernon, Esq.
Montgomeryſhire, *Wm. Moſtyn Owen,* Esq. 700
Unſucceſsful, Watkin Williams, Esq. 624
Montgomery, Colonel Cane.
Pembrokeſhire, Hugh Owen, Esq.
Pembroke, Hugh Owen*, Esq.
Radnorſhire, Chaſe Price, Esq.
Unſucceſsful, Thomas Johnes, Esq.
New Radnor, *&c. John Lewis,* Esq. 201
Unſucceſsful, Edward Lewis, Esq. 619

The majority of the voters for Edward Lewis, Esq; being non-reſident burgeſſes, the returning officer rejected them; on which account Mr. Lewis means to petition.

SCOTLAND.

Airſhire, *Sir Adam Ferguſon.*
Anſtruther, *&c. Philip Anſtruther,* Esq.
Bamffſhire, Earl of Fife,
Berwickſhire, James Pringle, Esq.
†Dunbar, Lauder, *&c. Capt. John Maitland.*
Unſucceſsful, Sir Alexander Gilmour.
Dundee, Forfar, *&c.* George Dempſter, Esq.
†Edinburgh, Sir Lawrence Dundas, 23
James Stoddart, Esq; (lord provoſt) 6
Unſucceſsful, Capt. Erſkine, - - 3
County of Edinburgh, *Henry Dundas, Esq.*
Unſucceſsful, Sir Alexander Gilmour.
Fifeſhire, General Scott.
Forfarſhire, Earl of Panmure.
Glaſgow, Renfrew, *&c.* Lord Fre. Campbell
Haddingtonſhire, Sir George Suttie.
†Inverkeithing, *&c. Colonel Campbell.*
Unſucceſsful, Colonel Maſterton.
Kincardinſhire, *Lord Adam Gordon.*
Kinghorn, Dyſart, *&c. John Johnſtone,* Esq.
Unſucceſsful, Mr. Oſwald.
Lanerkſhire, Andrew Stuart, Esq.
Linlithgow, *Sir William Auguſtus Cunningham.*
Nairn and Cromartie, *Coſmo Gordon,* Esq.
†Peebles, Lanerk, *&c.* Sir James Cockburn.
Peebleſhire, Rt. Hon. James Montgomery,
Lord Advocate of Scotland.
Renfrewſhire, John Crawford, Esq.
Roſsſhire, Right Hon. Ja. Stuart Mackenzie.
Roxburghſhire, Rt. Hon. Sir Gilbert Elliot.
Selkirkſhire, John Pringle, Esq.
Stirlingſhire, Thomas Dundas, Esq. - 44
Unſucceſsful, Sir James Campbell, - 19

[*To be compleated in a future Number.*]

☞ *The unſucceſsful Candidates for Places in the preceding Liſt marked thus* †, *mean to petition the Houſe on the legality of the returns.*

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The fashionable Dress for November, as established at St. James's and Bath.

FULL DRESS.——Ladies wear their hair dressed very far back, and broad at the sides, with curls across, and a bow of curls behind;—large flys, or pearls, with short lappets, and flowers in fancy;—fancy tippets;—ruffles very shallow before, and picked behind;—rich plain silks or sattins trimmed with blond or mignionet, ornamented with tassels, and bows of ribbon of different colours;—large hoops;—shoes to match the silks, with small rose buckles.

UNDRESS.——Black hats, with skeleton edge, and very full trimmed, rather high round the crown;—rich Chinese silks or sattin cloaks, lined and trimmed with skin; or black mode trimmed with broad lace, and lined with white;—French jackets trimmed with fringe to match the silks; or night gowns with round cuffs, and double robings of mignionet;—the gowns in general made with lappels to button at the top of the stays, which are worn very low;—slippers with white heels and small roses.

MARRIED.

IN Scotland, Lord Cochran, eldest son to the Earl of Dundonald, to Miss Anne Gilchrist, 2d daughter of Capt. James Gilchrist of the navy.

At Edinburgh, Hon. Capt. Maitland, to the Rt. Hon. the Countess Dowager of Rothes.

Thomas Estcourt, Esq; of Estcourt in Gloucestershire, to the Hon. Miss Grimston, sister to Lord Viscount Grimston.

Francis Reynolds, Esq; brother to Lord Ducie, to Miss Provis, of Portman-square.

The Rev. Mr. Stillingfleet, rector of Hotham in Yorkshire, to Miss Eliz. Taylor, daughter of the late Wm. Taylor, Esq; of Hadham in Herts.

The Rev. Mr. Wills, of Agnes in Cornwall, to Miss Selina Wheler, of Otterden-place, in Kent.

Rev. Mr. Brackley Kennet, morning-preacher at Berkeley-Chapel, son of Alderman Kennet, to Miss Sarah Mahew, of Hereford.

Geo. Hesse, Esq; to Miss Eliza Gunthorpe, of the Adelphi.

At Blandford, the Rev. Mr. Manrill, of Burleston, to Miss Harris, daughter of the late Rev. Mr. Harris, of Abbotsbury, Dorset.

Daniel Henry Woodward, Esq; of Boxwell, in Gloucestershire, to Miss Howorth, of Rochdale, in Lancashire.

At Moulsey in Surry, Capt. Moore, belonging to a regiment of foot, to Miss Janssen, daughter of Sir Stephen Theo. Janssen, Bart.

The Rev. N. Hill, to Miss Rule, daughter of John Rule, Esq; of Mile-end green.

The Rev. Samuel Peploe, D. L. Chancellor of the diocese of Chester, between 70 and 80 years of age, to Miss Rebecca Roberts, of Chester, aged upwards of 20 years.

Rev. Mr. Davies, rector of Coychurch, Glamorganshire, to Miss Arabella Jenkinson, of Charles-square, London.

Rev. Mr. Daniel Williams, to Mrs. Arthur, late of the Theatre Royal in Bath.

In the Isle of Man, John Lee, Esq; to Miss Fletchsr, a beautiful and amiable heiress with a fortune of 15,000l.

Mr. Samuel Colborne, junr. a considerable salt proprietor at Lymington, to Miss Cordelia Ann Garsten, daughter of John Garsten, Esq; of Blashford, near Ringwood.

Mr. Thomas Bradshaw, of London, to Miss Molly Harris, youngest daughter of Mr. Alderman Harris, of Gloucester.

Mr. Chadwick, an eminent hop and brandy merchant, of Gloucester, to Miss Clark.

Mr. Rich. Watley, a wealthy farmer of Berkshire, to Mrs. Lowrell, a widow gentlewoman of Thames-street: The next morning the bridegroom was taken ill, and expired in less than an hour after.

Mr. Lane, watchmaker, of Bristol, to Miss Brown, daughter of Mr. Brown, bookseller, of Honiton, Devon.

DIED.

At Edinburgh, the Right Hon. Lady Catherine Drummond, wife of Adam Drummond, Esq; and sister to the Duke of Bolton.

Lady Winn, wife of Sir Wm. Winn, Bart. at his house in Albemarle street.

The Right Hon. Lady Dowager Bleffington.

At Nice, Don Anthony Francis Gaetan Galeano Caissotti, Count de Seros, &c. late Viceroy of Sardinia.

Mr. Standfast Smith, apothecary of Bristol.

At Clifton, aged 84, Mrs. Hibbs, widow of Mr. Hibbs, attorney, of Bristol, and daughter of the late Major-Gen. Wade.

Sir Rich. Corbett, Bart. whose title descends to Mr. Corbett, formerly of Fleet-street, bookseller, now Sir Charles Corbett, Bart.

Governor Benyon, formerly in the East-India Company's service.

John Colburne, Esq; of Spilman's court near Stroud in Gloucestershire.

At his lodgings near Blackheath, Monsieur Peter Henry Treyssac de Vergy, as well known for his concerns in the famous quarrel between Count de Guerchy and the Chevalier D'Eon, as for his literary works.

The Rev. Mr. Ward, vicar of Bradsordton, near Evesham, and curate of Harborne.

At Weymouth, in the prime of life, Robert Sherword, Esq; late major in the 35th reg.

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Aged 84, the Rev. Joſeph Sandford, B. D. ſenior fellow of Balliol college, Oxford.
At Chelſea, Col. Owen.
Rev. Dr. Style, fellow of King's coll. Cambridge, and rector of Haverſford in Suſſex.
At Mile-End, Samuel Worrel, Eſq.
Francis Henry Leighton, Eſq; ſon to the late Gen. Francis Leighton,
Robert Boothby, Eſq; captain of the ſecond troop of horſe granadier guards.
Thomas Le Meſurier, Eſq; ſon of Henry Le Meſurier, Eſq; of Guernſey.
Noah Bliſſon, Eſq; formerly a ſtock-broker, but had retired from buſineſs.
James Lempriere, Eſq; one of the Jurats of the Royal Court in Guernſey.
The Lady of Edward Bearcroft, Eſq; one of his Majeſty's Counſel.
At Dorcheſter, John Gordon, Eſq; one of the repreſentatives in the aſſembly of Jamaica.
Of an apoplectic fit, in Cramlington church, immediately after having baptized a child, the Rev. Mr. Alderſon, of Newcaſtle.
At Bath, Miſs Eliz. Moyle, youngeſt daughter of the late John Moyle, Eſq; of Croſs, in Cornwall.
Mrs. Daubuz, of Bath, ſiſter-in-law to Sir Joſhua Van-Neck, Bart.
Mrs. Buſh, wife of Tho. Buſh, Eſq; of Cirenceſter.
SUDDENLY, —— Slade, Eſq; of Pennard in Somerſetſhire.
At Devizes, Michael Lejay, Eſq; of Bath.
Tho. Mellican Milles, Eſq; of Hill-Biſhop's, Somerſet, reckoned one of the largeſt men in this kingdom.
At Aberdeen, the Hon. Mrs. Buchan, relict of the deceaſed Thomas Buchan, of Cairnbulg, Eſq; advocate.
Tho. Parry, Eſq; of Arkeſtone, Hereſordſhire.
John Greenaway, Eſq; poſſeſſed of a large eſtate in the county of Lincoln.
At Epſom in Surry, Edward Northy, Eſq,
Mrs. Lewes, wife of John Lewes, Eſq; of Harpton, in the county of Radnor.
Capt. John Sayſe, of Chepſtow, aged 106.
Walter Hardyman, Eſq; one of his Majeſty's juſtices for Wiltſhire.
The Rev. Mr. Stewart Gunning, rector of Ufford, in Northamptonſhire.
At Preſteigne, in Radnorſhire, the truly pious and benevolent Mrs. Jane Price, Lady of Wm. Price, Eſq; of that place. Her eſtate, which is conſiderable, ſhe has left to the Hon. Mr. Archdeacon Harley.
Mr. Thomas Abraham, wine and timber merchant, of Southampton.
Mr. Wm. Skuce, the well-known and facetious landlord of Bibury.
At Deptford, John Greenleaf, a fidler, who by playing country dances at hops, fairs, &c. had amaſſed a fortune of 3000l.

ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

The Rev. Tho. Cherry, M. A. to be lecturer of St. Ann, Middleſex.
Rev. John Boſtock, jun. to the vicarage of New Windſor, Berks.
The Rev. John Finden, B. D. to the impropriate curacy of Wootton, Wilts.
Rev. Mr. Henry Bathurſt, to the living of Bletchingly, Surry.
Rev. Wm. Crackelt, to the vicarage of Chalke, in Kent.
Rev. Townſend Andrews, prebendary of St. Paul's, to the rectory of St. Catherine Coleman, London.
Rev. John Delap, D. D. to the rectory of Woollavington, with the vicarages of Kingſton and Iford.
Rev. Geo. Lafcoombe, B. A. to the vicarage of Walton, Yorkſhire.
Rev. John Summers, B. A. to the rectory of Brayley, in Wilts.
Rev. John Story, to the rectories of St. Michael Coſſany in Norwich, and Great Melton St. Marv's, and All Saints, in Norfolk.
Rev. John Cleaver, M. A. to the vicarage of Frodſham, in Cheſhire.
Dr. Thomas, to be his Majeſty's phyſician in ordinary, in place of Dr. Duncan, deceaſed.
Richard Willis, Eſq; to be gentleman uſher of his Majeſty's Hon. Privy Chamber, in the room of Sir C. Sheffield, deceaſed.
Rev. Mr. Farmer, fellow of Emanuel college, to be Lady Margaret's preacher at Cambridge, on the reſignation of the Rev. Mr. Hubbard.
Rev. Mr. Kedington, M. A. to the rectory of Little Chiſhall, in Eſſex.
Rev. Samuel Phillips, B. A. to the vicarage of Hallerton in Norfolk.
Rev. Richard Greaves, clerk, to the living of Biſhop's-Lydeard, Somerſet.
Rev. Mr. Butt, M. A. of Saliſbury, to the living of Aldborne in Wilts.

CIVIL and MILITARY PROMOTIONS.

Royal reg. of artillery, Capt. Lieut. Vaughan Lloyd, to be captain. Firſt Lieut. Samuel Tovey, to be captain lieutenant. Second Lieut. Abraham Witham, to be firſt lieut. William Simpſon, gent. to be ſecond lieut. Wm. Johnſton, gent. to be ſecond lieut. vice ſecond Lieut. Leonard Hammond, reſigned.
Royals, 1ſt. Battalion, Capt. Maximilian Faviere, to be Major. Capt. Frederick Falkiner to be captain. Lieut. William Kingſmill to be captain-lieutenant. Enſign Geo. M'Mundo to be lieutenant. James Corbet, Gent. to be enſign. Enſign Robert Arbuthnott to be lieutenant. Adjutant Wm. Oliver Grace, from half-pay to be Enſign.
5th reg. of foot, Enſign Brett Chambers to be lieutenant. Burron Gage Burtut, Gent. to be enſign. Lieut. Thomas Baker to be quarter-maſter.
36th reg. of foot, Enſign Richard Kearney to be lieut. James Mounſey, gent. enſign. Enſign Francis Peirſon, to be lieutenant.
Major Charles Chapman, of the late 96th reg. to be lieutenant-colonel in the army.
Clement Richardſon, Eſq; to be his Majeſty's Conſul at Cagliari in Sardinia.
Dr. Baker, to be phyſician to the houſhold, in the room of Dr. Duncombe, appointed phyſician in ordinary.
Sir John Pringle, Bart. preſident of the Royal Society, to be phyſician extraordinary to his Majeſty.
John Ives, Eſq; to be Suffolk Herald at Arms.
Alderman Plomer and John Hart, Eſq; to be ſheriffs of London and Middleſex.
Rev. Mr. Wm. Hancock Robert, to be head maſter of the free grammar ſchool at Worceſter.
Sir Henry Bridgman, Bart. to be recorder of Wenlock.

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THE MONTHLY MISCELLANY, FOR DECEMBER, 1774.

To the EDITORS *of the* MONTHLY MISCELLANY.

GENTLEMEN,

MARIA to HENRY, and HENRY to EDWARD, to which you gave so elegant an Engraving in No. X. were wrote for, and appeared only, in your Magazine. I cannot say the same of the following, as I composed it for Robinson's Lady's Magazine, for April, 1771; but I have now enlarged the poetical part, and send you the improved copy. If it meets your approbation, 'tis at your service. I remain Gentlemen,

Your humble Servant,

Newgate-Street. T. B. *No Candidate.*

ABDALLAH, and the SULTAN: An EASTERN TALE.

With a BEAUTIFUL ENGRAVING.

IN early time, an Eastern monarch ruled with such unbounded arrogance, that at length, the people groaning under his cruelty, looked for redress from young Abdallah, whose father the barbarian had murder'd, and usurp'd his throne.---Abdallah had retir'd from court for some time, living a life of piety and retirement; to his calm retreat the sons of liberty resorted; their party consisted of great and powerful men, and their consultations ended in resolving on the death of the tyrant, and replacing Abdallah on the throne of his father.

It was agreed between them, that when the Sultan took his usual walk behind the seraglio, Abdallah and some others were to be in readiness to rush on him, before the guards could come up to his assistance. The time arrives; the Sultan's already in the grove: Abdallah, with a drawn sabre, springs towards him, but unfortunately his foot slipping, the youth falls to the ground; a strange panic seized the rest; they meanly fled, and left him to the mercy of the enraged monarch, who that day had more attendants than usual about his person; instantly they disarm Abdallah, deliver him to the guard, who receive orders from their Sultan to prepare the most cruel torments.---A chearless dungeon receives the unhappy youth, whose breast was filled with greater sorrow from the unmanly flight of his party, than from his own misfortune. The generous hero lov'd his country more than himself.

The day after his imprisonment, the keeper was prevailed on, by a large bribe, to admit a friend, to take a last farewell of the noble sufferer. This friend was his own cousin, a virtuous man, and every way formed to make a people happy: unperceived he slips a letter into Abdallah's hand, who conveys it as privately to his bosom. They take a last embrace, and are torn asunder. Abdallah is now alone, and retiring to a remote corner of his dreary habitation, and opening the letter, read the following contents:

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" *Friend of my soul,*

" I have furnished you with the means to act nobly and escape torture. Abudah the good, the great conqueror, appears with a powerful army; nothing can save the tyrant; the nations around are all combined against him; Abudah invites me to rule over his armies, and tells me I shall be his son, to succeed him in his power, as he trusts I shall make his people happy. No more. Your wrongs shall be revenged!-- -as you must die--- die nobly. Farewell.

Abdallah read with rapture; but how was his joy encreased, when in the folds of the letter he discovered a small dagger. Kissing the welcome minister of death, he sat down, and penned the following lines to the Usurper; then, to prevent an untimely discovery, destroyed the letter of his friend, and lodged the dagger in his heart, which soon gave an easy death, and disappointed the cruel intentions of the tyrant.

ABDALLAH *to the* USURPER *of his Father's Throne.*

FROM dreary cells, where anguish bites the ground,
Where horror rages o'er the gloom around,
Where death in each tormenting form appears,
To fill a lesser soul than mine with fears,
Abdallah writes—whose calm unconquer'd mind
Smiles at thy frown, and throws all dread behind;
Bids stern defiance to thy narrow pow'r,
Nor long shall wait his last, his final hour:
Now racks prepare, and ministers of pain,
Yet know 'tis useless all, and idly vain.
Ere this arrives I may be nobly blest,
For no known guilt sits heavy on my breast;
While something whispers that I shall not die,
But be transplanted to a purer sky;
There gently live upon some happy plain,
Where trouble cannot come, nor tyrants reign;
For what I did, I did in virtue's cause,
To guard her sacred liberties and laws:
And had Abdallah brought thee to the ground,
Search'd thy black heart, and gave a mortal wound,
My father and thy king's illustrious shade
Had slept in peace, with all his wrongs repaid.
Rest, murder'd prince, the nations round arise,
Thy wrongs inspire, the bold Usurper dies.
Rest, injur'd shade, a noble cause like mine,
Shall give each steady arm a pow'r divine.
Soon shall their armies hem his courts around,
The loudest trump of war shall quickly sound;
In all her strength, stern justice leads the train,
Draws the bright sword, which soon shall meet a stain,
Her conq'ring hosts shall mark their dreadful way
Thro' purple fields, in that important day;
Red with warm blood again their blades shall rise—
Again they fall—again a thousand dies—
Nay, start not, tyrant, as I tell thy doom,
Fate, steady fate, has mark'd thee for the tomb;
Fate, steady fate, that levels high and low,
That pow'r ordains, that pow'r will deal the blow;
Strict, awful justice, will not rule in vain,
But give thee up to infamy and shame.
My father and thy king demand thy death,
And keen remorse awaits thy parting breath.
Yes—know proud wretch, tho' guards around thee wait,
Tho' deck'd in all the pomp of regal state,
A time will come, when veng'ance shall arise,
Strike the dread blow, and ope a nation's eyes.
Ere long, thou greatly curs'd, but chief by me,
Each venal slave shall cease to bend the knee.
Within thy palace purple streams shall flow,
And ev'ry room resound with hopeless woe.
Methinks I see thee gasping on the ground,
And life departing from the reeking wound.
Then, then shall truth and justice mount the throne,
While bright Astrea joins them both in one.
—— Farewell, for now prophetic fire is o'er;
One friendly stroke shall waft me to the shore,
Where thou shalt vex, and sorrow pain, no more.

PRIZE ESSAY;

On the EFFEMINACY of the PRESENT AGE.

" GRACEFUL in man is negligence of person." Strange, indeed! and does Ovid, that compleat master of the lover's art, so absurdly advise his pupils? Would he *thus* recommend them to female favour? Mere antiquated notions, that suit but ill with our politer age, and with the niceness and delicacy of modern refinement.

But pardon me, if I cannot think them so unsuitable, and if (with all due submission to the present taste) I attempt to vindicate what Ovid has advanc'd. —— Manners, as well as times, have undergone

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gone ſurprizing revolutions; for better, or for worſe, is obvious to determine.--- Inſtead of intrinſic merit, as magnanimity, or wiſdom, &c. which were once the diſtinguiſhing ornaments of our anceſtors, what is it we find in their poſterity? a worthleſs, foppiſh generation,---the ſhadows only of what their forefathers were,---and remarkable only for their vanity, folly, and an empty, ſuperficial nothingneſs. An unhappy exchange have we made! the true Britiſh Bullion we have barter'd for Gallic Coin of a baſe alloy. In vain, I fear, do declaimers rail, and ſatyriſts ridicule; the infection is caught, 'tis grown immortal, and daily more encouraged and fomented by our corrupt inclinations.

Farewell the plumed troops, and the big war,
That make ambition virtue!
. . . . . and all quality
Pride, pomp, and circumſtance of glorious war——
Farewell. Old England's hardineſs is gone.
SHAKESPEARE.

'Tis with grief and regret we bid adieu to that martial ſpirit, that nobleneſs of ſoul, which made our nation a race of heroes. Our generous youth could then diſdain to wanton in the lap of pleaſure, or to waſte the gloom of life in idle fooleries, and ſilken dalliance. Their manly boſoms were inſpired with far other paſſions; ſuch as rais'd their ſouls to glory, and to glorious actions. And think it not illaudable, if *love* was often an incentive with them; if it was their wiſh to deſerve by *deeds* the kind reſpects of the beloved fair one; for the advantages of perſon were very little conſidered. The men, I ſuppoſe, were not leſs *handſome*, tho' not ſo *fairly-complexion'd*, as they are now. They were *ſtrong*, they were *robuſt*, they were ſuch as MEN *ought* to be. And if the one ſex excell'd ſo much in their peculiar virtues, the other were as highly eſteemed for their good ſenſe, and beauty. *Theſe* were the envy and praiſe, *thoſe* the terror and admiration of Europe.

But enough of former times, uncivilized and barbarous, in compariſon of our own---the brighteſt æra of true politeneſs. Forbear to talk of toils and hardſhips, wars and wounds,---terms intolerably ſhocking to our nicer ears. What a much wiſer age are we fallen into!— The young fellows now-a-days (to their honour be it ſpoken) do their buſineſs in ſhorter, ſafer, and eaſier methods. They have too much prudence, too great a value for themſelves, to be dubb'd knight-errants, and *Quixots*, for the ſakes of their damſels, and charming *Dulcineas*. No fear of that from our pretty *Gemmen*. No favourers theſe, be aſſured, of any ſelf-denying doctrines, who would not for the world expoſe their tender frame, or injure their complexions.

The moſt celebrated beau of antiquity that I remember, was Paris. And he too (as old Homer deſcribes him) often proved a truant to the duſty labours of the field, more ſkilled in the ſofter campaigns of love, and the delightful ſcenes of Lydian pleaſures.

Wars are (as poets ſing) the dread of matrons, and nubile virgins. I think we might juſtly add our milk-ſop beaus to the timid number. Their dreſs now makes up for deficiencies, and will better paſs current than the happieſt qualifications. From the engagements of dreſs they hope for every thing. No heart, be it ever ſo guarded, is ſuppoſed capable of holding out againſt the enchanting graces of their dear, dear perſons, reinforced with the additional merit of being in the higheſt degree *faſhionable*. *Dreſs* is the darling object of the powder'd coxcomb's emulation. *Dreſs* is his diſtinguiſhing excellence; in *dreſs* his heav'n of happineſs is center'd. All his concerns and cares are conſequently directed to this important end. His knowledge comprehends no more than what relates to the gaieties and elegances of life. He leaves the reſt to plodding pedants, and the ſtarch'd ſolemnity of poring book-worms. *Learning* he has heard *is a dangerous thing*, and therefore is determined it ſhall never affect his brain, or check the lively flow of his ſpirits. One would be almoſt curious to know how the delicate creature beſtows his time; ſince the exerciſe of his mind and body is equally his deteſtation. No doubt *genteelly* enough, though in the opinion of ill-breeding, perhaps *inſipidly*. Ah! the pleaſing labours of the morning! How impereceptibly do the hours ſteal on, ſpent in deep conſultations with *Twiſt*, *Frizeur*, and all the various miniſters of faſhion. Nor muſt we forget, that the glaſs full often claims his moſt obſequious attention. Here in dumb devotion does he take his ſtand, and gazes like *Narciſſus* on the reflected form with extatic rapture.--- At length equipp'd, his whole figure improv'd and perfected, the affected thing ſallies forth, his head more full of conqueſts, than the giddy girl of fifteen. He viſits, chats a deal of fluent nonſenſe,

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then rolls away to every place of gay resort, to operas, balls, and masquerades.

These are the sweet fatigues of the evening. All the time he professes himself an humble servant of the ladies; yet were it to be wished his professions were sincere. Judge from appearances, and the ladies seem to be only the secondary objects of his admiration. The monopolizing love of self will admit no partner in its affections; it looks on every thing else with an eye of cold indifference. The influence of the fair may soon be weaken'd, should this apish foppery prevail. All the elevated notions of mutual tenderness and regard would be obscured and lost; and, to the exclusion of a noble passion, an illiberal, unmanly selfishness would succeed.

It was once a matter of boast and ostentation with mankind, that they were the Lords of the Creation, the Vicegerents of the Supreme Being. Upon what does our sex presume to claim this superiority? Certainly not on *outward form*; for in that we are equalled, and even excelled, by many others of his creatures. On the mind we must ground our pretensions; yes, on the soul we build them, so capable of the sublimest thoughts, and the most enlarged ideas. 'Tis the reasonable soul that distinguishes the man above the beasts that perish. What the mind designs and wills, the body is only the instrument to execute. To which then, ye effeminate flatterers, is the preference due, which demands your care and cultivation? The case of the mistaken Heathen, who paid his adoration to the Creature, not the Creator, may not be improperly applied to you. Had the Turkish law-giver been living in this our age of fops and foplings, we may be persuaded that these, and with more justice, not the poor ladies only, would have suffered from his doctrine of souls. To the men, it seems, the present depravity is owing. The other sex do but act in character, when they express a fondness for elegance and ornament. A delicacy and refined taste in them is an excellence amiable and becoming. Their gentle souls were formed in a softer mould, with faculties of a more exquisite polish, with more quick, more fine, and more lively sensations.

Man is the *noblest*, Woman the *fairest*, work of the Divinity. The one we behold with veneration and amazement, like some ample structure, rude yet magnificent. The other, like a neat and well-finished building, charms us with delight, whilst we admire the prettinesses, and the labour'd workmanship of the artist. I cannot forbear quoting here what the pathetic Otway has tenderly exclaim'd—

O woman, lovely woman, Nature made thee
To temper man, we had been brutes without thee.

Exterior ornaments, and all the little harmless luxuries of dress, were once, and ought still to have continued, the peculiar province of the fair. But our sex have made encroachments---have most shamefully invaded it. They have proceeded to ridiculous extremes; in short, they have refined upon refinement. Their degeneracy perhaps may have something to plead in its behalf; that we must not expect now-a-days that rugged virtue, and austerity of morals, which was once a point of pre-eminence; that men and things are changed; that such principles at present would be detrimental to society; that as it was not for us to correct and adapt the times to our inclinations, we must adapt our tempers and inclinations to the times.

True it is the times are alter'd. New worlds have been open'd to us; commerce hath made us acquainted with the remotest regions of the globe, and brings us home the enjoyment of its richest productions; wealth flows in apace, and the consequence is, that an extravagant passion for expence and gaiety universally predominates.

Did we but barely comply with the fashion of the age, the compliance would be warrantable; but to make it a *study*, an *only* study; to be in a manner a *slave* to it, deserves the severest censure. Our finical gallants are the principal authors and promoters of this folly. To make themselves agreeable to the fair, they fancy the most effectual method is to fall in with their passions, and to adopt their attachments for dress and finery.

And is it thus they hope to win their affections? Would to God the Ladies (for their own sakes I wish it) would expel their company, would eternally excommunicate, the whole herd of such insignificant danglers! To countenance the idle impertinents would be a tacit reflection on their own good sense and understanding. Yet we cannot but pity their unhappy case, so pester'd as they are with these Popinjays; which must needs happen, when the death of men of worth is so great, and so perpetually exposed to their

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their empty vanities. For surely every one must heartily despise, if not abhor, a set of beings, who have wilfully debased their nature, and abused those glorious privileges, which Providence had in kindness bestowed upon them.

Manchester. B.

A few OBSERVATIONS on AGRICULTURE;

Particularly the supposed Necessity of procuring SEED GRAIN, different from what our own Land produces.

IT is an established opinion, that Nature delights in, and her works are improved by, a constant change and varied intercourse in all her operations.—— Experience has taught the husbandman the expedience and fitness of one crop of grain being succeeded by a different one, and that again by a third, in a kind of varied rotation; and not only so, but the propriety and advantage of procuring his seed corn from a different country, and from land of an opposite nature. Custom has so thoroughly established this practice, that it is universally esteemed necessary, and as an indubitable maxim, is submitted to without any enquiry into the reason of the thing.

This latter opinion seems to me to be unphilosophical, repugnant to reason, and not defensible by the evidence of facts and experience, as is generally supposed.—Custom gives a sanction to numberless practices, which by the many are supposed or believed to be absolutely necessary; but are known to be absurd, often injurious, by a few only who have ventured to think and reason for themselves, and have dared to act in opposition to rules established by custom. The advantage to the husbandman in making these variations doth not arise merely from the variation, (for a change may be made to his injury) but from other causes, to which the change is only a circumstance accompanying them.

As to a succession of crops, different grain requires different seasons for sowing or planting the seed; some requires ten or eleven months to arrive at maturity, while others will attain to perfection in half the time. Wheat sown in October will not be ripe till August or September following, but barley sown in April, or the beginning of May, will be ripe at the same time. A field sown with wheat last winter, in the usual way, cannot be got into proper tilth to sow again this winter with the same grain; but it may with great ease and convenience be prepared for a crop of spring corn, and from thence arises the necessity of a change of crops.

A change of seed from the same species from a distant country, and a different soil may have great advantages attend it, but it may also be attended with great disadvantages; the mere change effects nothing certain, the advantage or disadvantage depends upon other circumstances. The truth is, most soils are better suited to the growth and production of some grain than to others, from whence it follows, that grain which grows on a soil perfectly suited to its nature, will be of much better condition than what grows on a soil that is not. The husbandman, therefore, endeavours to procure seed the most perfect in its kind, in order to keep up his crop at least to a vendible or marketable quality. As for instance, barley delights in a chalky, moderately light soil of a friable nature, which produces a fine thin skimmed grain, that ripens early; but thousands of husbandmen have no such land, but are obliged to sow large quantities of this grain; not being able to raise good seed of their own, are obliged to buy; for should they continue to sow indifferent seed upon improper land, their grain would soon degenerate, so as to be of little value. The advantage, therefore, does not arise from the change, but the substitution of a better seed, for had the change been made for seed of an inferior quality, the evil had been encreased instead of being prevented.

We have many instances of corn being planted on the same land many years in succession, from seed too that grew on the same land, the produce equally good, and the quantity annually encreasing. I have myself sowed barley several years in succession on the same land, without any diminution either in quantity or quality; and I saw no reason to think that the same practice could not have been followed for twenty years with equal success.

Such

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Such changes are not neceſſary then, becauſe more agreeable to the œconomy of nature; but to provide better ſeed than the land it is to be ſown upon is capable of producing. The change then may be an improvement, or otherwiſe, as it may happen to be ſuitable or unſuitable to the ſoil it is to be planted in. The beſt ſeed from a dry, warm, healthy ſoil, ſowed on a damp, improper ſoil, will degenerate; and ſeed raiſed on an improper ſoil, being ſown on one ſuited to its nature, will improve. Theſe different effects are not owing to the change, for then the ſame cauſe would produce different effects; but they are owing to being ſown on ſoil more or leſs favourable to the growth and perfection of that particular ſpecies of grain.

Nov. 25, 1774. J. W.

AUTHENTIC ACCOUNT OF THE

FATE of TEN MEN, belonging to the ADVENTURE, lately returned from the SOUTH SEAS,

Who were Eaten by the SAVAGES in NEW ZEALAND.

Extracted from the JOURNAL *of one of the* CREW, *that was ordered to make Search for the* UNHAPPY SUFFERERS.

ON the 30th of November, 1773, we came to an anchor on Charlotte Sound, on the coaſt of New Zealand, where the ſhip being moored, and the boat ſent aſhore, a letter was found, which informed that the Reſolution had been there, and had ſailed ſix days before we arrived.

On the firſt of December we ſent the tents and empty caſks on ſhore to the watering place. The Indians came and viſited us, and brought us fiſh, and other refreſhments, which we purchaſed for pieces of cloth, and old nails; and they continued this traffic for ten or twelve days, ſeemingly very well pleaſed.

On the 13th ſome of them came down in the night, and robbed the tents: the aſtronomer getting up to make an obſervation, miſſed ſome things, and charged the centinel with taking them; but while they were in diſcourſe, they ſpied an Indian creeping from the ſhore towards them; they fired at him, and wounded him, but he got off, and retired to the woods. The report of the gun had alarmed his companions, who deſerted the canoe in which they came, and fled likewiſe into the woods.

The waterers, who were now appriſed of what had happened, and were out upon the ſearch, found the canoe, and in it moſt of the things that had been ſtolen.

Nothing remarkable happened after this till the 17th, when preparing for our departure, the large cutter, manned with the proper crew, under the command of Mr. John Roe, the firſt mate, accompanied by Mr. Woodhouſe, midſhipman, and James Tobias Swilly, the carpenter's ſervant, was ſent up the Sound to Graſs-cove, to gather greens and wild celery.

At two in the afternoon the tents were ſtruck, every thing got on board, and the ſhip made ready for ſailing the next day. Night coming on, and the cutter not appearing, the captain and officers began to expreſs great uneaſineſs, fearing ſome treachery from the ſavages. They ſat up the whole night, in expectation of her arrival; but to no purpoſe. At day break, the captain ordered the long boat to be hoiſted out, and double manned, with Mr. Burney, ſecond lieutenant, Mr. Freeman, maſter, the corporal of the marines, with five private men, all well armed, with plenty of ammunition, two wall pieces, and three days proviſion.

Thus equipped, about nine in the morning we left the ſhip, and ſailed and towed for Eaſt-Bay, keeping cloſe in ſhore, and examining every creek we paſſed, to find the cutter. We continued our ſearch till two in the afternoon, when we put into a ſmall cove to dreſs dinner. While that was getting ready, we obſerved a company of Indians, ſeemingly very buſy, on the oppoſite ſhore; we left our dinner, and rowed precipitately to the place where the ſavages were aſſembled. On our approach they all fled; we followed them cloſely to a little town which we found deſerted; we ſearched their huts, and while thus employed the ſavages returned, and made a ſhew of reſiſtance; but ſome trifling preſents being made to their

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their chiefs, they were very ſoon appeaſed. However, on our return to our boat, they followed us, and ſome of them threw ſtones. After we had dined, we renewed our ſearch, and at proper intervals kept firing our wall-pieces, as ſignals to the cutter, if any of her people ſhould happen to be within hearing.

About five in the afternoon we opened a ſmall bay, whence we ſaw a large double canoe, and a body of Indians hauling her upon the beach. We quickened our courſe to come up with them, but they inſtantly fled on ſeeing us approach: this made us ſuſpect that ſome miſchief had been done. On landing, the firſt thing we ſaw in the canoe, was one of the cutter's row-lock boards, and a pair of ſhoes tied up together. On advancing farther up the beach, we found ſeveral of their baſkets, and ſaw one of their dogs eating a piece of broiled fleſh. We examined it, and ſuſpected it to be human: and in one of their baſkets, having found a hand, which we knew to be the left hand of Thomas Hill, by the letters T. H. being marked on it, we were no longer in doubt about the event. We purſued the ſavages as far as was practicable, but without ſucceſs. On our return we deſtroyed their canoe, and continued our ſearch.

At half after ſix in the evening we opened Graſs-cove, where we ſaw a great many Indians aſſembled on the beach, and ſix or ſeven canoes floating in the ſurf. We ſtood in ſhore, and when the ſavages ſaw us, they retreated to a riſing hill, cloſe by the water ſide. We were in doubt, whether it was through fear that they retreated, or with a deſign to decoy us to an ambuſcade. Our lieutenant determined not to be ſurprized, and therefore, running cloſe to the ſhore, ordered the grappling to be dropt near enough to reach them with our guns, but at too great a diſtance to be under any apprehenſions from their treachery. In this poſition we began to engage, taking aim, and determining to kill as many of them as our guns could reach. It was ſome time before we diſlodged them; but at length many of them being wounded, and ſome killed, they began to diſperſe. Our lieutenant improved their panic, and, ſupported by the officers and marines, leapt on ſhore, and purſued the fugitives.

We had not advanced far from the water ſide, before we beheld the moſt horrid ſight that ever was ſeen by any European; the head, hearts, livers, and lights of three or four of our people broiling on the fire, and their bowels lying at the diſtance of about ſix yards from the fire, with ſeveral of their hands and limbs in a mangled condition, ſome broiled, and ſome raw; but no other parts of their bodies, which gave cauſe to ſuſpect that the cannibals had feaſted on, and eaten all the reſt.

We obſerved a large body of them aſſembled on the top of a hill, at about two miles diſtance; but night coming on, we durſt not advance to attack them; neither was it thought ſafe to quit the ſhore, to take an account of the number killed, our body being but ſmall, and the ſavages numerous and fierce. They were armed with long lances, and with weapons not unlike the halberts of our ſerjeants in ſhape, made of hard wood, and inſtead of iron, mounted with bone. We could diſcover nothing belonging to the cutter, but one of the oars, which was broken, and ſtuck in the ſand, to which they had tied the faſtenings of their canoes.

It was ſuſpected that the dead bodies of our people had been divided among the different parties of ſavages that had been concerned in the maſſacre; and it was not improbable but that the party that was ſeen at a diſtance were feaſting upon ſome of the others, as thoſe on the ſhore had been upon what were found, before they were diſturbed by our crew in the long-boat. Be that as it may, we could diſcover no traces of more than four of their bodies, nor could we tell where the ſavages had concealed the cutter.

It was now near night, and our lieutenant not thinking it ſafe to truſt our crew in the dark, in an open boat, within reach of ſuch cruel barbarians, ordered the canoes to be broken up and deſtroyed; and, after carefully collecting the remains of our mangled companions, we made the beſt of our way from this polluted place. About four the next morning we weighed anchor, and about ſeven got under way, and purſued our courſe home. In the mean time, the ſurgeons examined the remains of the bodies brought on board, but could not make out to whom they belonged; ſo they were decently laid together, and with the uſual ſolemnity on board ſhips, committed to the deep.

[*Lond. Mag.*]

RULES

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RULES for judging of the BEAUTIES of PAINTING, MUSIC, and POETRY;

Founded on a new Examination of the Word THOUGHT,

As applied to the FINE ARTS.

THOUGHTS are, generally ſpeaking, all ideas ſufficiently diſtinct to be conveyed by ſigns. When ſpeaking with a particular reference to the Belles Lettres and polite arts, we mean, by thoughts, the ideas which the artiſt attempts to raiſe by his performance, in contradiſtinction to the manner in which they are raiſed or expreſſed.

In works of art, thoughts are what remain of a performance, when ſtripped of its embelliſhments. Thus, a poet's thoughts are what remains of his poems, independently of the verſification, and of ſome ideas, merely ſerving for its decoration and improvement.

Thoughts, therefore, are the materials propoſed and applied by art to its purpoſes. The dreſs in which they appear, or the form into which they are moulded by the artiſt, is merely accidental; conſequently, they are the firſt object of attention in every work of art; the ſpirit, the ſoul of a performance, which, if its thoughts are indifferent, is but of little value, and may be compared to a palace of ice, raiſed in the moſt regular form of an habitable ſtructure, but, from the nature of its materials, totally uſeleſs.

While, therefore, you are contemplating an hiſtorical picture, try to forget that it is a picture: forget the painter, whoſe magic art has, by lights and ſhades, created bodies where there are none. Fancy to yourſelf that you are looking at men, and then attend to their actions. Obſerve whether they are intereſting; whether the perſons expreſs thoughts and ſentiments in their faces, attitudes, and motions; whether you may underſtand the language of their airs and geſtures, and whether they tell you ſomething remarkable. If you find it not worth your while to attend to the perſons thus realiſed by your fancy, the painter has thought to little purpoſe.

Whilſt liſtening to a muſical performance, try to forget that you are hearing ſounds of an inanimate inſtrument, produced only by great and habitual dexterity of lips or fingers. Fancy to yourſelf, that you hear a man ſpeaking ſome unknown language, and obſerve whether his ſounds expreſs ſome ſentiments; whether they denote tranquility or diſturbance of mind, ſoft or violent, joyful or grievous affections; whether they expreſs any character of the ſpeaker; and whether the dialect be noble or mean. If you cannot diſcover any of theſe requiſites, then pity the virtuoſo for having left ſo much ingenuity deſtitute of thought.

In the ſame manner we muſt alſo judge of poems, eſpecially of the Lyric kind. That ode is valuable, which, when deprived of its poetical dreſs, ſtill affords pleaſing thoughts or images to the mind. Its real merit may be beſt diſcovered by tranſpoſing it into ſimple proſe, and depriving it of its poetical colouring. If nothing remains, that a man of ſenſe and reflection would approve, the ode, with the moſt charming harmony, and the moſt ſplendid colouring, is but a fine dreſs hung round a man of ſtraw. How greatly then are thoſe miſtaken, who conſider an exuberant fancy, and a delicate ear, as ſufficient qualifications for a Lyric poet!

It is only, after having examined the thoughts of a performance in their unadorned ſtate, that we can pronounce whether the attire, in which they have been dreſſed by art, fits, and becomes them well or ill. A thought, whoſe value and merit cannot be eſtimated, but from its dreſs, is, in effect, as futile and inſignificant as a man who affects to diſplay his merit by external pomp.

[*Univ. Mag.*]

NATURAL

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NATURAL HISTORY of the SHEEP.

THE Sheep, in its preſent domeſtic ſtate, is of all animals the moſt defenceleſs and inoffenſive. With its liberty it ſeems to have been deprived of its ſwiftneſs and cunning; and what in the aſs might rather be called patience, in the ſheep appears to be ſtupidity. With no one quality to fit it for ſelf-preſervation, it makes vain efforts at all. Without ſwiftneſs, it endeavours to fly; and, without ſtrength, ſometimes offers to oppoſe. But theſe feeble attempts rather incite than repreſs the inſults of every enemy; and the dog follows the flock with greater delight upon ſeeing them fly, and attacks them with more fierceneſs upon their unſupported attempts at reſiſtance. Indeed they run together in flocks; rather with the hopes of loſing their ſingle danger in the crowd, than of uniting to repreſs the attack by numbers. The Sheep, therefore, were it expoſed in its preſent ſtate to ſtruggle with its natural enemies of the foreſt, would ſoon be extirpated. Loaded with an heavy fleece, deprived of the defence of its horns, and rendered heavy, ſlow, and feeble, it can have no ſafety but what it finds from man. This animal is now, therefore, obliged to rely ſolely upon that art for protection, to which it originally owes its degradation.

But we are not to impute to Nature the formation of an animal ſo utterly unprovided againſt its enemies, and ſo unfit for defence. The Mouffion, which is the ſheep in a ſavage ſtate, is a bold, fleet creature, able to eſcape from the greater animals by its ſwiftneſs, or to oppoſe the ſmaller kinds with the arms it has received from Nature. It is by human art alone that the Sheep is become the tardy, defenceleſs creature we find it. Every race of quadrupedes might eaſily be corrupted by the ſame allurements by which the Sheep has been thus debilitated and depreſſed. While undiſturbed, and properly ſupplied, none are found to ſet any bounds to their appetite. They all purſue their food while able, and continue to graze, till they often die of diſorders occaſioned by too much fatneſs. But it is very different with them in a ſtate of nature: They are in the foreſt ſurrounded by dangers, and alarmed with unceaſing hoſtilities; they are purſued every hour from one tract of country to another, and ſpend a great part of their time in attempts to avoid their enemies. Thus conſtantly exerciſed, and continually practiſing all the arts of defence and eſcape, the animal at once preſerves its life and native independence, together with its ſwiftneſs, and the ſlender agility of its form.

The Sheep, in its ſervile ſtate, ſeems to be diveſted of all inclinations of its own; and of all animals it appears the moſt ſtupid. Every quadrupede has a peculiar turn of countenance, a phyſiognomy that generally marks its nature. The Sheep ſeems to have none of thoſe traits that betoken either courage or cunning; its large eyes ſeparated from each other, its ears ſticking out on each ſide, and its narrow noſtrils, all teſtify the extreme ſimplicity of this creature; and the poſition of its horns alſo ſhews that Nature deſigned the Sheep rather for flight than combat. It appears a large maſs of fleſh, ſupported upon four ſmall ſtrait legs, ill fitted for carrying ſuch a burthen; its motions are aukward, it is eaſily fatigued, and often ſinks under the weight of its own corpulency. In proportion as theſe marks of transformation are more numerous, the animal becomes more helpleſs and ſtupid. Thoſe which live upon a more fertile paſture, and grow fat, become entirely feeble; thoſe that want horns, are found more dull and heavy than the reſt; thoſe whoſe fleeces are longeſt and fineſt are moſt ſubject to a variety of diſorders; and, in ſhort, whatever changes have been wrought in this animal by the induſtry of men, are entirely calculated for human advantage, and not for that of the creature itſelf.

The Sheep, when bred up tame in the houſe, and familiarized with its keepers, from being dull and tim'd, acquires a degree of pert familiarity; butts with its head, becomes miſchievous, and ſhews itſelf every way unworthy of being ſingled out from the reſt of the flock. Thus it ſeems rather formed for ſlavery than friendſhip; and framed more for the neceſſities than the amuſements of mankind.

There is but one inſtance in which the Sheep ſhews any attachment to its keeper; and that is ſeen rather on the Continent, than among us in Great-Britain. What I allude to is their following the ſound of

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the ſhepherd's pipe. Before I had ſeen them trained in this manner, I had no conception of thoſe deſcriptions in the old paſtoral poets, of the ſhepherd leading his flock from one country to another. As I had been uſed only to ſee theſe harmleſs creatures driven before their keepers, I ſuppoſed that all the reſt was but invention: but in many parts of the Alps, and even ſome provinces of France, the ſhepherd and his pipe are ſtill continued, with true antique ſimplicity. The flock is regularly penned every evening, to preſerve them from the wolf; and the ſhepherd returns homeward at ſun-ſet, with his ſheep following him, and ſeemingly pleaſed with the ſound of the pipe, which is blown with a reed, and reſembles the chanter of a bag-pipe. In this manner, in thoſe countries that ſtill continue poor, the Arcadian life is preſerved in all its former purity; but in countries, where a greater inequality of conditions prevails, the ſhepherd is generally ſome poor wretch, who attends a flock from which he is to derive no benefits, and only guards thoſe luxuries which he is not fated to ſhare.

It does not appear, from early writers, that the Sheep was bred in Britain; and it was not till ſeveral ages after this animal was cultivated, that the woollen manufacture was carried on among us.---- That valuable branch of buſineſs lay for a conſiderable time in foreign hands; and we were obliged to import the cloth, manufactured from our own materials. There were, notwithſtanding, many unavailing efforts among our Kings to introduce and preſerve the manufacture at home. Henry the Second, by a patent granted to the weavers in London, directed, that if any cloth was found made of a mixture of Spaniſh wool, it ſhould be burned by the Mayor. Such edicts at length, although but ſlowly, ſoon operated towards the eſtabliſhing this trade among us. The Flemings, who at the revival of arts poſſeſſed the art of cloth-working in a ſuperior degree, were invited to ſettle here; and, ſoon after, foreign cloth was prohibited from being worn in England. In the times of Queen Elizabeth, this manufacture received every encouragement; and, many of the inhabitants of the Netherlands being then forced, by the tyranny of Spain, to take refuge in this country, they improved us in thoſe arts, in which we at preſent excel the reſt of the world. Every art, however, has its riſe, its meridian, and its decline; and it is ſuppoſed by many, that the woollen manufacture has for ſome time been decaying amongſt us.---- The cloth now made is thought to be much worſe than that of ſome years paſt; being neither ſo firm nor ſo fine, neither ſo much courted abroad, nor ſo ſerviceable at home.

No country, however, produces ſuch ſheep as England; either with larger fleeces, or better adapted for the buſineſs of cloathing. Thoſe of Spain, indeed, are finer, and we generally require ſome of their wool to work up with our own; but the weight of a Spaniſh fleece is no way comparable to one of Lincolnſhire or Warwickſhire; and, in thoſe countries, it is no uncommon thing to give fifty guineas for a Ram.

The Sheep without horns are counted the beſt ſort, becauſe a great part of the animal's nouriſhment is ſuppoſed to go up into the horns. Sheep, like other ruminate animals, want the upper foreteeth, but have eight in the lower jaw: two of theſe drop, and are replaced at two years old; four of them are replaced at three years old; and all at four. The new teeth are eaſily known from the reſt, by their freſhneſs and whiteneſs. There are ſome breeds, however, in England, that never change their teeth at all; theſe the ſhepherds call the leather-mouth'd cattle; and, as their teeth are thus longer wearing, they are generally ſuppoſed to grow old a year or two before the reſt.

But this animal, in its domeſtic ſtate, is too well known to require a detail of its peculiar habits, or of the arts which have been uſed to improve the breed.---- Indeed, in the eye of an obſerver of nature, every art which tends to render the creature more helpleſs and uſeleſs to itſelf, may be conſidered rather as an injury than an improvement; and, if we are to look for this animal in its nobleſt ſtate, we muſt ſeek for it in the African deſert, or the extenſive plains of Siberia. Among the degenerate deſcendants of the wild Sheep, there have been ſo many changes wrought, as intirely to diſguiſe the kind, and often to miſlead the obſerver. The variety is ſo great, that ſcarce any two countries have its Sheep of the ſame kind; but there is found a manifeſt difference in all, either in the ſize, the covering, the ſhape, or the horns.

The woolly ſheep, as it is ſeen among us, is found only in Europe, and ſome of the temperate provinces of Aſia.----

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When transported into warm countries, either into Florida or Guinea, it loſes its wool, and aſſumes a covering fitted to the climate, becoming hairy and rough; it there alſo loſes its fertility, and its fleſh has no longer the ſame flavour. In the ſame manner, in the very cold countries, it ſeems equally helpleſs and a ſtranger; it ſtill requires the unceaſing attention of mankind for its preſervation; and, although it is found to ſubſiſt, as well in Greenland as in Guinea, yet it ſeems a natural inhabitant of neither.

[*Univ. Mag.*]

A CERTAIN METHOD OF DETERMINING WHETHER CHILDREN ARE BORN ALIVE.

To the EDITORS *of the* MONTHLY MISCELLANY.

GENTLEMEN,

A Correſpondent in your laſt Miſcellany tells the public, that the experiment made by throwing the lungs taken out of the thorax of a new-born infant into water, is not a certain method of diſcovering whether the child was born alive or not, and that therefore it ought not to be depended upon in a caſe where the life of a fellow creature is at ſtake.

Certainly, a diſhoneſt operator may make the lungs ſink if the child had breathed, by pouring a ſmall quantity of mercury down the trachæa, after he had exhauſted as much of the air as poſſible; and, vice verſa, he may make the lungs ſwim if the child had been ſtill born, by inflating the lungs as much as poſſible with air; but if the lungs were taken out fairly, and immerſed in water, I am of opinion the ſinking or ſwimming might well aſcertain whether the child had breathed or not.

Some years ſince I was preſent at the trial of a woman for the murder of her child; and the ſurgeon who examined the child, offering this experiment as evidence, was immediately ſilenced, and not ſuffered to proceed any farther, as it was well known ſuch other evidence would have been given as muſt have convicted the priſoner. In this caſe the child's throat was cut, and it was thrown into a neceſſary. She had confeſſed the fact, and it was well known ſhe had committed the like fact twice before; however, it was urged in private, that ſhame for her fornication induced her to deſtroy the children to prevent diſcovery, and the children not having any ſenſe of the value of life, it was no great crime.

To prevent ſuch unnatural and atrocious offenders from eſcaping the puniſhment due to their guilt, the following is offered as an infalliblo method to diſcover whether the child has breathed or not.

Before birth, no blood paſſes through the pulmonary artery, but through the foramen ovale into the heart of the fœtus; but as ſoon as the child is born and breathes, the foramen is cloſed, and the blood paſſes through the pulmonary veſſels into the heart: if, therefore, upon opening the thorax of the child, the pulmonary artery and vein be found full of blood, or nearly ſo, there cannot be a doubt but the child has breathed.

In the caſe above-mentioned, the wound in the child's throat was by the Judge ſuppoſed to have been made by the inſtrument which drew it out of the neceſſary; but, had the ſurgeon been allowed to go through his evidence, it would have been known to have been made before death: and it may be uſeful here to ſay, that any diviſion of the blood veſſels after the circulation of the blood is wholly ſtopped, will not take away more blood than between the valves of that veſſel; but, if any of the principal blood-veſſels are divided while the circulation is carrying on, almoſt the whole circulating blood will be drained away at the wound; ſo that it cannot be difficult to aſcertain whether a wound dividing the blood-veſſels was made before or after death. R.

[*Gent. Mag.*]

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The PHILOSOPHER of NATURE;

An INDIAN TALE.

IN a certain iſland of India, reigned a Prince, who was ſo exceedingly diſtruſtful, that though he had but one ſiſter, he would not diſpoſe of her in marriage, leſt he ſhould have a brother-in-law more beloved by the people than himſelf. But notwithſtanding the watchful eye he kept upon his ſiſter, one of his relations found means to ſee her; and the young couple having become enamoured of each other, they eluded the vigilance of their guards, and were privately married.

The fruit of this union was a ſon, whom the princeſs for ſome time kept concealed; but fearing the indignation of her brother, ſhe was obliged to expoſe him, leſt his cries might be heard, and not only the death of her child, but that of his father, ſhould be the conſequence.---For this cruel ſeparation, ſhe allotted a ſerene night; and having put the infant into a box of ruſhes, lined with a bituminous ſubſtance, ſhe left him to the mercy of the waves, which carried him to the border of a deſerted iſland, that lay oppoſite to that of his birth.

The infant Ebn Yokdhan, inſtigated by the calls of hunger, cried with all his might; and a ſhe goat, which had juſt been robbed of her kidling by an eagle, approached and gave him ſuck. This tender office ſhe failed not to renew every day; and the ſame connection was gradually formed between them as between a child and its nurſe.

When he had attained his fifth or ſixth year, he began to perceive that he was the only animal which was naked, all the others being covered with hair, wool, or feathers. He ruminated upon the methods by which this inconvenience might be remedied; and the firſt which occurred was, to take the large leaves of ſome tree, and twine them together to make a covering. Afterwards, meeting with the covering of a dead eagle, and remarking that it had no bad ſmell, he made a kind of habit to himſelf from the ſkin, and the feathers.

As he always went about armed with a ſtick, he rendered himſelf an object of terror to all the animals of the iſland, who no longer dared to come near him. The ſhe goat, his nurſe, however, never forſook him; and, though on account of her great weakneſs and age, he took an extraordinary care of her, he could not nevertheleſs prevent her from dying ſoon after.

When he beheld his nurſe without motion, his ſurpriſe and grief were immoderate. He called to her for a long time: but finding that ſhe made no anſwer to him, he began to examine the eyes, the ears, and the legs of the animal, imagining that in theſe parts there muſt be ſome obſtacle which hindered them from performing their functions; as he had already remarked that, when he cloſed his eyes, ſtopped his ears, or tied his legs together, he could neither ſee, nor hear, nor walk. Every thing appeared to him in its uſual condition. He therefore concluded, that this hindrance proceeded from an internal cauſe, and was connected with a particular part which actuated all the reſt. This part, he thought, muſt neceſſarily be ſituated in the middle of the body, in order to communicate, with greater eaſe, its influence to the other members, and feeling his heart beat with violence, from the agitation of mind in which he was, he imagined that that muſt be the principle and the ſource of motion. On this, he immediately reſolved to open the body of his nurſe, there to ſearch for this part, and to find out wherein the deficiency lay.

Having, therefore, picked out ſome edged ſtones, and dried reeds, which he ſharpened as well as he could, he made an inciſion into the body of the goat, and preſently found the lungs; which he judged, however, not to be the object of his ſearch, becauſe they were not in the middle of the body. When he reached the liver, he imagined that that part muſt be the heart. For this reaſon he began to examine; and having perceived two cavities in it, the one full of coagulated blood, and the other empty, he conceived that the principle of life was ſeated in the latter. And as he was ſenſible that this principle had gone out of the body while it was yet entire, he was well aſſured that it would not return thither, when the body ſhould be divided into ſeveral parts. Afterwards, conſidering that this carcaſe was incapable of any kind of function, he concluded that to that principle which had now left it, he muſt attribute all the operations he had ſeen the goat perform; that

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it was that which had ſupplied him with ſuck, and which had taken care of him from his infancy. Theſe conſiderations excited in him a ſtrong inclination to know what had become of this principle, and whither it was gone; if it had left the body of itſelf, or if it had been driven from it by ſome extrinſic power.

While our Solitary was immerſed in theſe reveries, the carcaſe began to putrify: the ſteam attracted two crows; and they, afraid to approach for fear of Ebn Yokdhan, began to fight. One of them had no ſooner killed the other, than it dug a hole in the earth, into which it threw the body, and afterwards filled it up.—From this circumſtance, Ebn Yokdhan determined to dig a hole alſo, and pay that duty to his nurſe which a crow had paid to his enemy.

Soon after a windy ſtorm aroſe, which drove the branches of ſome dry trees againſt each other with ſo much violence that they took fire. The novelty of this accident greatly aſtoniſhed our Solitary; and, prompted by his natural curioſity, he approached to it. He attempted at firſt to handle the flames; when, ſtarting back with pain, he reſolved to carry it into a cave in which he lodged, in order to examine the fire, and the effects it was capable of producing. With not a little care did he preſerve it; as he found that the blaze ſerved him for ſun during the night, and that, at a certain diſtance, the moderate heat which iſſued from it, cheared him, and revived his ſtrength.

One day, as he was warming himſelf, a fiſh, which he had juſt caught, leaped upon his fire, but being intent on ſome other object, he did not at firſt perceive it; but his noſtrils being preſently affected by an agreeable flavour, which he had never experienced before, he was induced to ſearch into the cauſe of it. On beholding the fiſh half-broiled, he longed to taſte of it. He did taſte of it; and finding it more palatable than the fruits which had hitherto compoſed his nouriſhment, he addicted himſelf to hunting and fiſhing, in both which exerciſes he facilitated his ſucceſs by the contrivance of ſundry expedients, ſuch as that of taming birds (by whoſe ſinging the reſt were attracted, and ſecured in his ſnare) and that of training horſes, mounted on which, he out-ran at the chace the ſwifteſt beaſts.

Ebn Yokdhan had hardly numbered his two and twentieth year, when he invented theſe things, and made clothes to himſelf of the ſkins of beaſts, ſewed together with threads of the bark of palm-tree, with hemp, &c. but theſe bodily exerciſes did not occupy him wholly, and hardly did he ever behold an object, of which he wiſhed not to ſearch into the cauſe.

He had already remarked, that matter operates not of itſelf, but by means of a certain impulſe, from ſome external cauſe; and of this he endeavoured to find the author, upon the earth, and in the ſky. But as he could find no being which was not finite, and which was not ſubject to change, he thence concluded, that he who had formed matter, and who had thus peculiarly arranged it, was not matter, ſince of neceſſity he muſt be infinite and immutable; that matter having not of itſelf the ability to act, it was not it which, properly ſpeaking, performed the actions he ſaw it produce, but the perfect Being who gave it that power, and who preſerves it; that, of conſequence, this Being was all-powerful, all-wiſe, all-knowing; that his exiſtence was neceſſary; and that nothing was wanting to his glory, to his perfection, and to his ſovereign felicity.

This ſublime idea took ſuch poſſeſſion of Ebn Yokdhan, that he no longer paid any attention hardly to aught beſide; when any object happened to divert him from it, he inſtantly returned to it, applying every thing he had found good and amiable in that object to the infinitely-perfect Being, and removing from him every thing which appeared corruptible, or ſubject to imperfection. ——There was one thing, however, which greatly puzzled him, namely, that this Being, who is ſo worthy of the love, and the reſpect, of all his creatures, ſhould have formed ſo few of them who were endowed with a capacity to know him, and to pay a voluntary homage to him. This conſideration diſturbed his repoſe for ſome time; but by means of the freſh truths which he daily diſcovered, he ſoon recovered his wonted tranquility.

So deeply was our Solitary ſometimes impreſſed with reflections on theſe myſterious matters, that he would have relinquiſhed all care of his body, if he had not believed that he was obliged to preſerve it. He therefore reſolved to pay no more attention to his bodily concerns than what might be neceſſary to keep him from dying; he went out of his cave but once a week, and then merely in queſt of fruit for his ſuſtenance; the firſt of which that offered he took without

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out choice. This manner of living he continued till the age of fifty years; when God, unwilling that so rare a pattern of virtue should remain unknown to the world, permitted him to be discovered by the following accident.

Not far from the island in which Ebn Yokdhan had been brought up, there was another, inhabited by the followers of the ancient prophets, who, in order to familiarize the mysteries of heaven to the senses, illustrated them by allegories, and by parables. Two of these islanders, Asal and Solomon, though intimate friends, entertained very different sentiments, however, as to the road which leads to happiness. The former maintained, that it was by relinquishing the world, and by living in solitude: the latter, by mixing with society.

Asal had heard that the island in which Ebn Yokdhan resided was uninhabited; and, in order to dedicate himself to devotion, he gave his wealth to the poor, reserving no more than what was necessary to get himself conveyed thither. As Ebn Yokdhan seldom stirred from his cave, he did not meet with Asal, till one day, as he happened to be plucking some fruits. Asal was at a distance employed in prayer; and nothing could exceed the surprize of Ebn Yokdhan, when he beheld, for the first time, a creature resembling himself.---- Impelled by curiosity, he advanced towards him; but Asal, taking him for another Solitary, immediately withdrew. Ebn Yokdhan pretended not to see him; and following at a distance, as if by chance, he waited till he should again fall upon his knees, before he would run after him. Asal, alarmed at finding himself pursued, took to flight; but Ebn Yokdhan, soon overtook him.----- The new Solitary was ready to die with terror, when he found himself defenceless in the hands of a savage. Ebn Yokdhan, however, encouraged him with all the caresses he could think of bestowing; and Asal, on recovering his composure, spoke to him in several languages, in order to render himself intelligible. To all of these Ebn Yokdhan gave no answer but by expressing his astonishment. Asal presented to him some remains of the provisions he had brought with him, and began to eat of them, in order to shew him the example. Ebn Yokdhan, who had prescribed to himself the strictest rules of sobriety, at first declined the offer; but, afraid to offend his new acquaintance, at length complied, and in return went in search of the best fruits of the island for him. A most intimate connection was soon formed between them; and Asal, impatient to know by what accident he had found a man thus circumstanced, resolved to teach him to speak. He began by telling him the names of things, and afterwards he taught him to connect them together. In a word, the master was so assiduous, and the scholar was so docile, so eager for instruction, that in a short time, they were able to converse together with ease.

As soon as Ebn Yokdhan could speak so as to be understood, Asal enquired of him by whom he had been left upon the island. Ebn Yokdhan replied, that he knew not---that he was a stranger even to his parents, but that a she-goat had suckled him. He then related the occupations of his childhood, and of his youth, the discoveries he had made, and the ideas he had conceived of heavenly things; and in his turn he enquired of the other whence he came, and what it was that had brought him into that island. Upon this Asal gave him a description of his country, of the manners, and the religion of its inhabitants.------ Ebn Yokdhan was highly delighted to find every thing which that people taught as to the nature of God, the rewards and the punishments after this life, and even the last judgment, was conformable to his meditations.

They soon resolved to go back into the world; and happily a vessel, having lost its course on a passage to the island whence Asal had come, happened to coast along that of our Solitaries; who accordingly made a signal to take them on board. Solomon had just been elected Prince of those islanders; and his court was composed of the most able personages of the sect to which he belonged. ——— Asal and Yokdhan were welcomed there with great marks of joy; and for the latter, when they were informed of his history, they conceived a particular esteem. From this reception, he was inspired with the hope of reforming a people so mild and so moderate; but when he came to talk to them of virtue, our philosopher had the mortification to observe all his hearers disappear. ——— How happy had he been, would they have allowed him the liberty of practising it himself, without the necessity of returning into his own island!

[*St. James's Mag.*]

CHARACTERS

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CHARACTERS of Two LADIES of FASHION.

To the EDITORS *of the* MONTHLY MISCELLANY.

GENTLEMEN, BATH, *Dec.* 9, 1774.

THERE now live in this city two Ladies of Fashion, the outlines of whose characters I wish to lay before the public, in hopes that the enemies of one, or the friends of the other, will inform the capricious world why *Vertacordia* is utterly forsaken by her own sex, at the very place where *Apaturia* seems the object of their first attention!

Vertacordia, at the age of 18, and when she possessed every external charm which youth and beauty could give, and improved by every advantage which education could add, was prevailed upon by an injudicious father, whom she loved, but feared to offend - and an importunate lover, whom she detested, to give her hand without the assent of her heart; and, after a miserable cohabitation with an *impotent* husband for three years, she did, what every woman in such a situation is in danger of doing, and what few who have (as she had) a superlative degree of beauty, are not generally led into; in short, she flew from the detested arms of her husband, and gave up all the world for the man she really loved.

Such passions as these seldom continue long on the part of the men, and one false step leads to another: the polite world in general will not, I should have said *would not then*, open an Asylum for an unfortunate penitent! Error succeeded error, till TIME, that devouring worm of beauty, led *Verticordia* to seek for favour, where she had the least reason to ask, or expect it! She found it, however, from her injured husband, and has been many years, not only under his roof, but has likewise been the object of his love and attention.

On the other hand, *Apaturia*, much inferior in rank, beauty, and understanding, married, about the same age, an agreeable man, the object of her own free choice. She produced him some pledges of *his* affection for her, and experienced every attention she could reasonably expect from a husband, who knew she was every thing a woman should be, though not a perfect angel, as other men perhaps persuaded her to believe. With one of these flatterers, contemptible in every respect but the false glare of *dress* and *shew*, she eloped from her husband, cohabited some time with him, and finding the same weakness to prevail over her husband which *Verticordia* had experienced, she returned home, and was kindly received.

Had she stopped here, I should have said foul betide the man, whose tongue or pen proclaimed the indiscretion; but, without any just occasion, she again threw herself into the arms of her former lover; and when her husband appeared at the gates of her paramour, to demand his wife, she had the effrontery not only to face him, but to desire he would return, and think no more of her, as she was then big with child by the man she chose to continue with! Yet this impediment was not sufficient to cancel the love he bore her; he entered the house, and by force of arms brought away the unwilling captive.

I will leave the reader to make his own comments, and only observe the old adage, *That one person may with more safety steal an horse, than another look over the hedge*; and as I have fairly stated the cases of these two extraordinary characters, I hope some person, better acquainted with the *Etiquette* of the present times than I am, will inform me wherein the guilt of *Verticordia* appears so *much deeper* than that of *Apaturia*, because I know some women of character and fashion who wish to visit *Verticordia*, but durst not; and but very few who object to enter into an intimate alliance with *Apaturia*.

But I cannot conclude without one remark I made, on seeing a late female circle of maids, wives, and widows, at *Apaturia*'s last rout; which is, that when women see no distinction made between the virtuous part of their own sex, and the most abandoned, I am afraid few of them will be found that may not by a little address be prevailed upon *before* marriage to do what they find so much encouragement to practice after; or, what will soon become the case, to find that they will be *taken* no other way; for what man of sense will marry in an age, when it is less trouble to possess any other man's wife, than to look after his own.

I am, Sirs, your's, &c.

VIRIPLACA.

ANEC-

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ANECDOTES.

The GALLANT YOUTH; *a Curious* MILITARY ANECDOTE.

MR. Nesbit, (a young gentleman of nineteen) was an Enſign at the battle of Fontenoy, where the Engliſh left the French maſters of the field.---The next morning a patroling party, with an officer at their head, was ſent to look over the field, and to ſee if there was a poſſibility of recovering any of the wounded. They found this youth at what they thought the laſt gaſp; and though he had ſtrength enough left to tell them, that he thought he ſhould recover if he had two of his moſt dangerous wounds dreſt immediately, tenderly begging them to have mercy upon him, the French Officer had the inhumanity to order two of his men to fix their bayonets in him, with which they complied to a tittle, and all left him for dead. Five minutes after, another party, who who had taken a Lieutenant-Colonel, was hurrying him along this way to their General; as they paſſed by his body, the Colonel, who knew by his uniform he belonged to his own regiment, and diſcovered ſome ſigns of life in him, ſtopped a moment to aſk him if he could do any thing for him; the young man, without underſtanding what was ſaid, turned his face—to his own father,---and could juſt bring out, "God of his mercy reward you--diſpatch me, diſpatch me." "Diſpatch thee, my ſon, my only ſon, diſpatch thee," were for a long time the only words the unhappy father could utter; but breaking from his guards with the force of a thouſand men, he ran like lightning to Count Saxe, who happened that moment to be ſtanding at the door of his tent. As ſoon as he ſaw the General at ſome diſtance, tears of rage and paſſion running down his cheeks, he cried out, "Barbarians,--Savages,--French,--cover'd honourably with wounds,---ſtabbed in cold blood,---but nineteen years old." Saxe was deſervedly famous for his tenderneſs and generoſity. The inſtant he underſtood by a ſoldier who had ran after the Engliſh Colonel where the boy was, he ſent litters for him, and one of his own aid-de-camps, to ſee him properly treated, and ordered him to be brought into his own tent. He lived only ſix hours after the dreſſing; the Count ſtirred not a moment from his bed-ſide; and when at laſt he ſaw he was dying, he conjur'd him to tell him the name of the Officer who had uſed him ſo inhumanly. "My dear boy, (ſaid the General, tenderly preſſing his hand) collect but ſtrength enough to tell me the name of the villain, and I ſwear to thee by the honour of a ſoldier I will have him broke upon the wheel in a quarter of an hour." "I know him not, (ſaid the gallant youth) and if I did, I would *never* tell you;"---and turned away his face, and died.

The General was often heard afterwards to declare, he could wiſh to have his ſon die ſo at nineteen, rather than at fourſcore after a thouſand victories.

The FOLLY *of* RELIGIOUS CONTROVERSY.

THE Jews in Conſtantinople had once a violent altercation with ſome Muſſulmans concerning Paradiſe; the former inſiſting, that they alone, on their departure from this world, would be admitted into it.--------"If this is your maxim, what is to become of us?" ſaid the Turks.---The Jews, being afraid to ſay that their antagoniſts would be utterly excluded from Heaven, replied, "Why, you will be placed at the outſide of the walls, and will have the pleaſure of viewing us."

The merits of this ſingular diſpute at length reached the ears of the Grand Vizir, who, as he only waited for a pretext to exact freſh contributions from the Jews, declared, "Since this *canaille* think proper to ſhut the gates of Paradiſe againſt us, it is but juſt that they ſhould ſupply us with pavillions, in order to ſhelter us from the injuries of the weather." He accordingly levied, beſides what they had hitherto paid, an additional tax from the Jews, and *that* avowedly for the purpoſe of furniſhing pavillions for the Grand Signor in the other world. A tax, with which this tribe of ſtiff-necked Anti-Chriſtians are ſaddled in Turkey to this day!

[*St. James's Mag.*]

NEW

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The LITERARY REVIEW.

ART. 33. *The History of Antient* Egypt, *as extant in the Greek historians, poets, and others: together with the state of the religion, laws, arts, sciences, and government: from the first settlement under Mizraim, in the year before Christ* 2188, *to the final subversion of the empire by Cambyses. Containing a space of* 1664 *years. By George Laughton, D. D.* 8vo. 5s. *sewed. Cadell.*

THE singularity of many of the political institutions among the ancient Egyptians renders the history of that people particularly interesting to every reader, who would trace the progress of the human mind in the science of government. It is not to the nature of her laws alone, however, that Egypt is indebted for the renown she has so universally acquired in the annals of mankind. The extreme remoteness of her origin, and her cultivation of the sciences in the most early periods of the world, have concurred to spread the reputation of her former splendor over every civilized country.—The learning of the ancient Egyptians is celebrated both in sacred and prophane history, and from them it was that the Greek philosophers first derived the rudiments of knowledge. Hither Thales, the founder of the Ionic sect, Solon, the legislator, and Pythagoras, the Samian, with others of the Eastern sages, resorted for the sake of instruction.

Unfortunately for literature, while Egypt thus flourished in science, a jealousy, incompatible with the generous sentiments which learning ought to inspire, induced her to conceal the improvements in knowledge under such mysterious characters as were understood by none but the priests of the country; and hence, with the interpretation of her hieroglyphics, have perished her acquisitions in science.

The political history of Egypt has shared in a great measure the same fate with that of her learning, owing not only to the cause which has affected the latter, but also to a national foible which prevailed among the ancient Egyptians, of recording no transactions unless such as were honourable to their country.

Our author introduces his history with a geographical description of ancient Egypt, after which he delivers an account of the state of arts, sciences, religion, laws, government, manners, and customs, in the reign of Amosis, about 1724 years before the Christian æra. We shall present our readers with the account of the penal laws of the Egyptians, as these constituted a remarkable part of their civil polity.

"Law the First. That no man should have more than one wife: with whom, contrary to the custom of every other people, he received a portion. Solomon received of Pharaoh the city Gazar, for his daughter's dowry. The pernicious effects of polygamy sufficiently demonstrate the wisdom of this law: besides the internal feuds, family quarrels and distractions produced by the jarring interest of a variety of mothers and children, which frequently end in murder, and are not seldom the foundation of civil wars, and ruin of kingdoms; the countries where it is permitted, are by no means so populous as those where it is forbidden. This law Cecrops carried into Greece, and inserted it in the code which he compiled for the Athenian state.

"Law the Second. To secure the marriage bed from violation, they enacted, that every adulterer should receive a thousand stripes on his naked body; and that the adulteress should suffer the mutilation of her nose.

"Law the Third. Whoever had it in his power to save the life of another in danger of being killed, and did not, was himself put to death. If he could not protect the person assaulted, he was obliged immediately to inform the magistrate of the author of the violence, or incurred the punishment of a severe flagellation, and confinement for three days without food. By this means, every citizen considered himself as his neighbour's protector, and was interested not only to avoid danger, but to avert every degree of violence from others.

"Law the Fourth. Whenever a person was found dead, by whatever accident it happened, the city nearest to the place, where the body was found, was obliged to embalm and bury it magnificently, that the greatness of the expence may influence each city, to take the most effectual steps to guard against accidents of every kind.

"Law the Fifth. Wilful murderers were condemned to death.

"Law the Sixth. The punishment inflicted on parricides, was peculiarly contrived; they stuck their bodies full of small reeds, and surrounding them with thorns, burnt them to death.

"Law the Seventh. If any unnatural parent killed his child, he was not put to death

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but compelled to hold the dead body in his arms three days, without any kind of sustenance, and afterwards left to the horrors of his own conscience. This was thought a more severe punishment than immediate death.

"Law the Eighth. Perjury was punished with death.

"Law the Ninth. A calumniator received the punishment intended by his defamation.

"Law the Tenth. Revealers of state secrets were deprived of their tongues.

"Law the Eleventh. The hands of those were cut off who counterfeited seals, or the public coin, used false weights and measures, or forged deeds.

"Law the Twelfth. Whoever attempted to deflower a woman was made an eunuch. In all their punishments they had an eye to the part offending.

"Law the Thirteenth. The execution of pregnant women was always deferred until they were delivered. This law, so wisely founded on humanity and justice, was afterwards observed by the Greeks and Romans, and is at this time, by every civilized nation.

"Law the Fourteenth. The Egyptians thought the deprivation of funeral rites the greatest misfortune which could possibly attend them; and knowing how powerfully religious sentiments inforced social and moral virtues, applied that opinion to the support of order in the state, and made a law, that every one should be judged immediately after his death. The manner of conducting this singular proceeding is thus related. As soon as a person was dead, his relations were obliged to acquaint the judges with it, who appointing a day for producing the body before their tribunal in public, then entered into a strict examination of his morals and actions; and if they were found particularly culpable and vicious, he was condemned to be unworthy of funeral rites; if nothing criminal was laid to his charge, he was honoured with a funeral oration, in which the person's virtues and merits were displayed, to excite imitation; but not the least intimation of rank or dignity, all the Egyptians thinking themselves equally noble."

The extreme idolatry of the ancient Egyptians, in paying adoration to various animals, has afforded great subject for speculation to those who have written on the history of that people. Dr. Laughton enumerates the several opinions which have been entertained respecting the origin of this practice. The most probable is, that it proceeded from a superstitious veneration for the symbols by which they expressed religious sentiments.

"Singularity and superstition (says our author) were visible in every shade of the Egyptian character. They delighted to act in a peculiar manner, and were in many particulars so exceedingly indelicate, that I cannot prevail on myself to mention their singularities. With respect to their superstition, it is amazing to see the lengths they carried it, in opposition to nature and reason.

"They selected particular animals to honour with worship and adoration, and entertained for them the most intoxicated veneration. The father of historians says, a man would neglect his property, however valuable, when his house was in flames, through his anxiety for a cat; and another, that those who returned from distant countries, brought home with them dead cats and kites, mourning and lamenting their loss, and suffering at the same time in silence, misery, fatigue, and want. And Ælian, a writer of reputation, says, (which almost transcends the powers of credibility) that a mother would receive the greatest joy, from seeing a crocodile devour her child, thinking herself happy in having produced a being worthy the appetite of her god.

"Many sacred animals, lodged in apartments appropriated to their use, were carefully attended, and fed with the most delicious food: whenever any of them died, so general a scene of mourning overspread the country, that it seemed to have suffered some great calamity.

"To kill an ichneumon, cat, ibis, or hawk, even by accident, was unpardonable; the blood of the unfortunate offender only could attone for the crime. Diodorus relates a remarkable instance of their superstitious rage against a Roman, who had accidentally killed a cat.

"Superstition (says he) so totally prevailed over every faculty of their minds, that at the time when Ptolemy was not admitted to the friendship of the Romans, and the Egyptians universally paid the utmost deference and attention to every Roman who came amongst them, to avoid giving them the least pretence for a war; yet a Roman having accidentally killed a cat, an enraged multitude ran to his house, and notwithstanding the king sent officers to intreat them to offer no violence, and the general fear of offending the Romans, they put him to death. This I do not relate from report, but was present at the transaction.

"So powerfully did superstition prevail over every rational faculty and human sensation. The principle from which it sprung, had nothing of the noxious quality of the production.

"The peculiar utility sheep and goats were of to society, when animal food was not abundant, and the great service the dog, hawk, ichneumon, ibis, and cat did the country, by destroying dangerous animals, particularly asps and other serpents, whose bites were mortal, occasioned these animals to be much caressed and regarded: which partiality, superstition

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perſtition converted by an eaſy tranſition into a ſacred eſtimation.

"This, together with their cuſtom of conveying ideas and ſentiments of the divine attributes, elements, or heavenly bodies, by hieroglyphics or figures of plants and animals, and applying that ſacred reſpect and admiration to the ſymbols themſelves, which they were only intended to indicate, gave birth to the high veneration they entertained for leeks, onions, and animals even of the vileſt ſpecies, and compoſed a ſyſtem of unparalleled idolatry, degrading to human nature."

Hiſtory has tranſmitted no incidents of the three ſucceſſive reigns immediately ſubſequent to Amoſis; all we know of this period is the names of the princes, who were Chebron, Amenophis, and Mephres. Under the reigns of Horus, Acencheres, Achoris, and Cherres, we are preſented with a particular account of Moſes, extracted from the hiſtory of Joſephus. Here alſo, Dr. Laughton produces ſeveral quotations, to ſhew that the Egyptians founded the fable of Typhon upon the hiſtory of Moſes.

The moſt celebrated prince in the annals of Egypt is Seſoſtris, who aſcended the throne about the year 1485 before the Chriſtian epoch, and under whom the nation roſe to its higheſt pitch of grandeur. We ſhall preſent our readers with part of the author's account of this monarch's tranſactions.

"Seſoſtris, before he undertook the conqueſt of foreign nations, wiſely determined to remove the internal defects of his own dominions, and by a juſt arrangement of the ſeveral departments in the ſtate, render Egypt formidable within itſelf.

"He firſt divided the whole kingdom into ſix and thirty diſtricts, and ſet over them men of known honeſty and abilities, who were to ſuperintend the execution of the laws, collect the taxes within their provinces, and give an account of the particular ſtate of affairs, and their conduct to the king; and at the ſame time parcelled out the lands to individuals, under an annual tax to be paid into the treaſury of the diſtrict, with this reſerve to the landholder, that he ſhould have his taxes remitted in proportion to the damage he ſhould at any time ſuſtain from an impetuous inundation of the Nile.

"The lands, and revenues ariſing from them, being thus regulated, he reduced all his ſubjects into ſeven claſſes or orders: and the more effectually to ſupport this regulation, he inſtituted, that every ſon ſhould practiſe the profeſſion of his father.

"Having ſettled his civil plan, he prepared to gratify his deſire of glory, and military atchievements: here he had great difficulties to ſurmount. The diſpoſition of the people, by no means inclined to war; the ſupineneſs of former reigns, had introduced an indolence and averſion from fatigue, which had not only infected the artiſts, but the military order, which having long taſted the ſweets of retirement and eaſe, diſcovered the greateſt reluctance in exchanging their placid enjoyments for the toils of war. Seſoſtris divided the militia into two ſeparate corps, Hermotybians, and Calaſirians; the former were raiſed in the diſtricts of Buſiris, Sais, Chemmis, Papremis, and one half of the iſland of Natho, and conſiſted of 160,000 foot; the latter were ſupplied by the juriſdictions of Thebes, Bubaſtis, Apthis, Tanis, Mendes, Sebennytus, Athribis, Pharbathis, Thmius, Onyphis, Anyſis, and Myccphoris in an iſland oppoſite to Bubaſtis, and amounted to 250,000. In peace they were quartered in their ſeveral provinces, and had each twelve acres of land, free from taxes, allotted to them for their pay, and maintenance; from each of theſe corps, a thouſand men were annually draughted to guard the king, and received, beſides the revenues of their lands, five pounds of bread, and two pounds of beef each day, with a ſufficient quantity of wine: an allowance diſpenſed for the maintenance of their families as well as themſelves.

"This body of militia, ſo reſpectable in point of numbers, was in reality a vaſt undiſciplined rabble, unuſed to regularity on a march, ignorant of method in war, and when led on againſt an enemy, ruſhed, regardleſs of order, tumultuouſly to battle. Seſoſtris is ſaid to have introduced a ſpecies of diſcipline amongſt them: what it was, is at this time unknown: it is certain, however, that he found means, not only to eradicate their indolence and inactivity, but to infuſe into them a ſpirit of emulation and ardent deſire of fame.

"Having augmented his army with one hundred and ninety thouſand men, from the order of huſbandmen, twenty-four thouſand cavalry, and twenty-eight thouſand armed chariots, which he firſt introduced into armies, and aſſembled on the Red Sea a fleet of four hundred ſhips loaden with warlike ſtores and proviſions, he firſt attacked and ſubdued the Ethiopians, (who having left the banks of the Indus, had for a conſiderable time been ſettled in the neighbourhood of Egypt) and laid on them an annual tribute of ebony, gold, and ivory. From thence he marched into Aſia, and his fleet having paſſed, what is now called the ſtraits of Babelmandel, attended the army in its march, coaſting by the Arabian ſhore, to the gulph of Perſia."

From the death of Seſoſtris, the author proſecutes his narrative, through frequent intervening chaſms, to the period of his hiſtory; delivering likewiſe an account of the remaining monuments of Egyptian

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magnificence, copied from the writings of the moſt authentic travellers. Among other ſubjects, he endeavours to aſcertain the country anciently known by the name of Ophir, and produces very plauſible arguments for determining it to be Sofala, a country ſituated on the eaſtern coaſt of Lower Ethiopia.

To this hiſtory is added a Recapitulatory Diſſertation, in which the author makes ſeveral judicious remarks on the civil polity of the ancient Egyptians. On the whole, Dr. Laughton has collected, and properly arranged the various detached anecdotes of Egyptian hiſtory, which are to be found in ancient writers, and the work may be conſidered as containing the fulleſt account that can be obtained of the ſubject.---*Critical Review.*

34. *An Eſſay on public Happineſs, inveſtigating the State of Human Nature, under each of its particular Appearances, through the ſeveral Periods of Hiſtory, to the preſent Times.* 8vo. 2 *Vols.* 12s. *Cadell*, 1774.

THE firſt Volume of this work is divided into two ſections; the firſt is entitled, *Conſiderations on the Lot of Human Nature in the earlieſt Ages of Antiquity*; and contains remarks on the Egyptians, Aſſyrians, Medes, Greeks, and Romans, and the means of eſtimating their national happineſs.

In the ſecond Volume the ingenious Author conſiders the ſtate of human nature among the moderns. He traces the origin of the feodal government, and the ſtate of the French monarchy under it. He conſiders the revival of learning in all its political conſequences; and this leads him to ſome general account of learned men. All lovers of real knowledge will feel a pleaſure in the unbiaſſed teſtimony which he bears to the eminent worth of Dr. Franklin and Mr. Marmontel; two philoſophers, who ſeem to be as much diſtinguiſhed by the amiableneſs of their characters, as by the excellence of their underſtanding. We ſhall pleaſe the philoſophical reader by inſerting theſe paſſages at full length: "From the mathematics, anatomy, chemiſtry, and natural hiſtory united together, aroſe, at length, the true ſcience of phyſics, or the hiſtory of nature, in the great. This ſcience ceaſes, in our days, to be the forced explication of a vain ſyſtem of metaphyſics, or of ſome ill obſerved phœmomena. It is an edifice, formed of an immenſe concurrence of experiments, tried by induſtrious men, and compared by men of genius. Des Cartes had found the laws of dioptrics, and Newton the laws of optics. A great and ma[illegible] ficent diſcovery was reſerved for theſe ti[illegible] and this is electricity, the terrible effect[illegible] which have placed mankind on an equa[illegible] with the gods of antiquity, whilſt Frank[illegible] like another Prometheus, acquired the art [illegible] ſtealing the celeſtial fire, and rendering [illegible] docile to his laws.

"France hath begun to taſte the fruits of a ſimilar union (to that of Metaſtaſio and Pergoleſe), ſince one of her beſt poets (Mr. de Marmontel,) and one of her beſt muſicians, (Mr. Gretry,) have tuned their lyres together."

The Author, proceeding in his general view of the ſtates of Europe, concludes the chapter in theſe words, "Let us ſum up the liberty exiſting in the preſent times, and compare it with the liberty which may be diſcovered during any other epoch whatſoever. Yet, would there be the leaſt room for the compariſon, were we to throw into this calculation the liberty which ſtill reigns, even in the midſt of the moſt unlimited monarchies? Amongſt the ancients, there was ſcarcely any medium between a republic and tyranny; but beſides that tyranny is become more unuſual, ſince the middle of the laſt century, the greater number of thoſe provinces, which compoſe our modern monarchies, enjoy privileges, laws, and cuſtoms, which limit the ſovereign authority. The Auſtrian power is entirely formed of ſcattered provinces, all of which have ſtates, entitled to grant, and raiſe themſelves the neceſſary ſubſidies. Several poſſeſſions belonging to the electors, and the princes of the empire, are inveſted with the ſame privileges. In France, Languedoc, Britany, Provence, Alſace, Flanders, the Artois, and the provinces of Foix, Navarre, and Bigorre, are legally repreſented; and, through the whole kingdom, the tribunals carefully watch over the preſervation of properties. Caſtile, and Arragon, formerly had ſtates, but theſe people have now loſt them, whilſt, in their place, is ſubſtituted a certain "*I the King*," which might with reaſon prove ſomewhat offenſive to the ear of an Athenian. This alſo muſt be confeſſed; on ſome occaſions, times of oppreſſion ariſe, during which privileges ſleep; but were the ancient republics without their demagogues? Did Alcibiades, Amilcar, or Sylla, leave much power in the hands of the people?

"The reader will pleaſe to obſerve, that in this parallel, I have not gone beyond the limits of the continent; but were I to take in North America, I might well ſet Solon and Lycurgus at defiance, by oppoſing to them only Locke and William Penn. Let us examine the laws of Penſylvania and Carolina, and compare them with the laws of Sparta, and we ſhall find them differing from each other, like the domeſtic government of a farm, and the rules of the order of *Saint Benedict*. Who will not enjoy a pleaſing ſenſation,

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ſation, when he reflects, that a tract of more than four thouſand ſquare leagues, is now increaſing its population, under the auſpices of liberty and reaſon, whilſt every inhabitant feels that the leading principle of its moral ſyſtem is equality, as the leading principle of its political ſyſtem is agriculture."

The following chapters contain ſeveral important and uſeful obſervations on agriculture, population, war, and the national debt. The reader will obſerve that the Author is favourable to the moderns in his comparative eſtimates of all thoſe circumſtances which have an influence on public happineſs. This may be owing more to his benevolence than his penetration. Every good mind, however, will give his hearty aſſent to the animated and humane ſentiments with which he concludes the whole work. "You who live, and, eſpecially, you who begin to live near the cloſe of the 18th century, congratulate yourſelves on finding America peopled from pole to pole, with European nations. Congratulate yourſelves on perceiving the excellent conſtitution of Great Britain reproducing itſelf over a ſpace of more than eight hundred leagues of coaſts. Rejoice that a Czar Peter, an Elizabeth, a Catherine, have at leaſt begun to civilize thoſe northern countries, from which the enemies of the earth, in former times, ruſhed forth. You will lament, as I do, but, probably, you will not always lament that a ſpirit of avarice, and excluſion ſhould have debarred the moſt fertile ſhores of Aſia from the advantages of ſociety, and from the leaſt portion of the proſperity of Europe. You will, doubtleſs, demand that, through the favourable aſſiſtance of the numerous eſtabliſhments, to which commerce hath given riſe, felicity, (if I may uſe the expreſſion) be made to encompaſs all thoſe vaſt parts of the world which are ſtill barbarous, ſtill too far removed from perfection, in order that ſenſible minds may be induced to deſire a longer life, if it be true that ſenſible minds can cheriſh life. Howſoever wicked, howſoever corrupted we may be, we love our kind, our *likeneſs*. We love our *likeneſs*, becauſe we love ourſelves. There cannot be a more juſt expreſſion, were it well underſtood! we love all which is identical with ourſelves, all which calls us home to ourſelves; and, by this word *likeneſs*, muſt be underſtood whatſoever reſembles us in features, manners, cuſtoms, and even in language. Aſſimilate mankind, therefore, and you make them friends. But, above all, endeavour to aſſimilate them by their opinions. Whilſt we fix the bounds of our underſtanding, let us contract the field of error. The neceſſaries of the mind are ſcarcely more extenſive than thoſe of the body. Let us learn to know, and to be ignorant: in particular, let us fear the marvellous, and even the ſublime. Philoſophers! preachers! moraliſts! rather employ your talents in forming a people of honeſt men, than a ſmall number of heroes; and whatſoever may be the ſource of our virtues, let us believe that all which tends to multiply men within the nations, and rich crops, over the ſurface of the earth, is good in itſelf, is good from intrinſic excellence, and preferable to all which appears valuable in the eyes of prejudice."—*M. R.*

35. *The female Advocate; a Poem: Occaſioned by Mr. Duncombe's Feminead. By Miſs Scott. 4to. 2s. Johnſon.*

THIS Lady has done herſelf the honour to defend the literary privileges of her ſex, and to aſſert the diſtinctions which thoſe privileges bring along with them, amongſt thoſe vile uſurpers *the Men*. Her poem conſiſts chiefly of encomiums on ſuch learned and ingenious ladies as are omitted in Mr. Duncombe's FEMINEAD, or who have "ſtarted up," as ſhe expreſſes it, ſince the appearance of that poem. She is a warm and able advocate for the ſex, but ſhe ſeems to ſpeak, ſometimes, as though her temper had ſuffered a degree of injury from thoſe afflictions, thoſe "years of ill health," of which ſhe feelingly complains;---and as if her regard for *this* world were leſs than we really think it ought to be.

Some of her obſervations in a kind of dedication to a Lady, deſerve particular notice:

"It may perhaps be objected, ſays Miſs Scott, that it was unneceſſary to write on this ſubject, as the ſentiments of all men of ſenſe, relative to female education, are now more enlarged than they formerly were. I allow that they are ſo; but yet thoſe of the generality (of men of ſenſe and learning I mean, for it would be abſurd to regard the opinions of thoſe who are not ſuch) are ſtill very contracted. How much has been ſaid, even by writers of diſtinguiſhed reputation, of the diſtinction of ſexes in ſouls, of the ſtudies, and even of the virtues proper for women? If they have allowed us to ſtudy the imitative arts, have they not prohibited us from cultivating an acquaintance with the ſciences; Do they not regard the woman who ſuffers her faculties to ruſt in a ſtate of liſtleſs indolence, with a more favourable eye, than her who engages in a diſpaſſionate ſearch after truth? And is not an implicit acquieſcence in the dictates of their underſtandings, eſteemed by them as the ſole criterion of good ſenſe in a woman? I believe I am expreſſing myſelf with warmth, but I cannot help it; for when I ſpeak, or write, on this ſubject, I feel an indignation which I cannot, and which indeed I do not wiſh to ſuppreſs; it has folly and cruelty for its objects, and therefore muſt be laudable; folly, becauſe if there

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there really are those advantages resulting from a liberal education which it is insinuated they have derived from thence, the wider those advantages are diffused, the more will the happiness of society be promoted: and if the pleasures that flow from knowledge are of all others the most refined and permanent, it surely is extreme barbarity to endeavour to preclude us from enjoying them, when they allow our sensations to be far more exquisite than their own. But I flatter myself a time may come, when men will be as much ashamed to avow their narrow prejudices, in regard to the abilities of our sex, as they are now fond to glory in them. A few such changes I have already seen; for facts have a powerful tendency to convince the understanding; and of late, female authors have appeared with honour, in almost every walk of literature. Several have started up since the writing of this little piece; the public favour has attested the merit of Mrs. Chapone's "Letters on the Improvement of the Mind;" and of Miss More's elegant pastoral drama, intituled, "A Search after Happiness." "Poems by Phillis Wheatley*, a Negro Servant to Mr. Wheatley of Botton;" and, "Poems by a Lady," printed for G. Robinson in Pater-noster-row, lately published, also possess considerable merit."

We think Miss Scott's own poem would lead one to be of opinion, that the ladies have at all times shared considerably with the gentlemen in literary honour. She seems however to hint as if this was the æra of their approaching liberty. We confess ourselves unacquainted with the signs of the times, if her expectations are well grounded. They are not surely occasioned by any improvements in the general mode of female education. Although boarding-schools are conducted, much as they ever have been, yet a preposterous species of literature has been introduced into some of them, by the humble imitators of a wretched orator. It is called *English reading*. These oratorical masters, ignorant for the most part as their scholars, teach them to stamp and tear and mouth out of Shakespeare and Milton. The poor girls are thus rendered worse than ignorant; conceited without knowledge, and supercilious without taste. Hence the prejudices of the men, with respect to female learning, are by no means likely to be lessened. It is dreadful for a man of real knowledge and politeness to encounter one of these literary vixens. They are always ready with their passages and their speeches; they throw themselves into a theatrical attitude, and give you a specimen of their fine reading. You are offended with an empty mind, bloated with vanity while politeness obliges you to suppress your disgust, and perhaps to feign some degree of admiration.——The effects of real knowledge are gentleness and modesty, particularly in a sex where any thing approaching to assurance is intolerable. We think, therefore, that the ladies can never hope, in any considerable numbers, either to rival the men in literary fame, or to render themselves such rational, entertaining, and improving companions, as to reconcile us to their *learning*, till some persons of real and extensive knowledge introduce considerable improvements into their education.

The following lines on a celebrated female genius, now living, will prove an acceptable specimen of Miss Scott's poetical talents:

"Say MONTAGUE* can this unartful verse,
Thy genius, learning, or thy worth rehearse?
To paint thy talents justly should conspire
Thy taste, thy judgment, and thy *Shakespeare's* fire.
Well hath thy penwith nice discernment trac'd
Whatvarious pow'rs the matchless poet grac'd,
Well hath thy pen his various beauties shown,
And prov'd thy soul congenial to his own.
Charm'd with those splendid honours of thy name,
Fain would the muse relate thy nobler fame;
Dear to religion, as to learning dear,
Candid, obliging, modest, mild, sincere,
Still prone to soften at another's woe,
Still fond to bless, still ready to bestow.

"O, sweet Philanthropy! thou guest divine! [thine!
What permanent, what heart-felt joys are
Supremely blest the maid, whose generous soul
Bends all-obedient to thy soft controul:
Nature's vast theatre her eye surveys,
Studious to trace eternal wisdom's ways;
Marks what dependencies, what different ties,
Throughout the spacious scale of beings rise,
Sees providence's oft-mysterious plan,
Form'd to promote the general good of man.
With noblewarmth thence her expanded mind
Feels for the welfare of all human-kind:
Thence flows each lenient art that soothes distress,
And thence the unremitting wish to bless!

Monthly Rev.

* *Surely Miss Scott has impeached her own judgment in thus associating the celebrated Miss More with the poor negro girl, whose talent for poetical imitation we mentioned some time ago!*

* "*Mrs. Montague, Author of the "Essay on the Genius and Writings of Shakespeare, compared with the Greek and French Dramatic Poets.*"

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35. *Poems by the author of The Sentimental Sailor. 4to. 3s. 6d. boards. Dilly.*

THE ſubject of the firſt of theſe three little Poems is *Arthur's Seat*, a beautiful and commanding eminence in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, which affords a variety of proſpects, and ſuggeſts many circumſtances for reflection. The author has here ſhewn himſelf by no means deſtitute of genius. His colouring is not languid, nor is his verſification ſpiritleſs; neither are his deſcriptions unanimated.

There is certainly ſtrength of numbers, of painting, and of fancy, in the following beautiful lines occaſioned by the introduction of Thomſon:

" To uſher in the ſmiling years,
Nature's gentle bard appears!
Deſcriptive Thomſon! on thy head
Every Muſe ſweet influence ſhed.
" Ethereal mildneſs! while the ſpring
Her chearful robe of green ſhall bring;
And ſoftens the relenting year;
And flowers with ſilken leaves appear;
And purple heath, and bloſſom'd field,
Around their balmy fragrance yield;
And genial nature ſmiles, and gay
Salutes the roſy-footed May:
WHILE lofty ſummer's ſultry hour
Calls for cool ſequeſter'd bower;
And poet, negligently laid,
Haunts cryſtal ſtream, and ſylvan ſhade;
And daſhing cat'racts, foaming, fall;
And thunder rolls through airy hall;
And nimble lightnings flaſh; and round
Start the gloomy woods profound:
WHILE autumn gilds, from regions bright,
The happy world with golden light;
And Libra weighs, ſerene and clear,
In equal ſcales, the falling year;
And woodlands raiſe their lateſt ſong;
And wand'rer weeps the leaves among,
When dying nature ſeems to call,
Prepare, prepare my funeral!
WHILE winter, wrapt in midnight-glooms,
Father of the tempeſt, comes;
And calls his ruffian blaſts, and reigns,
Ruthleſs tyrant! o'er the plains;
And roars the river down the dale,
Arreſted oft by icy gale;
And ſhakes the ſounding world defac'd;
And ruſhes wild the watry waſte:
—WHILE rounding thus the varied year,
The circling ſeaſons ſtill appear;
So long ſhall laſt thy matchleſs ſong,
Gentleſt of the tuneful throng!"

The ſecond poem is entitled *Elyſium, a Dream*; a ſubject which invited to exuberance of fancy, and every indulgence of poetical daring:

' Who with Anacreon lyes ſupine?
While round their glowing temples twine,
Than lily pale, or bluſhing roſe,
Each fairer, ſweeter flower that blows;
While nymphs and fauns their frolics play?
—Chaulieu! voluptuous, tender, gay.
Chalieu, whoſe ſprightly muſe could ſoar,
Though preſt by eighty winters hoar;
Though age and dire diſeaſe conſpire
To damp bright-ſparkling fancy's fire.
" Tell me, voluptuous Grecian! tell
" How blooming Hebe, heedleſs, fell?
" Why Juno chid the bluſhing maid?
" And what th' uncourteous thund'rer ſaid,
" When, weeping, from the hall of heav'n,
" The nectar-bearing fair was driv'n."
" And tell me, thou whoſe trembling hand
" The youthful graces could command;
" Skill'd in the uſeful art to fly
" From pleaſure to philoſophy;
" Who, pain and ſorrow to beguile,
" Woo'd fond illuſion's ſyren ſmile:
" And ſtrew'd, with flowers of laſting bloom,
" The borders of the op'ning tomb:
" Chalieu! impatient didſt thou find
" In theſe abodes La Fare, the friend?
" The fair Bouillon!—and did ſhe meet
" Thy late approach with welcome ſweet?"
" But hark! what accents meet my ear?
What op'ning ſcenes of joy appear?
O let me, let me fondly ſtray
To lute-reſounding manſions gay!
' Here beauteous hero fears no more
The ſurging deep's tumultuous roar;
Nor, trembling, rears the torch of night,
Like Venus' ſtar, the lover's light;
Here no dividing ſeas annoy,
With wintry ſtorm, the ventrous boy.
' In myrtle-grove's delicious bower,
A willing ſlave to beauty's power,
Tibullus ſings—" Ye virgins pure!
" Secure of joy, of bliſs ſecure!
" Cythéra comes! with myrtle crown'd,
" Let every youth her praiſe reſound;
" Let every maid the goddeſs meet
" With ſmiles and glowing bluſhes ſweet."

The laſt piece is on the ſubject of poetry; but of this we ſhall give no ſpecimen, becauſe it has not, in our opinion, equal merit with the two preceding poems.——*Monthly Rev.*

36. *Political Diſquiſitions; or, an enquiry into public errors, defects, and abuſes. Illuſtrated by, and eſtabliſhed on facts and remarks, extracted from a variety of authors, ancient and modern. Vol. II. 6s. Dilly.*

" *To mend the world's a vaſt deſign*"—ſo ſaith the poet, and it is true; nevertheleſs the attempt is noble, and ſhould it ſucceed, but in a ſmall degree, the effect is important and valuable: and happy were it, if this writer's benevolent labours ſhould awaken a timely ſolicitude in our own country, by wiſe and prudent meaſures, to reform thoſe errors and abuſes, which are become ſo glaring; which

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which ſo evidently prognoſticate, and muſt eventually produce public ruin! It is to be wiſhed that people of all ranks ſhould pay a ſober regard to theſe ſubjects. The evils enumerated in this and the former volume* are ſuch as even illiterate perſons, of plain common ſenſe, may eaſily comprehend; and their inconſiſtency with our free conſtitution, their dangerous tendency, &c. are here explained and illuſtrated in the moſt ample and ſatisfactory manner.

This volume is divided into three books; the firſt treats of *places and penſions*; the ſecond is appropriated to a very intereſting ſubject, viz. *taxing the colonies*; and the third treats *of the army*.

In the fifth chapter of the firſt book are ſome very free and ſpirited obſervations on the enormous emoluments annexed to our great offices of the ſtate, as being pregnant with every evil. The author would have kings, and miniſters, and officers of ſtate to remember, that, whatever dignity or majeſty they may ſuppoſe neceſſarily connected with their ſtations, they are in fact only the ſervants of the public, and are entitled to honour and external advantages according to the endeavours they uſe to ſecure and advance the public intereſt and happineſs. When magiſtrates, ſupreme or ſubordinate, manifeſt that they have this at heart, they will hardly fail of obtaining the reſpect, affection, and cheerful ſupport of the ſubject. But ſhould it ever appear that government is a meer ſtate trick, a ſyſtem of cunning, evaſion, and deceit, directly tending to oppreſs and enſlave the people, in order to maintain the ſplendor, extravagance, and luxury of a few; in ſuch circumſtances can it be wonderful if thoſe who are at the helm ſhould ſink even into contempt and hatred?

"If, ſays this writer, the nobility were to ſerve their country in the great offices of the ſtate *gratis*, the heroiſm would be nothing more than is ſhewn by private truſtees, arbitrators, church-wardens, overſeers of the poor, and other pariſh officers. Are thoſe poor low-bred creatures, whom our polite courtiers call the ſcum of the earth, more diſintereſted than the nobility of the land!—If the nobility and gentry declined ſerving their country in the great offices of the ſtate, without ſordid hire, let the honeſt *bourgeoiſie* be employed.—Why ſhould not our kings, when a court place falls vacant, publiſh, that they want a ſecretary of ſtate, or a lord chamberlain, or a lord ſteward; places which any man of common ſenſe and honeſty can fill; the public buſineſs being all a meer routine? And why ſhould they not order all perſons deſirous of the vacant employment to ſend in their propoſals ſealed (as when there is a fleet to victual, or a public work to be done) and accept him who offers to ſerve his country on the moſt reaſonable terms? Let the perſon choſen bring in his bill of expences. There is no reaſon why the public ſhould not repay what is fairly laid out for the public benefit. If it be thought proper to give a ſtateſman, who has ſhewn himſelf able and honeſt, five hundred guineas for a ring, as was given the great Admiral Drake for ſervices of greater danger and more importance than thoſe of fifty ſtate-ſecretaries, I have no objection. But that half our nobility ſhould be on the pariſh, I mean on the public, I own I ſee no manner of reaſon; nor that a ſet of places, which might be filled at the expence of a few hundreds a year, muſt coſt the nation many hundred thouſands, while we are ſinking in a bottomleſs ſea of debt.—Aſk the courtiers, what produces the preſent clamours, and all clamours againſt government, which is always immaculate? They will anſwer, the deſire of places and preferments. Which may be partly true. But why then do they not *reduce* the incomes of the places as low as in Holland? Why do they not *aboliſh* all that are uſeleſs? They do the very contrary. They are continually increaſing the number, if not the value of them. They are conſtantly heaping on fewel, and then they ſwear and blaſpheme, becauſe the fire continues to rage.—Inſtead of the challenge*, whoſe ox, or whoſe aſs, has the king (or the miniſter) taken; we may aſk the crew, whoſe farthing candle, or whoſe draught of ſmall beer, have they not taxed? A poor hard-working man, who has a wife and ſix children to maintain, can neither enjoy the glorious light of heaven, nor the glimmering of a tallow taper, without paying the window-tax and the candle-tax. He riſes early and ſits up late; he fills up the whole day with ſevere labour; he goes to his flock-bed with half a belly-full of bread and cheeſe, that his wife and little ſtarvelings may have the more. In the mean while the exactors of theſe taxes are revelling at Mrs. *Cornelly's* maſquerade, at the expence of more money for one evening's amuſement, than the wretched hardworking man (who is obliged to find the money for them to ſquander) can earn by half a year's ſevere labour."

This chapter is concluded with reflections on the court liſt, attended with ſome degree of raillery and humour. The following paragraph may appear, like many others in this volume, ſevere; how far it may be juſt, let truth and fact determiné:

"The

* *Vid. Miſc. Vol. I. p.* 137.

* 2 *Sam.* xii. 3.

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"The pretence, that a king ought to have a number of attendants about him, to keep up his ſtate, and ſtrike the people with an awe of government, wants no anſwer. Was ever the parade of government kept up at a higher expence than in our times? Was ever government more deſpiſed by the ſubjects, than ours is now? Compare our times with thoſe of Queen Elizabeth, who refuſed ſupplies, when offered her, ſaying, the money was as well in the people's pockets as in her's, till ſhe came to want it."

The firſt book conſtitutes far the greater half of this volume. The ſecond comprehends a ſubject to which the public attention is often called: ſo much has been and is written on the taxation of the colonies, that it is unneceſſary for us to offer many extracts from what this author delivers; but it may not be improper to tranſcribe a few paſſages.

"Some ſhort-ſighted defenders, it is ſaid, of the late oppreſſive meaſures taken with our American brethren, have attempted to wheedle them into a perſuaſion, that their being taxed by the Britiſh parliament, in which three millions have not one repreſentative, is no greater hardſhip than what is ſuffered by the mother-country, in which, though repreſentation, as I have ſhewn in the former volume, is as far from adequate as can well be imagined; yet ſix millions have 558 repreſentatives, and in which every man, woman, and child, by living in one county or other, is repreſented by one or two members, who cannot tax them without taxing themſelves, their children, their friends, dependants, tenants, &c. If the three millions of coloniſts had 279 repreſentatives in parliament (the half of 558) it might then be time to make compariſons between their caſe, and that of the mother country. Till then, or till they have ſome ſhadow of repreſentation, nothing can be more abſurd.—— The firmneſs ſhewn by the coloniſts againſt what is to them preciſely the ſame oppreſſion as to us it would be to have taxes laid on us by an edict from the throne, has, by very high authority, been pronounced ſedition and rebellion: but with all due ſubmiſſion to authority, (—truth and juſtice are above all authority) when the illuſtrious Hampden reſiſted the lawful ſovereign's unlawful demand of only three ſhillings and four-pence, becauſe he had no voice in conſenting to the laying on the ſhip-tax, was he, too, guilty of ſedition and rebellion? If he was, we are all rebels, but the Jacobites; and our gracious king *Geo.* III. (whom God preſerve) is an uſurper; for the revolution was brought about with the direct deſign of preventing any man's property being ſeized without his conſent, given either in perſon or by repreſentative, which makes it the ſame to our coloniſts to be taxed by the parliament of *Britain*, as by that of *Paris*.——Magna Charta and the Bill of Rights prohibit the taxing of the mother country by prerogative, and without conſent of thoſe who are to be taxed. If the people of Britain are not to be taxed, but by parliament; becauſe otherwiſe they might be taxed without their own conſent; does it not directly follow, that the coloniſts cannot, according to Magna Charta, and the Bill of Rights, be taxed by parliament ſo long as they continue unrepreſented; becauſe otherwiſe they may be taxed without their own conſent?——It was very fairly made out that the coloniſts were not, generally ſpeaking, in circumſtances to pay the ſtamp duty. And to raiſe the price of juſtice ſo high, that the people ſhall not be able to obtain it, is much the ſame as flatly denying them juſtice; while Magna Charta ſays, *Nulli negabimus, nulli vendemus juſtitiam, &c.*— Even Governor Bernard (no friend to the coloniſts) owns their inability to bear taxes. "I can, ſays he, readily recommend that part of the petition, which prays relief againſt thoſe acts which are made for the purpoſe of drawing a revenue from the colonies. For they are ſo little able to bear drawing money from them, that they are unable at preſent to pay the charges of their ſupport and protection*."——Before the taxing of the unrepreſented colonies was thought of, the miniſtry ought to have reduced exorbitant ſalaries, abated, or aboliſhed exceſſive perquiſites, annihilated uſeleſs places, ſtopped iniquitous penſions, withheld electioneering expences, and bribes for votes in the houſe, reduced an odious and devouring army, and taxed vice, luxury, gaming, and public diverſions. This would have brought into the treaſury ten times more than Grenville could ever expect from taxing, by force and authority, the unrepreſented colonies.— Even a conquered city has time given it to raiſe the contribution laid upon it; and may raiſe it in its own way. We have treated our colonies worſe than conquered countries. Neither Wales nor Ireland are taxed unheard and unrepreſented in the Britiſh parliament, as the colonies. Wales ſends members to parliament, and Ireland has done ſo. And as Ireland is not now repreſented in the Britiſh parliament, neither is it taxed in the Britiſh parliament.——But are then the coloniſts, it will be ſaid, to be complimented with immunity from all ſhare of the public burden, while they enjoy their ſhare of the public protection?——The queſtion was not, whether the coloniſts ſhould contribute to the public expence. The *Grenvillians* knew, that when the requiſitions had been made by government, the coloniſts had anſwered their demands; particularly in the years 1756, 7, 8, 9, 1760, 61, and 62; they knew that the town of Boſton contributed for ſeveral years together twelve ſhillings in the pound. Our

* *Governor Bernard to Lord Hillſborough, July 16, 1768.*

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government, therefore, thought it but just to reimburse the colonies a part of their exceſſive expences. But their ſucceſſors, contrary to the ſenſe of all mankind, thought it better to obtain by force, than with a good will. Accordingly we find ſo early as A. D. 1765, immediately after the firſt of the coloniſts ſhewed a little courage in refuſing to ſubmit to taxation without repreſentation, orders were given to Governor Bernard to employ the militia under General Gage in ſuppreſſing the ſpirit of liberty.——Where would have been the harm of making a fair and moderate propoſal to the colonies? If they raiſed the money in obedience to our requiſition, as formerly, all was well. But ſurely it was ſoon enough to propoſe levying money on them by parliamentary taxation, when they refuſed to give upon requiſition."

This is a ſpecimen of our author's manner of treating the ſubject of colony-taxation:—And from the above paſſages our readers will be enabled to judge what is to be expected from the work. Conſidered merely as a matter of curioſity and entertainment, the book is really valuable, at the ſame time that it is replete with knowledge and inſtruction, drawn from the beſt ſources. The worthy compiler merits the reſpect and eſteem of the public for the great zeal and labour which he has employed; and we heartily wiſh that his earneſt endeavours may be followed by ſome anſwerable ſucceſs, for the advantage and honour of theſe kingdoms.—*M. R.*

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A New Paſtoral Pantomimical Maſque called the DRUIDS, was exhibited, for the firſt time, at this Theatre, on the 19th of November.——The Characters are as follow. *Men*: Bridegroom, Pantaloon, Harlequin, 1ſt Druid, 1ſt Shepherd, 2d Shepherd, Country Squire, Hymen, Cupid, and Speaking Druid.—*Women*: Bride, Venus, Paſtoral Nymph, Graces, and Colombine.

After the Overture, which is compoſed with great taſte and ſpirit, a beautiful rural proſpect is diſcovered, with the ſea in the back ground. The edges of the clouds are tipt by the rays of the ſun, which riſes by degrees in ſplendid majeſty, and is ſeen reflected upon the water in a very brilliant and natural manner. The warbling of birds is heard at a diſtance, and a number of ſhepherds and ſhepherdeſſes enter and ſing the following ſong:

Sweet, O ſweet, the warbling throng!
O'er the white embloſſom'd ſpray,
Nature's univerſal ſong
Echoes to the riſing day.

Swiftly from the mountain's brow
Shadows, nurs'd by night, decay;
And the dancing ſun-beams now
Dazzling in the waters play.

Tune your pipes, your reeds now ſound,
In revel-notes ſalute the Fair;
Now lightly o'er the green ſod bound,
And welcome all the noble pair.

After a dance, Harlequin, who is ſuppoſed, for the better carrying on of the plot, as Mr. Bays ſays, to have been an active induſtrious ſervant to the chief Druid, makes his appearance, and is told by one of the fraternity, that he ſhall at length be made happy in the poſſeſſion of Colombine, whom he ſoon after ſees at a window, which he aſcends by means of a ladder, and is, as uſual, diſcovered by the clown. The common Routine of Pantomime buſineſs now takes place, and after ſeveral purſuits, &c. and ſome agreeable changes, (particularly a bed-chamber into a ſmith's ſhop) which are brought about by the magical touch of Harlequin's ſword, Venus and the Graces deſcend from her car: The Goddeſs, having loſt her ſon, offers the following reward to thoſe that find him:

SONG.

She who will but now diſcover,
Where the winged wag doth hover,
Shall to night receive a kiſs
From the object of her wiſh;
But who brings him to his mother
Shall have that kiſs and another.

The little God is however at length found; and Hymen requeſts him and his mother to grace the wedding of a beautiful noble couple, who are juſt going to enter into the nuptial union. The Bride and Bridegroom then enter from the temple of Hymen, accompanied by a great number of characters, richly dreſſed, and ſing the following duet:

He. By Heaven thus plighted,
She. By love thus united,
He. Each fully delighted,
Both. What more can be given?
He. The wonderful bleſſing
She. Is paſt all expreſſing,
He. Such beauty poſſeſſing,
Both. An emblem of Heaven.

A ſtreet-ſcene follows: Colombine appears from the window of a houſe juſt as Harlequin enters, who, perceiving her, gets to the window by means of a riſing Portico. The ſcene next changes to a proſpect of the country, and the entrance of the country Squire, the lover of Colombine, who is ſuppoſed to have been a hunting. A room-ſcene ſucceeds, where Harlequin and Colombine are diſcovered at tea.—They are again purſued, and Harlequin gets under the table. The Country Squire arrives, and Colombine makes tea for him and Pantaloon. During the time of their drinking tea, the water from the kettle and tea-pot flies in the faces of the Lover and Pantaloon. The ſcene next changes to a cottage: Harlequin, being purſued, enters the hovel, and the purſuers go in after him; he appears at the window, and on the chimney at the top of the hovel, till at length he fires the chimney, while the clown is in it; and throws the whole building upon the Squire, &c. &c. The next ſcene repreſents a village near the road which turns from Colnbrooke to Windſor. Harlequin, being again purſued, meets with a woman loaded with a baſket of loaves, which

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which he purchases, and then turns himself into a lamp. The scene then turns to a hay-field. Here a dance of hay-makers. Harlequin, being again pursued, enters the hay-field, and changes the hay-cocks into oak-trees, under each of which stands a Druid. The principal Druid invokes the rest to leave their consecrated woods, and join in the general festivity. He then reconciles Pantaloon to Harlequin, after which the scene changes to a grand Temple, where the noble pair and their illustrious friends enter, and the whole concludes with the following chorus:

Reign chaste and holy love,
Which Hymen doth approve!
Without whose hallow'd fires
All aims are base desires.
On Hymen, Hymen, call,
This night is Hymen's all.

PROLOGUE *to the* MAID *of the* OAKS.

Spoken by Mr. KING.

UNLIKE to Antient Fame, all eyes,—tongues,—ears,
See Modern Fame, dress'd cap-à-pee, appears,
In Ledgers, Chronicles, Gazettes, and Gazetteers!
My soaring wings are fine Election speeches
And puffs of Candidates supply my breeches.
My Cap is Satire! Criticism! Wit!—
Is there a head that wants it in the Pit?—
[*Offering it.*
No flowing robe and trumpet me adorn,
I wear a jacket, and I wind a horn.
Pipe, song, and pastoral, for five months past,
Puff'd well by me, have been the general taste.
Now Marybone shines forth to gaping crouds;
Now Highgate glitters from her hill of clouds;
St. George's Fields, with taste and fashion struck,
Display Arcadia at the Dog and Duck—
And Drury misses here, "in carmine pride,
Are there Pastoras by the fountain side."
To frousy bow'rs they reel through midnight damps, [lamps.
With Fauns half drunk, and Dryads breaking
Both far and near did this new whimsy run;
One night it frisk'd, forsooth, at Islington.
And now, as for the public bound to cater,
Our Manager must have his Fête-Champêtre.
How is the weather?—Pretty clear and bright.
[*Looking about.*
A storm's the Devil, on Champêtre night!
Lest it should fall to spoil the Author's scenes,
I'll catch this gleam to tell you what he means:
He means a show, as brilliant as at Cox's,
Laugh for the pit, and may be *at* the boxes;
Touches of passion, tender, tho' not tragic,
Strokes at the times,—a kind of lantern magic;
Song, chorus, frolic, dance, and rural play,
The merry-making of a wedding-day.
Whose is this piece?—'Tis all surmise, suggestion—
Is't his, or her's, or your's, Sir? that's the question.
The parent, bashful—whimsical—or poor—
Left it a puling infant at the door;
'Twas laid on flowers, and wrapt in fancied cloaks,
And on the breast was written—*Maids' th' Oaks.*
The actors crouded round—the girls caress'd it,
Lord! the sweet pretty babe! they prais'd and bless'd it; [dress'd it.
The Master peep'd, smil'd, took it in, and
Whate'er its birth, protect it from the curse
Of being smothered by a parish nurse;
As you're kind, rear it,—if you're curious praise it—
And ten to one but vanity betrays it.

EPILOGUE,

Written by Mr. GARRICK.

Spoken by Mrs. Abingdon.

IN parliament, whene'er a question comes,
Which makes the chief look grave, and bite his thumbs,
A knowing one is sent—sly as a mouse,
To peep into the humour of the house:
I am that mouse, peeping at friends and foes,
To find which carry it, the Ayes or Noes.
With more than power of parliament you sit,
Despotic representatives of wit;
For in a moment, and without much pother,
You can dissolve this piece, and call another.
As 'tis no treason, let us frankly see
In what they differ, and in what agree,
The said supreme assembly of the nation,
With this our great dramatic convocation.
Business in both oft meets with interruption,
In both, we trust, no brib'ry or corruption;
Both, proud of freedom, have a turn to riot,
And the best speaker cannot keep you quiet:
Nay, there as here, he knows not how to steer him,
When "order, order's," drown'd in "hear him, hear him."
We have, unlike to them, one constant rule,
We open doors, and chuse our galleries full:
For a full house both send abroad their summons,
With us together sit the lords and commons.
You ladies here have votes! debate! dispute!
There if you go—Oh! sye for shame, you're mute.
Never was heard of such a persecution!
'Tis the great blemish of the constitution.
No human laws should nature's rights abridge,
Freedom of speech, our dearest privilege!
Our's is the wiser sex, tho' deem'd the weaker;
I'll *put the question*—if you chuse me speaker.
Suppose me now bewig'd, and seated here,
I call to *order*—you the *chair!* the *chair!*
Is it your pleasure that this bill should pass,
Which grants this poet, upon mount Parnass', [grass?
A certain spot, where ne'er grew corn or
Is it your pleasure that this bill do pass?
You that would pass this play say Aye, and save it:
You that say No would damn it!—The Ayes have it. The

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The ROMANCE of an HOUR.

Saturday the 2d inſtant this two-act comedy, (or farce of original abſurdities) was performed for the firſt time; its fable is taken from a tale of Marmontel's, and is as follows:

ZELIDA, the only child of Abdallah, an Italian Nabob, having been ſome years in England in the family of Sir Hector Strangeways, for the advantage of an European education, conceives an affection for her Ladyſhip's brother, Mr. Brownlow, lately arrived from India with the account of her father's death, and of his laſt requeſt, that ſhe ſhould marry Col. Ormſby, an Engliſh officer of merit and fortune, who was expected to arrive in England by the firſt ſhips.

Brownlow, though paſſionately in love with Zelida, deems it highly diſhonourable to betray the confidence repoſed in him, or to endeavour to engage the affections of his friend's miſtreſs; and therefore uſes every argument with her to prevail upon her to marry the Colonel upon his arrival, ſo far concealing his paſſion for her, that ſhe concludes him previouſly engaged to another. In conſequence of this interview, however, ſhe determines on quitting Sir Hector's houſe ſecretly, and procuring, by the ſale of her jewels, a paſſage back to India for herſelf and faithful Gentoo.

The Colonel arriving at the moment her elopement is diſcovered, is informed of it, whoſe amazement is increaſed by a letter found on Lady Strangeway's toilet in Zelida's hand-writing, attributing the cauſe of her abſconding "to the advice given her by "Mr. Brownlow, which ſhe neither deemed "conſiſtent with her honour nor happineſs." The Colonel remonſtrates warmly with his friend on this point, but receives no anſwer, but an aſſurance of his innocence. However, being driven to extremities by the Colonel's impetuoſity, he informs him that the only advice he ever gave her was to marry him, and to fulfil her father's deſire. Deeming this but a paltry evaſion, the Colonel inſiſts on a private meeting, in order to receive ſatisfaction for the injury he had ſuſtained from his inſidious friendſhip.

Zelida in the mean time took refuge in the houſe of a woman, who proved to be the ſiſter of Sir Hector's boatſwain:——Pillage, therefore, having offended the Admiral, concludes, that he can make his peace, if not his preferment, by introducing this fine girl to the liquoriſh old officer, and accordingly writes him word that he has got a tit-bit for him. Sir Hector arrives, and is announced as a perſon who can accommodate her with a paſſage, to the mutual ſurprize of both parties. The Admiral, however, turns the matter off to his ſolicitude for her ſafety, and informs her, that her abſence will be the death of Brownlow, as the Colonel was going to cut his throat becauſe ſhe refuſed to marry him.

Zelida now reſolves to ſave the man ſhe loves, by giving her hand to Col. Ormſby: returning home with Sir Hector with that view, they find Brownlow and the Colonel engaging in a duel, which the Admiral, however, prevents. She now conſents, though with evident reluctance, to wed Col. Ormſby, when the Gentoo brings about the eclairciſſement, by diſcovering her *penchant* for Brownlow. The Colonel friendly (however unnaturally) gives up his claim, and thus the piece concludes.

PROLOGUE to the *Romance of an Hour*.

As ſpoken by Mr. Lee.

TO-night, good folks, though led a little dance,
Thro' the light mazes of an *Hour's Romance*,
No ſpells, no ſpectres, have you cauſe to dread,
Not one poor thunder rumbles o'er your head;
Nor will the tempeſt, ruſhing thro' the trees,
Once rouſe your horror—with a ſtorm of—peas.
Between ourſelves, this poet was a fool,
To plan by common ſenſe, or build by rule;
When e'en the mightieſt maſters of the ſtage,
Have gain'd ſo much by trick in every age.
Let critics proudly form dramatic laws,
Give me, ſay I, what's ſure to meet applauſe;
Let them of time, and place, and action boaſt,
I'm for a devil, a dungeon, or a ghoſt.
When Hamlet, mourning for a murder'd ſire,
Upbraids his mother with her guilty fire,
Tho' every line a plaudit ſhould command,
Not one god yonder will employ his hand.
But—cas'd in canvas—ſee the dead ſtalk in,
Then the loud pæans, then the claps begin;
And pit, box, gallery, eagerly contend,
(Exalted ſtrife!) who loudeſt muſt commend.
The frantic ha!—the bedlamite—look there!
The ſtart—the heave—the ſtagger—and the ſtare!
To dear Macbeth the learned ladies all run,
What to enjoy?—the witches and the cauldron.
Aſk Molly Dripping there, ſo ſleek, ſo mild,
(As good a cook as e'er knew roaſt and boil'd)
What in all Juliet makes her ſooneſt weep?
She'll ſay, the Funeral—'tis ſo *werry* deep.
Allur'd by ſterling ſentiment alone,
"Cato for me! (cries Darby Macohone)
I never miſs that play at any time,
If 'tis but *added* to a pantomime."
"Ah! (ſays a bold North-Briton, taking ſnuff)
A pantomime is *axacrable* ſtuff;
Na pagpipes i' the band; they conna play
Corn Rigs or the ſweet Birks of Auldermay."
In ſhort, tho' all ſtage mummery deſpiſe,
All want a banquet for their ears or eyes;
And while at ſhows they take the moſt offence,
Still make them bladders to the ſhore of ſenſe.
The name our author gives his piece to-night,
Well would admit a ſupper for the ſight;
A grand collection of dramatic diſhes,
Of dragons, giants, foreſts, rivers, fiſhes;

Yet

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Yet though he calls his trifle a romance,
He does not treat you with a single dance,
Nor use one hackney'd, one excentric art,
To lull your judgment, or to cheat your heart.
He brings indeed a character to view
From Indian climes, he trusts entirely new,
A poor Gentoo, compos'd of virtues all,
Tho' fresh from English Nabobs in Bengal!
His face perhaps too swarthy you may find,
But see Othello's visage in his mind;
And 'till you've fairly try'd our trembling Bayes,
Forbear to blame—yet do not fear to praise.

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. Bulkeley.

SOMEBODY says, but I forget his name,
That howe'er faults or follies we may blame,
We're all in turns, tho' all extremely wise,
The very things we laugh at or despise.
The bold Fox-hunter, just come up to town,
From "Yoicks, hark forward," loves to seem a Clown;
Thro' pride tears up politeness by the roots,
Ne'er combs his hair—and visits you in boots;
Milksops alone he thinks their forms shou'd deck, [neck:
And scorns the man that fears to break a
In three months time—how alter'd is his note,
His head's all wings, or bak'd in papilotte—
The honest buckskin, which once clear'd the ditches,
Our modern Nimrod turns to sattin breeches;
And grown half female, wond'rous to relate,
He screams in slumbers at a five-barr'd gate.
The city buck, accustom'd long to bruise,
Who swears at France, and damns all parley-*voos*,
If but one week from Margate led at most,
To swill and smuggle on the neighb'ring coast,
Returning bawls in ev'ry Dowdy's face,
'Comment charmante, quelle raviffant grace;'
And in due course, from Aldgate to the Strand,
Raves of a *cotillion* and *allemande*.
Monsieur, indeed, with Cockney is quite even,
Tho' much to joke upon this nation given;
He calls a Briton *barbare unbelief*, [beef;
Yet leaves his frogs with rapture for roast
And finds a ready fortune to be made is
In rouge for men, and perriwigs for ladies.
Surly, at foul corruption tears his throat,
He scorns to give a shilling for a vote,
But mark the riot of the country round,
And ev'ry voice has cost him twenty pound:
There some, who think our liberties divine,
Will eat them thro' in turkey or in chine:
And others, while at venal tools they rail,
Drown their poor country in a butt of ale.
But while our bards these general faults make known,
Pray let them hear a little of their own!
How many authors of the English stage,
Affect to rise the wonder of their age,
By bare translation, from Moliere, Corneile,
Racine, and numbers needless here to tell;
Yet each a jackdaw dress in foreign plumes,
On his own beauty saucily presumes;
Beholds the parent bird, with haughty eyes,
From whom entirely he purloin'd his dies;
Or solely tells us, when he comes to print,
Tho' all is *stol'n*—he *borrow'd* but a *hint*.
Ah that these daws were fortunately tost on,
Thy coasts, Connecticut, or thine, O Boston!
Their flight, tho' servile, thou might'st ever mar,
And spoil their feathers—with a little tar.

Whether by policy or justice led,
A diff'rent path our author means to tread;
And tho' a petty dealer, will not sell,
As his own goods, a thought of Marmontel
The timid Zelida, you saw to-night,
In that great master first beheld the light;
And if you hail her *now dramatic* morn,
She'll ever bless the moment she was born.

FLOWERS OF PARNASSUS.

For the MONTHLY MISCELLANY.

YARICO to INKLE.

IF that great *Power* you taught me to adore,
Has bless your passage to your native *shore*,
And, 'scap'd the dangers of the wat'ry main,
You see your country, and your friends again;
Oh! if my *Inkle* (heaven grant it so!)
Remembers still the once-lov'd *Yarico*;
If in the silent hour she claims one thought,
And if you feel the virtues you have taught;
When these sad lines to you shall be convey'd,
(The mournful story of too fond a maid!)
Then, then, perhaps, your melting heart may spare
One sigh, one wish, to snatch her from despair;
Perhaps a tear of penitence may fall,
And one good action recompence for all.
Could you, fair ingrate, now behold the maid
You once enamour'd, and alas! betray'd;
Ah! cou'd you know all, all the slave has felt,
Your soul must shudder, and your heart must melt:
What *fiend* infernal cou'd your bosom steel?
O, heart of stone! that cou'd refuse to feel,
When, agoniz'd my pow'rs, my reason fled,
By barb'rous hands you saw me captive led;
By horrid chains you saw me rudely bound,
While savage monsters taunted all around.—
Monsters, I say, (tho' born of savage race)
Yet, by your precepts taught, of heaven and grace,
My rising *soul* detests this hideous crew,
And yet, for these refinements, curses you.

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When call'd to life by ſome barbarian's ſtroke,
From the kind *trance* to miſery I 'woke,
On thee I call'd, to looſe me from my chain,
To ſooth my anguiſh, and to ſhare my pain:
In vain I call'd,—far, far was *Inkle* fled,
And thus (dread news!) my horrid keepers ſaid:—
'The man you call in yonder veſſel flies,
'Whoſe top now ſeems to touch the diſtant ſkies;
'In vain, fond fool, you threaten, & you rave,
'We paid the purchaſe, and he ſold you, ſlave.'
'Unfeeling Man,' (with burſting heart I cry'd)
'Unfeeling Man,' the ſounding beach reply'd.
Ah! was it thus, unkind, I dealt by you,
When from the ſhipwreck, to our ſhades you flew?
When in the wood I ſaw you breathleſs lay,
Did Yarico thus treacherouſly betray?
For baneful plants, or ſtill more baneful gold,
Was falſe, unkind, ungrateful Inkle ſold?
Ah no!—far different paſſions touch'd my breaſt,
Love, pity, joy, my actions all confeſt.—
Amaz'd I ſaw the whiteneſs of your ſkin,
Your eyes of azure, and your lips ſo thin,
Your various coverings, & your breaſt ſo fair,
Your cheeks of crimſon, and your auburn hair,
Pleas'd I beheld, & pleas'd you ſaw me ſmile,
I ſmil'd, and yet I felt for you the while,
Left to the place where tir'd and faint you lay,
In ſearch of fruits, my countrymen ſhou'd ſtray;
For had my Indian lovers found you there,
The crew's ſad fate had you been forc'd to ſhare:—
Your fears to quiet, and your life to ſave,
I ſoftly led you to my ſecret cave;
The choiceſt fruits I cull'd thee,—and to drink
I led thee to the chryſtal fountain's brink:
All the gay ſpoils my lovers gave to me,
I brought to deck thy cave, or ſhare with thee.
Oft when the ſun had hid his ſultry rays,
Or the pale moon her ſilver lamp diſplays,
To ſome lone glade, or unfrequented grove,
(Where the fierce Indian never learnt to rove)
Thro' pathleſs vallies, and thro' foreſts rude,
To ſome delightful, ſecret ſolitude,
I gently led you, and upon my breaſt
Pleas'd have beheld you ſink to balmy reſt,
While falls of water lent their ſoothing ſound,
And night-birds ſang from all the ſhades around:
Thus liv'd I,--lov'd I,--thus I watch'd for you;
To perjur'd Inkle faithful, fond, and true.
Thus did I guard you, while ſecure you ſtaid,
The captive only of a faithful maid.—
While you with golden fables, charm'd my ear,
Of happier climes, and vow'd to be ſincere:
Can you forget how oft you told the tale,
By the clear ſtream, that murmur'd thro' the vale,
How on the poor believing maid you hung,
While ſoft perſuaſion dwelt upon your tongue;
Wou'd, you cry'd, but leave thoſe lone retreats,
And fly with you to happier, fairer ſeats,
What joys, what bleſſings, ſhould attend my days/ [ways;
Where pleaſure ſpread her ſtores a thouſand
In your fair country, what fine things were ſeen,
Suns ever temperate, meads for ever green,
Such ſpacious houſes, ſuch delightful ſhows,
Such arts, ſuch manners, and ſuch ſplendid cloaths;
All theſe, you ſaid, ſhou'd Yarico enjoy,
Without the fears of Indians to alloy.—
Then wou'd you ſing my praiſes in the grove,
Tell how you lov'd, and wou'd for ever love.
But ah! when once I left my native ſhore,
(Thoſe peaceful ſhades I muſt behold no more)
And, loſt in love, believ'd you muſt be true,
And left our iſle without one friend but you:
How chang'd the man!---no more you talk'd of truth, youth!
Nor vow'd, nor lov'd;—oh, falſe inconſtant
No more in raptures claſp'd me in your arms,
But ſcorn'd my kindneſs, and deſpis'd my charms; [move,
No tears cou'd melt you, and no words cou'd
(Rebel to truth, to nature, and to love,)
But hard, unfeeling as the ore you gain'd,
You ſaw me weeping, trembling, captive chain'd,
While each gay viſion, which you taught to riſe,
Each dear deluſion, vaniſh'd from my eyes:
Joy from this breaſt for ever forc'd to part,
And every hope was baniſh'd from my heart.
This was my lot,—ſtill is, while now I write,
Toils fill the day, and miſery the night;
Each night renews my mournful taſk to weep,
And long my ſorrows baniſh'd gentle ſleep.
And oh! thus wretched, friendleſs, and forlorn, borne;
The pangs of childbirth helpleſs have I
But to the babe (I thank indulgent heaven)
A happier fate than *Yarico*'s was given;
Clos'd are its eyes in everlaſting ſleep,—
It never knew to ſigh, nor liv'd to weep;
In peace it reſts beneath the graſs green ſod,
And its pure ſpirit flies to meet its *God*.
Thrice happy lot! oh, had propitious heav'n,
A fate like this, to me as timely given;
Ere I ſaw you had lain me in the grave,
A harmleſs virgin, not a wretched ſlave!
—A wretched ſlave for ever muſt I be,
And will no pitying mortal ſet me free?
Will no kind hand the leaſt aſſiſtance give,
But e'en in *age* muſt I a captive live?
Yet, yet I hope,—nor let that hope be vain,
That *Inkle* may commiſerate my pain;—
Yet, yet I hope, that boſom may relent,
And for the ſlave a ranſom may be ſent;
The generous *boon* for once in pity ſend,
I aſk not of the *lover*, but the *friend*.
Then thankful will I ſeek my native ſhore,
Nor ſhall you hear of my ſad ſtory more;
But in thoſe diſtant ſhades, (can you forget)
Thoſe peaceful ſhades, where firſt we met;
With grateful heart I'll beg of heaven to ſhed
Its choiceſt bleſſings on my *Inkle*'s head.
Oh! grant but this! 'tis all a captive prays,
And peace attend and plenty crown your days.

AMICUS.

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PRIZE POEM.

ODE to VIRTUE.

This is the solid pomp of prosperous days;
The peace and shelter of adversity.
And if you pant for glory, build your fame
On this foundation, which the secret shock
Defies of envy and all-sapping time.
ARMSTRONG.

O Virtue! heav'nly pow'r, assist my lays,
Accept this feeble tribute to thy praise;
If thou propitious smile,
My labours to beguile,
Then shall each measure faultless flow & free,
An emblem of thyself, all purity!

Where greatness holds its court,
In Majesty of state,
Let others cringing wait,
Of knaves and fools the sport;
Virtue! I bow before thy shrine,
Nor wish to make the wealthy patron mine.

When the great ruler of the earth
Gave to this vast creation birth,
On high thou saw'st the fabric rise,
And spread'st with him the starry skies,
And in his book he wrote the fixt decree,
"Blest be the man who guides his life by thee."

By thee inspir'd, thy vot'ries shall sustain
All that fierce rage and malice can invent,
And when in silence and sad dungeons pent,
Smile at each threat, and fondly hug their chain;
While the proud tyrant, who inflicts their doom,
Drives far the thought of darkness and the tomb,
Yet to himself reserves the keenest dart,
The gnawing worm that preys upon the heart.
So when great Paul thy glorious truths made known,
The mighty Felix trembled on his throne,
With horror fill'd, and dire dismay,
The tyrant felt
His inward guilt,
And saw his crimes in dread array.

Yes! in cœlestial garment dreit,
And with impartial justice arm'd,
Thou visit'st not the haughty breast,
By guilty passions still alarm'd;
But like thine author deign'st to rest,
Where'er the heart with gratitude is warm'd.

Yet some there are, who bound to fordid sense,
And lur'd by ev'ry smile to pleasure's arms,
Deny that thou to joy claim'st just pretence,
And load contempt on all thy fairest charms.
But hast thou pow'r, when sad afflictions wound,
To soothe the troubled breast,
To lull each care to rest,
Yet in thyself shall there no bliss be found;
Or when a prosp'rous ray
Breaks forth, and gilds our day,
Art not thou still with sov'reign blessings crown'd

Ye sons of earth,
Who boast of joys,
Which nought but noise
And wanton riot call to birth;
Know that the sons of Virtue find
Their bliss is seated in the mind,
Nor owes its rise to empty mirth;
Serene, if with a prosp'rous gale,
Down life's advent'rous tide they sail,
Resign'd, if storms and wrecks prevail.

And as the Goddess ever true,
Holds the transporting prize in view;
They drop the world, nor heave a sigh,
And soar to realms beyond the sky.

Bath, Nov. 17, 1774. O. P. Q.

For the MONTHLY MISCELLANY.

Mental and personal Beauty contrasted.

MUSE! venture forth, nor dread the fiery rage
Of snarling critics, eager to engage;
Defy the malice of that hostile train,
Nor once the labour of thy pen restrain;
Thy theme shall plead for each unpolish'd line,
Thy genius brighten, and thy sense refine.
What wonder, when its soft enchanting art
Attracts the passions, and arrests the heart,
Aids ev'ry grace improves each pow'r to please,
And wins our love by slow yet sure degrees.

Can outward beauty claim the least pretence
To vie with the superior charms of sense?
Can the just symmetry of every part,
Atone for virtues absent from the heart?
If bright the casket, to the gem should be,
Nor spot, nor blemish, stain its purity.
When Damon first beheld Maria's face,
Her perfect features, and her finish'd grace,
With wonder struck, he gaz'd, ador'd, admir'd,
And felt his soul with warmest passion fir'd.
So happy in the object of his love,
He envy'd not the deities above:
Maria's charms his every thought employ,
She the kind source and soul of all his joy;
But soon the transport of his bosom dies,
Soon other joys in swift succession rise,
Approach uncall'd, and banish from the mind
The faint impression that was left behind,
Till the bright image gradually decays,
And scarce a sonnet celebrates her praise;
Tho' late in raptures, and with love oppress,
The Urchin God no longer fires his breast.

But how shall I the luckless scene unfold,
Which fate had destin'd Damon to behold?
Maria, who had sworn eternal truth,
And vow'd a lasting kindness for the youth,
Was seen by Damon at a crouded ball,
With twenty fond admirers at her call;
At distance plac'd, he saw the lavish fair
Deal round her favors with a wanton air;
Here a soft look, and there a smile dispense,
Then chide another for impertinence;

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Now praise Hillario's rich embroider'd coat,
Or on Amintor's easy manner doat;
Struck at the sight, he execrations pour'd,
And scorn'd the beauty he so late ador'd;
Disgust succeeded passion's short-liv'd reign,
And strong aversion follow'd in its train.

A mighty alteration this! how strange!
How are the youth's affections prone to change!
Methinks I hear some angry female cry,
With indignation sparkling in her eye:
Suppose Maria does admire the beaux,
Commend one's manner & another's cloaths;
Must she be deaf, insensible, and mute,
Because that Damon pays to her his suit?
A better reason I have heard assign'd,
Why thus he slights the maid and proves unkind;
By nature fickle, ever apt to rove,
Cleora now engages all his love;
If she gave liberties, yet paid regard
To decency, I think her case is hard.

Yes, true, Cleora had engag'd the youth,
Yet rashly blame him not for want of truth;
Maria's study'd looks, and passion feign'd,
Could not maintain the conquest they had gain'd,
Short was the triumph, tho' with ease obtain'd.

But when Cleora his attention drew,
He most admir'd the charms conceal'd from view;
'Twas not that ev'ry feature in her face
Beam'd beauty, or that every air was grace;
'Twas not the lustre darting from her eye,
Or that her lips could with bright coral vie;
Within, the image of the godhead shone,
And goodness there triumphant reign'd alone;
Alike remote from levity and pride,
She ne'er the arts of proud coquets had try'd;
Courteous and meek, to her own merit blind,
And to her sex's foibles always kind.
Ask round the village who relieves their cares?
Whom most they love, for whom send up their pray'rs?
Ev'n lisping prattlers strive to speak her name,
And hoary heads her gen'rous deeds proclaim.
Such was Cleora;—and could Damon prove
False to his vows? forbid it heav'nly love;
Sooner shall misers throw their gold away,
And darkness be preferr'd to Heav'n's pure day.
Drawn by the charms of virtue and good sense,
Simplicity, and white-rob'd innocence,
He loves from sentiment, and owns with shame
His former passion scarce deserv'd the name.
Each day new graces and endearments rise,
Which bind them by inseparable ties,
Till Hymen crowns their bliss, and bids them prove
The joys of union and domestic love.

Hence be advis'd, ye fair! "to men of sense,
"Your strongest charms are native innocence;
"Art on the mind, like paint upon the face,
"Frights him that's worth your love from your embrace:
"In simple manners all the secret lies,
"Be kind and virtuous, you'll be blest and wise."

Bath, 23d Nov. 1774. O. P. Q.

To the Editors *of the* Monthly Miscellany.

Barclay in his *Argenis*, lib. 2. cap. 4. tells of a *Syrian* merchant who brought with him for sale a silken bracelet, fill'd with precious stones of various kinds, with their colours so artfully disposed as to represent the figures of wild beasts flying or enraged, pursued or encountered by the hunters. The value both of the jewels and the workmanship was immense, being rated at 50 talents. This gave occasion to a most charming piece of Latin Poetry, the spirit of which I have endeavoured to transfuse into our own language for the entertainment of your readers. How far I have succeeded must be left to them.

The BRACELET.

SAY ye, who from the neighb'ring shore behold
Illustrious *Phœbus* mount his car of gold,
From *Thetis'* lap emerging, to your eyes
With what excess of glory does he rise!
Who bids the diamond, like himself, to blaze,
To the green em'rald such gay light conveys,
Blends the pale onyx with a varied hue,
Whose substance lucid but in part we view;
Gives the Pyropus from his fire a name,
And gilds their azure spots with vivid flame!
The mingled dies in sweet confusion glow,
Like wat'ry *Iris'* variegated bow!

Yet not the product of a single coast
Are all: What soil such excellence can boast?
Some the vast *Ganges*, some *Hydaspes* laves,
Orient the pearl from *Erythræan* waves.
To form one Bracelet ev'ry clime combines,
And the whole east in these gay textures shines.
O heav'ns! What skill its worth immense can find?
What hand shall such a glitt'ring circle bind?
In the firm stones the light alternate floats;
How well this gem the hunter's image notes!
See, where the stag exults in wealthy pride,
While the lance speeds in light'ning to his side!
How the grim lion with his value swells!
Did the lame God, in *Lemnos* he who dwells,
Or *Ialysians** on the *Rhodian* strand,
Thus plant the jewels with bewitching hand?
How well these gems might *Jove's* great arm enrobe,
When with his flash he shakes the solid globe!

* *The artists of* Ialysum, *in the island of* Rhodes, *were so curious, that their workmanship was reckoned a sort of fascination.*

Her

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Her ſtorm of wrath with ſuch a preſent laid,
Rich *Juno* would forget her injur'd bed.

But you, whoe'er (if luſtre of a name,
Or heav'n-born truth, your beſt affection claim)
Shall gain the glory, all admiring eyes
To charm with this ineſtimable prize,
See! that not this alone our wonder raiſe,
But let your minds with brighter beauties blaze,
Leſt theſe be judged the brilliant ſtones, but you [threw.
Of the coarſe kind which *Pyrrha** backward

* *Alluding to the ſtory of* Deucalion *and* Pyrrha *in our Miſcellany for October.*

For the MONTHLY MISCELLANY.

ORPHEUS.

An Imitation of BOETHIUS.

Felix, qui potuit boni
Fontem viſere lucidum, &c.

SUPREMELY bleſt the man, who cou'd
Behold the glorious ſource of good!
Whoſe firm reſolves of doing well
Cou'd break the chains of earth and hell!

When once the widow'd bard of *Thrace*,
With ſolemn airs, his hapleſs caſe
Sweetly bewail'd! the liſt'ning grove,
Enchanted with his ſtrains, cou'd more:
The liquid floods forgat to flow,
Such was the charmful pow'r of woe!
The ſpotted hind enjoy'd the ſong
Dauntleſs, her brinded foes among;
And hares, attentive to the ſound,
Sat fearleſs by the placid hound.

The pow'r of muſic all confeſs'd,
All but the woful maſter's breaſt:
His ſong unpitying heav'n upbraids,
While ſad he ſeeks th' infernal ſhades;
There ſummons all his tuneful art,
His meaſure there new joys impart;
The hollow regions all around
Re-echo back the plaintive ſound,
While ev'ry air attends his lyre,
That grief cou'd ſwell or love inſpire.
The triple *Cerb'rus* ſtood at gaze,
Silent and raptur'd with amaze;
The furies too relented then,
And ſhar'd for once the mourner's pain;
No longer turn'd *Ixion*'s wheel,
Nor *Tantalus* his thirſt cou'd feel,
Tityus awhile untortur'd lay,
The Vultur now diſdain'd his prey.——

Vanquiſh'd at length, grim *Pluto* cry'd,
"Give back the bard his lovely bride,
"His loſt *Euridice* reſtore,
"Redeem'd by ſtrains unheard before.
"But ſtill be thus the gift reſtrain'd,
"Since thus of old the fates ordain'd,
"If back he turn his wiſhful ſight
"Again to view the realms of night,
"For ever doom'd be then his eyes
"To loſe the now-remitted prize."

Alas! what laws can Love controul,
That lawleſs tyrant of the ſoul?
As now the *Thracian* lover ſped
Along the confines of the dead,
Some anxious cares poſſeſs'd his mind,
He turn'd him round with hope to find
The fair, who ſeem'd to lag behind:
But, ah! the fair no more he views,
For ever loſt from fear to loſe!

O you, whoſe wiſhes lead the way
To realms of never-ending day,
Look forward ſtill, and ſtill prevail,
Urg'd by the moral of my tale.
Who raiſe the view to things above
No fancy'd retroſpect ſhould move,
Since ſuch muſt all that's dear forego,
If once they fix their eyes below.

For the MONTHLY MISCELLANY.

Advice to PARENTS and TEACHERS.

Occaſioned by the following paſſage in TERENCE, viz.

Hoc patrium eſt, potiùs conſuefacere filium
Suâ ſponte rectè facere, quàm alieno metu.
Hoc pater ac dominus intereſt: hoc qui nequit
Fateatur neſcire imperare liberis. ADELPH.

IN all your teaching keep the rod aloof,
For vice alone can merit ſuch reproof.
Yet where an obſtinate perverſeneſs rules,
It well demands the rigour of the ſchools.
To other failings be correction kind,
Encouragement beſt ſuits a gen'rous mind.
But laws imperious gentle tempers change;
Diſtaſte creating and averſion ſtrange:
Soft ſpirits are by cruelty outdone,
And roughneſs marrs what goodneſs would have won.
Paternal he, whoſe conduct gains the child
Wiſely by choice to act, humanely mild.
No charms has learning, and no grace the law,
Blacken'd by terrors and enforc'd by awe:
But where inſtruction and diſcretion lead,
Where ardour ſpurs and honour is the meed,
With haſty ſteps he ſeeks the muſes' haunts,
The ſcene invites him, and the lore enchants.
Thus train'd with happieſt care, aloft he ſprings,
*Like the bold eaglet on parental wings,
Who while his eyes enjoy th' effulgent ray,
Plumes his new pinions in the blaze of day.

But ſome, condemn'd to ignorance and eaſe,
Cœleſtial ſcience has no charms to pleaſe;
Perverſely rude and fatally unlearn'd,
Where the blank tablet may be ſtill diſcern'd;
As on the barren rock the copious rain,
Diverted from the glebe, deſcends in vain,
The ſeeds of knowledge to no end are caſt,
And diſcipline, pour'd in, runs off as faſt.

* *Deuteronomy* xxxii. ii.

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Be forcign languages inſtill'd with eaſe,
Alluring method, and a plan to pleaſe:
Who teaches *French* by *French*, or *Greek* by *Greek*?
Why then by *Latin*, *Latin* learn to ſpeak?
But let his own peculiar tongue convey
Thoſe firſt inſtructions which with eaſe it may;
And let your rules with early fancy chime,
Adding to ſenſe the jingle of a rhime;
So ſhall the words a ready entrance find,
And through the raviſh'd ear engage the mind;
As horſes in a team enjoy the ſound,
Nor heed the burden while the bells ring round.
This done; in *Roman* rules he may review
All that he learn'd, grammatical and true;
As eaſe and pleaſure introduc'd the paſt,
Sameneſs and judgment will impreſs the laſt.

When vers'd in theſe, ſelect from all the reſt,
Few claſſic authors, and of them the beſt,
Where the ſweet dignity of graceful eaſe
Will claim the heart, and muſt for ever pleaſe;
Where judgment ſhould remark in ev'ry line
Ideas well expreſs'd, nor ſpun too fine:
Theſe charm the ſenſe, and give us joys in ſtore,
Like half-ſeen beauties, while we gueſs at more,
And pleaſe, like mod'rate dainties on your plate,
Enough to feed, but not enough to ſate.
For works of ſpirit will for ever ſhine,
Age is the teſt of learning and of wine.
Some pieces that, once read, might pleaſe the taſte,
At length turn eager, and go off in haſte,
While thoſe of genuine worth will ſtill engage,
Mend on the palate, and improve with age.

Would you to youth the ſuaſive pow'rs impart
To force conviction or to mend the heart,
Yourſelf with open voice, diſtinct and true,
Speak firſt, and let him learn to ſpeak from you;
While flowing action urges home the cauſe,
Gilds ev'ry period and demands applauſe.
In public ſpeaking few perfection reach;
PRONUNCIATION is the life of ſpeech:
Who takes the eye and ear performs the whole;
Through theſe affections all engage the ſoul.

Now lead him to the Muſes' ſacred ſeat,
Where *Cam* or *Iſis* lave the calm retreat;
Where ſcience ſage, and ſocial converſe join'd,
Improve the manners and enlarge the mind.

Oh! How my ſoul regrets her early days,
Torn from the reverend ſeats of learned eaſe,
Where peace unſhaken held her bleſs'd abode,
And the mild ſtream of temperate pleaſure flow'd,
Nor fear'd by oblique eyes to be ſurvey'd,
Or in reflexion's equal balance weigh'd!

TECHNICAL VERSES.

An Addreſs to an Ironmonger, *on his Birth-day.*

OH, LOCKMAN! may thy angel true
Thy *chain* of life extend,
And add a thouſand *links* thereto;
So prays thy merry friend.

And may'ſt thou neither *ruſt* nor *ſtain*,
Nor *canker* ever feel;
With heart as ſoft as ſilken ſkin,
Thy ribs be *ribs of ſteel*.

Loud as a *cannon* through the land,
May thy good name reſound,
And the ſtrong *hammer* of thy hand
Thy enemies confound.

Aided by thee, my verſes flow,
Their *tinkling* owe to thee,
As *iron ſharp'neth iron*, ſo
Thy friendſhip *ſharp'neth* me.

Keen be thy ſenſe, like *ſword* that's try'd,
Thy wit like point of *prong*;
Thy judgment like a *ſaw*, divide
The right ſide from the wrong.

Firm as an *anvil* may'ſt thou bear
The *ſtrokes* of ev'ry clime;
And, like an harden'd *file*, ſtill wear
The *teeth* of envious time.

Round in thyſelf, like poliſh'd *ball*,
Shine always *ſmooth* and *bright*;
When other IRONMONGERS full,
May'ſt thou ſtand *bolt* upright:

And when life's *forge* will work no more,
Fire gone, and *metal* cold;
Alchemiſt DEATH, at touch, thy *ore*
Shall all tranſmute to *gold*.

Long as the *plough* ſhall turn the mould,
Or *needle* ſeek the pole;
While *fetters*, *locks*, and *bars* can hold,
Thy love ſhall *nail* my ſoul.

Cambridge. TOGATUS.

To Miſs HILL, *of* BRISTOL, *on hearing her play upon the* HARPSICHORD.

By NATHANIEL ELLIOT.

WHENCE ſpring thoſe charming notes, inchantreſs, tell,
Which bind me captive by this artful ſpell?
Is there ſome god confin'd within that caſe,
Who, with thy touch enraptur'd, longs to ſee thy face?
Or art thou, fair one, of the ſacred nine,
Who in that form conceal'ſt the maid divine?
Whoe'er thou art, if yet thou haſt no name,
I'll call thee Goddeſs; O, my breaſt inflame!
And let my verſe an eaſy cadence know,
Soft as thoſe ſounds which from thy fingers flow,
Orpheus' no more, nor ſweet Timotheus' ſtrain,
Shall charm the brute, or rouze the timid ſwain;
But harmoniz'd by my ſuperior lay,
Like me, all nature ſhall thy power obey.

A LIST

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LOVE'S ADMONITION.

Andante

While on earths soft Cap descending, Lightly falls the

fea_ther'd snow; Na_ture awful_ly at_tending, Each rude

wind forbids to blow. White and pure awhile appearing Earth her

virgin man_tle wears; Soon the fickle Sea_son veering her de

lu_ded bo_som bares.

MIRA, thus while Health and Pleasure
Our exulting Hearts poſſeſs,
Oh! how great the Lovers Treaſure!
Oh! how fair is Natures Dreſs!
But the fading Landscape dying
May give place to Scenes of Woe;
Joys alas! are ever flying;
Nought is certain here below.

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A List of Members returned for the *New Parliament*,

And of the unsuccessful Candidates. [Concluded.]

[☞ *Those set in Italic are new Members, those marked thus * represented other Places in the last Parliament, and those marked † mean to petition.*]

Aldborough, *Yorksh. Charles Wilkinson*, Esq.
Abel Smith, Esq.
Appleby, Philip Honeywood, Esq.
George Johnstone,* Esq.
Beaumaris, Sir Hugh Williams.
Beeralston, Sir Francis Henry Drake, Bt.
Hon. George Hobart
Bossiney, Hon. Henry Lawes Luttrell,
Rt. Hon. Lord Mountstuart.
Callington, *John Dyke Acland*, Esq.
William Skrine, Esq.
Denbigh, Richard Myddleton, Esq.
Eastlowe, Sir Ch. Whitworth, J. Buller, Esq.
St. Germains, Ed. Eliot, B. L'Anglois, Esqrs.
Grimsby, Jos. Mellish, *Evelyn Anderson*, Esqrs.
Haverfordwest, William Edwardes, Esq.
Hertford, John Calvert, Paule Fielde, Esqrs.
Helston, Cornwall, *(a double return)*
Marq. Caermarthen, *Fra. Owen*, Esq.
Fra. Cockayne Cust, *Ph. Yorke*, Esqrs.
Horsham, Right Hon. Jere. Dyson*.
James Wallace, Esq.*
St. Ives, Adam Drummond, *W. Peard*, Esqrs.
Lesketard, Samuel Salt, *Edw. Gibbon*, Esqrs.
Leskwithiel, *Visc. Fairford*, Cha. Brett, Esq.
Lincolnshire, Lord Brownlow Bertie,
Charles Anderson Pelham, Esq.
Lincoln, *Lord Viscount Lumley*,
Robert Viner, jun. Esq.
Lymington, Sir Harry Burrard, Bart.
Edward Morant, Esq.
Merionethshire, *Tho. Allethon Smith*, Esq.
St. Maw's, Ld Clare,* Hugh Boscawen, Esq.
St. Michael, Ja. Scawen, John Stephenson,
Newcastle-under-Line, *Lord Visc. Chetwynd*, Sir George Hay, Knt. [Esqrs.
Oakhampton, Richard Vernon, Esq.*
Alex. Wedderburn,* Esq.
Plympton, *Sir Richard Phillips*, Bart.
Paul Henry Ourry, Esq.
Reigate, Hon. John Yorke, Sir Cha. Cocks.
Richmond, Right Hon. Sir Lawr. Dundas,*
Thomas Dundas,* Esq.
Saltash, Grey Cooper, Th. Bradshaw, Esqrs.
Shoreham, *Charles Goring, Esq.* 372
Rt. H. Sir John Shelly,* 320
Unsuccessful, Mr. Aldridge, - 199
Suffex, Lord George Henry Lennox,
Sir Thomas Spencer Wilson,
† Unsuccessful, Sir James Peachy.

The number polled for Sir Thomas Spencer Wilson was 112 more than for Sir James Peachy; and of 3907 freeholders who polled, 3583 voted for Lord Lennox. Sir James accuses the sheriff of partiality, and means to refer the merits of the election to the House of Commons.—This opposition, it is said, cost upwards of 15,000l.

Tavistock, Right Hon. Richard Rigby,
Hon. Rd. Fitzpatrick,* jun.
Truro, Bamber Gascoyne, Esq.
George Boscawen, jun. Esq.
Tregony, Hon. G. L. Parker, Al. Leith, Esq.
Westmoreland, Sir James Lowther,*
Sir Michael le Fleming.
Westloo, *Wm. James, Cha. Ogilvie*, Esqrs.
Whitchurch, Rt. H. Tho. Townshend, jun.
Lord Viscount Middleton.

SCOTLAND.

Aberdeenshire, Alexander Garden, Esq;
Annan, &c. Wm. Douglas, jun. Esq.
Argyllshire, Col. Adam Livingstone.
Brechin, Aberdeen, &c. Hon. Tho Lyon.
Bute and Caithnesshire, *Hon. James Stuart.*
Clackmannan, &c. *Col. Ralph Abercrombie*, 15
Unsuccessful, Capt. Erskine, — 10
Cromartyshire, Hon. Cosmo Gordon.
Dumbartonshire, Sir Archib. Edmondstone.
Dumfriesshire, *Major Robert Laurie*, jun.
Dumfermline, &c. *Archibald Campbell*, Esq.
Elginshire, *Hon. Arthur Duff.*
Elgin, Cullen, &c. *Colonel Staats Long Morris.*
Fortrose, Forres, &c. Hector Munro, Esq.
Invernesshire, Major-Gen. Simon Fraser.
Kircudbright, William Stewart,* Esq.
Unsuccessful, Mr. Heron.
Orkney & Zetlandsh. Tho. Dundas, jun. Esq.
Perthshire, Hon. James Murray.
Rothesay, Inverary, &c. *Sir George Macartney.*
Sutherlandshire, Hon. James Wemyss.
Tayn, Dornock, &c. *Lieut. Col. James Grant.*
Wigtonshire, Hon. Capt. Keith Stewart.
Wigton, &c. *Forres Dalrymple*, Esq.

Returned for different places.

J. Adams, Esq. for Wendover & Carmarthen.
John Buller, Esq. Launceston and East Looe.
Edm. Burke, Esq. Bristol and Malton.
Ld Tho. Clinton, Westminster & East Retford.
Wenman Coke, Esq. Norfolk and Derby.
Sir Law. Dundas, Richmond & Edinburgh.
Tho. Dundas, Esq. Richmond & Stirlingshire.
Thos. Fonnereau, Esq. Aldeburgh & Sudbury.
G. Johnstone, Esq. Appleby & Cockermouth.
Herb. Mackworth, Esq. Midhurst & Cardiff.
Sir Wm. Mayne, Canterbury & Gatton.
Sir Ja. Lowther, Cumberland & Westmorel.
C. Mellish, Esq. Pontefract & Boroughbridge.
Hu. Morice, Esq. Launceston and Newport.
Flet. Norton, Esq. Carlisle & Cockermouth.
James Scawen, Esq. Surry and St. Michael.
Robert Scott, Esq. Gatton & Wotton-Bassett.
Clement Tudway, Esq. Wells and Midhurst.
Alex. Wedderburn, Esq. Okehampton and Cattle-Rising.

Double Returns, for Helstone & Milborne-Port.

Seats already vacated.

Leicestershire, by the Hon. [illegible] succeeding his father as Lord V. [illegible]h.
Saltash, by the death of [illegible]q.
Shrewsbury, by the [illegible]
Cricklade, by the death of [illegible]q.
Helston, by the death of [illegible]

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The fashionable Dress for December, as established at St. James's and Bath.

IN FULL DRESS, the Ladies wear their Hair as given in our last Miscellany, with small Flys and short Lappets, or round Lappets in fancy, with Rose Flowers, and Diamond or Pearl Pins in the Centre of each;—rich plain Silks or Sattins, of a Barré, (orange) Damson, Fire, or Mulberry Colour, trimmed with Brussels, Point, or Mignionette; or Chenille Blond, or Gauze, ornamented with Tassels and Flowers;—embroidered Shoes to match the Silks, and small Rose Buckles.

Rich plain Silk Night-gowns, or French Jackets, with Lappels, puckered round cuffs, and double robbins;—white or coloured Sattin Cloaks lined and trimmed with Skin;—black Hats or Bonnets full trimm'd with Lace;—Feather, Velvet, or Silks Muffs;—Slippers with white Heels and small Roses;—constitute the fashionable UNDRESS.

MARRIED.

THE Right Hon. Viscount Gormanston, to Miss Robinson, daughter of the late John Robinson, Esq; of Denston-hall in Suffolk.

John Nott, Esq; of Bell-hall, Somersetshire, to Miss Mary Parry, only daughter of Evan Parry, Esq; of Woodland, Pembrokeshire.

The Rev. Mr. Thomas Robinson, fellow of Trinity college in Cambridge, to Miss Mary Boys, of Mepal, in the Isle of Ely.

At Neath in Glamorganshire, Michael Southcote, Esq; to Miss Popkins, daughter and sole heiress of Thomas Popkins, Esq.

Mr. Weatherby, printer, of Plymouth, to Miss Elizabeth Rowlands, daughter of James Rowlands, Esq; of the Exchequer.

John Bainbrigge, Esq; of Trinity college, to Miss Prince, daughter of Mr. Prince, apothecary, of Cambridge.

Gwynn Vaughan, Esq; of Jordanston in Pembrokeshire, to Miss Gill, of Kettlethorpe, Yorkshire.

Henry Overton, Esq; of Wangate, to Miss Sophia Baines, of Soho-square.

Stephen Popham, Esq; of Lincoln's-inn-fields, to Miss Anne Thomas, grand-daughter of Sir George Thomas, Bart.

The Rev. Mr. Halke, fellow of Clare-hall, Cambridge, to Miss Thomas, of Canterbury.

At his country seat in Bucks, Henry Smeaton, Esq; to Miss Armstrong, a young lady of large fortune.

George Smith, Esq; of Norwich, to Miss Charlotte Gay.

Thomas Sheppard, Esq; of Littlecott, to Miss Cotton, of Thornton in Bucks.

Rev. Thomas Willise, rector of Bleakely in Bucks, to Miss Hyde, only daughter of the Hon. Mrs. Hyde.

Charles Edwards, Esq; high-sheriff of Exeter, to Miss Jackson, of Clift-house, Devon.

At Salisbury, Mr. Francis Jarrett, aged 76, to Mrs. Eliz. Martin, a maiden lady of 62.

At Poole, Charles Hare, Esq; to the celebrated Miss Ford.

Mr. Marsh, attorney at law, to Miss Brown, daughter of Dr. Brown, of Romsey.

At Westbury, Wilts, Bryan Edwards, Esq; to Miss Martha Phipps, 3d daughter of T. Phipps, Esq; and gran-daughter of Dr. Hele.

John Embery, Esq; of Tewkesbury, to Miss Hancock, daughter of Peter Hancock, Esq; of Twinning, Gloucestershire.

DIED.

At Redrice near Andover, the Right Hon. Stephen Lord Holland, Baron of Foxley in Wilts, and Clerk of the Pells in Ireland. His Lordship married Lady Mary Fitzpatrick, sister to the Earl of Upper Ossory, by whom he had issue one daughter, and a son, now an infant, to whom the title descends.

Of a nervous disorder in his stomach, the Right Hon. Robert Lord Clive, of Plassey in Ireland, Lord Lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum of Salop and Montgomery, Knight of the Bath, and Major-general in the East-Indies, Member for Shrewsbury, LL. D. F. R. S. His Lordship had been twice governor of Bengal, and commander in chief of the King's and Company's forces in that province. His Lordship, in jaghire and estate, is said to have died worth fifty odd thousand pounds a year. The former, however, (which is 30,000l. per ann.) has but a certain number of years to run.——He has left by will to his Lady 2000l. per annum, and 10,000l. as also the seat at Clermont in Surry, during her Ladyship's life.

Wm. Earle, Esq; member in the present Parliament for Cricklade in Wilts.

The Countess Dowager of Effingham, one of the Ladies of her Majesty's bed-chamber: It is said her death was occasioned by a fright she received by her cloaths taking fire as she sat reading at her apartments at Hampton-Court.

At Dunkeld in Scotland, in his 46th year, His Grace John Murray, Duke, Marquis, and Earl of Athol, Marquis of Tullibardine, &c. and one of the sixteen peers of Scotland. He married his cousin Lady Charlotte, Baroness Strange, and Lady of the Isle of Man, by which marriage the heirs male and of line of this illustrious family were conjoined.

At Bath, Dr. James Johnson, Bishop of Worcester. His death was occasioned by a fall from his horse; which caused an internal hœmorrhage.

Aged 75, Lady Conyers, mother of Sir Blackstone Conyers, collector at Newcastle.

In Scotland, Sir William Seton, Bart.

The Lord Bishop of Bangor, senior canon of Windsor, and rector of West Ilsley.

At West Cowes, John Stephens, Esq; formerly a banker in London.

At Salisbury, Mrs. Golding, aged 95.

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Thomas Bradſhaw, Eſq; one of the lords of the almiralty.

At Taormina in Sicily, the Right Hon. the Earl of Morton, whoſe death was occaſioned by a cold and fever, caught from the fatigue of aſcending Mount Ætna, to view that extraordinary natural curioſity.

Sir W. Stephenſon, Knt, father-in-law to Mr. Sawbridge, and an alderman of London.

At his ſeat at Shakenhurſt in Worceſterſhire, Charles Watkins Meyſey, Eſq.

The Rev. Mr. Bullen, rector of Kennet, near Newmarket.

Rev. Mr. Lyſon, rector of Hannington, Wilts.

Aged upwards of 80, the Rev. Tho. Hunt, D. D. canon of Chriſt church, regius profeſſor of Hebrew, and Laud's profeſſor of Arabic, in the univerſity of Oxford; and rector of Bix, naar Henley.

At Deal in Kent, in his 88th year, the Rev. and learned Nicholas Carter, D. D. rector of Woodchurch and Ham, and curate of St. George's chapel in Deal, ever ſince its conſecration, in 1715.

Charles Phillips, Eſq; late member of Camelford, and lieut. col. of the Cornwall militia.

At Naples, the Marquis of Maho, formerly miniſter from this court to Vienna.

In a fit of apoplexy, at the ſame place, the Sieur Jomelli, a famous compoſer of muſic.

At Wigton, Mr. Jeremiah Stoddart, merchant and linen-manufacturer. He had perhaps as ſtrong a memory as any man living; he employed not leſs than twenty weavers and ſpinſters, and for thoſe and the other parts of his buſineſs, buying, ſelling, &c. he kept no accounts, but left the whole to his memory.

Mrs. Boſtock, wife of the Rev. Dr. Boſtock, canon of Windſor.

The Rev. Dr. Ridley, miniſter of Poplar, and rector of Weſton in Norfolk.

The Hon. Mrs. Eleonora Bothwell, daughter of the deceaſed Henry Lord Bothwell.

In his 71ſt year, Mr. Richard Samborne, an eminent wine-merchant, of Saliſbury, and ſenior alderman of that corporation.

Patrick Murdock, D. D. F. R. S. rector of the pariſh of Stradiſhall in Suffolk, &c.

John Langley Watts, Eſq; mayor of Norwich.

At Middleton-Tyas in Yorkſhire, Leonard Hartley, Eſq; in his 80th year.

Edmund Chamberlain, Eſq; of Maugerſbury in Gloceſterſhire, Eſq.

Mr. Henry Munby, attorney, of Beverley.

Wm. Andrew Pine, Eſq; governor of Suratt in the Eaſt-Indies, ſaid to have left 100,000l.

The Earl of Belvedere, muſter-maſter general of his Majeſty's forces in Ireland.

At the Hotwells, aged 101, Mr. Emanuel Smithſon, a ſpeaker among the Quakers.

Francis Woodhouſe, of Aramſtone in Herefordſhire, Eſq.

Suddenly, in an apoplectic fit, Mr. William Alexander, merchant, in Cateaton-ſtreet.

John Burnaby, Eſq; one of the oldeſt gentlemen of the King's privy chamber.

Henry Baker, Eſq; F. S. S. and S. A. S.

At Oxford, Rev. Dr. John Tottie, canon of Chriſt-church, & archdeacon of Worceſter.

In Long-acre, John Wm. Webber, Eſq.

Thomas Harris, Eſq; ſerjeant-trumpeter to his Majeſty.

Thomas Edge, Eſq; yeoman of the ewry.

ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

The Hon. and Rev. Dr. Wallop, maſter of Magdalen college, to be vice-chancellor of Cambridge univerſity for the year enſuing.

Rev. Richard Browne, D. D. of Trinity college, Oxford, to be canon of Chriſt-church, and regius profeſſor of Hebrew: And the Rev. Joſeph White, A.M. to be Archbiſhop Laud's profeſſor of Arabic, all in the room of the late Dr. Hunt.

The Rev. Lewis Boidaune, M. A. chaplain in ordinary to his Majeſty, to hold the vicarage of Eaſt-Dean in Suſſex, with the vicarage of Eaſt-Meon, Hants.

Rev. Dr. Bray, rector of Exeter college, to the living of Bix in Oxfordſhire.

The Biſhop of Rocheſter, to hold the deanery of St. Peter, Weſtminſter, in commendam with the ſaid biſhoprick.

Rev. Thomas Chamberlayne Coxe, chaplain to his Grace the Duke of Beaufort, to hold the rectory of North Cerney, with the rectory of Avening in Gloceſterſhire.

Rev. Jeremiah Jackſon, A. M. to the rectory of Manton in Rutlandſhire.

Rev. Mr. Langford, to the vicarage of Sandridge near St. Alban's.

Rev. Samuel Phillips, B. A. to the vicarage of Hallerton in Suffolk.

Rev. Nicholas Wakeham, M. A. to hold the rectory of Ingham and Timworth, with the rectory of Bocking in Eſſex.

Rev. Wheler Bunce, to the rectory of Ham St. George in Kent.

Rev. Walter Driffield, A. M. to hold the rectory of Erwarton in Suffolk, with the rectory of South-church in Eſſex.

Rev. Dr. Dodd, to the living of Wynge in Bucks.

Rev. Mr. Edmund Hickeringill, to the vicarage of Acton in Suffolk.

Rev. Charles Page, maſter of Corſham ſchool, to the rectory of Littleton, with the rectory of St. Peter, and vicarage of Bidſtone St. Nicholas and Slaughterford in Wilts.

Rev. John Woodcock, D. D. to hold the rectory of Ryford, with the vicarage of Sellack, and chapels of the King's-Caple, Marſtow, and Pencoyd, in Herefordſhire.

Rev. Peter Stephen Goddard, D. D. maſter of Clare-hall in Cambridge, to the rectory of Whepſted in Suffolk.

Rev. John Francis, M. A. to the rectory of Wooſton in Norfolk.

Rev. Henry Matthew Schutz, D. D. to the rectory of Oving in Bucks.

Rev. Dr. Thomas Bower, to the living of Aresford in Cardiganſhire.

Rev. William Baker, B. A. to the vicarage of Wavendon, in Wilts.

Rev. Samuel Webb, M. A. to hold the rectory of Winford in Somerſet, with the vicarage of Box in Wilts, void by the death of the Rev. Mr. Morris.

CIVIL and MILITARY PROMOTIONS.

Sir Clifton Wintringham, Knt. Philip Jennings Clerke, of Duddieſton-hall in Shropſhire, John Duntze, of Tiverton in Devon, and Wm. Pepperell, of Boſton in America, Eſqrs. to the dignity of Baronets of Great-Britain.

George Harriſon, Eſq; to the office of Windſor Herald of Arms, vacant by death.

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The Earl of Shannon, to be muſter-maſter general and clerk of the Cheque of his Majeſty's forces in Ireland.

Mr. Sewel, one of the ſons of Sir Tho. Sewel, to ſucceed the late Mr. Northey, as principal examiner in the court of Chancery.

Iſaac Heard, Eſq; to be Norroy King of Arms.

Right Hon. Sir George Macartney, to be conſtable and commander of his Majeſty's fort of Toome in Ireland.

George Chamberlayne, Eſq; to be ſecretary to the tax-office.

Robert Gammon, Eſq; to be collector of the cuſtoms at Antigua.

Miſs Louiſa Cathcart, to be maid of honour to the Queen.

Miſs Goldſworthy, daughter of the late Burrington Goldſworthy, Eſq; to be ſub-governeſs to the royal children.

The Hon. Lieut. Gen. Murray, late governor of Quebec, to be lieut. governor of Minorca.

Montague Burgoyne, Eſq; to be inſpector-general of the inland duties, in place of G. J. Williams, Eſq; made receiver-general.

John Walcot, Eſq; to ſucceed Edmund Barham, Eſq; (reſigned) as agent for his Majeſty's packet-boats at Dover; and John Lees, Eſq; to ſucceed Mr. Walcot as ſecretary of the poſt-office at Dublin.

Lieut. Col. Beauclerc, to be governor of Pendennis Caſtle; and Col. James Grant, to be lieut. governor of Fort St. George.

William Eden, Eſq; to a penſion of 400l. a year, payable out of the 4 1-half per cents. collected in the Leeward iſlands.

Capt. Charles Saxton, of the 17th regiment, to the rank of major of the 45th, in the room of the Hon. Richard Digby, (brother to Lord Digby) preferred in the guards.

Wadſworth Buſk, Eſq; to be attorney-general in the Iſle of Man.

Thomas Rumſey, Eſq; to be auditor for the duties on hides, coffee, &c.

1ſt troop of horſe guards, Guidon and Major Peter Ryves Hawker, to be cornet and major. Exempt and Captain Thomas Dufour Eaton, guidon and major. Brigadier and Lieut. Richard William Wilſon Briſtow, exempt and captain. Sub-Brigadier and Cornet Thomas Otger, brigadier and lieutenant. James D'Auvergne, ſub-brigadier and cornet.

2d troop of horſe grenadier guards, Sub-Lieutenant Eraſmus Corbett, to be guidon and captain. Adjutant and Sub-Lieut. Andrew Corbett, ſub lieutenant.

11th reg. of dragoons, Cornet Peter Boiſſier, lieutenant.

8th reg. of foot, Enſign Henry Young, lieut.

16th reg. of foot, Captain Nicholas Cox, from half pay, captain.

36th reg. of foot, Thomas Moncrieffe, enſign.

48th reg. of foot, Charles John Carr, enſign. Rowley Godfrey, enſign. **** Houſton, enſign.

Royal Americans, 2d battalion, Captain Thomas Grandidier, captain. Lieut. Diederick Brehm, captain-lieutenant. Enſign John Charles Schloſſer, lieutenant. Louis Haldimand, enſign. Serjeant Major John Fleming, quarter-maſter.

65th reg. of foot, Enſign Roger Moſtyn, lieut.

O'Hara's corps, Enſign Mathias M'Namara, lieutenant.

From the London Gazette, Nov. 26.

AVERAGE PRICES of CORN,

From Nov. 14, to Nov. 17, 1774.

By the Standard Wincheſter Buſhel of 8 Gall.

	Wheat.		Rye.		Barley.		Oats.		Beanst	
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
London	6	5	3	3	3	3	2	1	3	4
COUNTIES INLAND.										
Middleſex	6	9			3	4	2	5	3	4
Surry	6	10	3	5	3	6	2	5	4	1
Hertford	7	1			3	5	2	4	4	1
Bedford	7	2	5	4	3	4	2	2	3	3
Cambridge	6	6	3	10	3	4	2	3	3	0
Huntingdon	6	9			3	4	2	3	3	6
Northampt.	7	8	5	1	4	0	2	3	3	11
Rutland	7	1	4	9	4	1	2	1	2	10
Leiceſter	7	6	5	3	4	3	2	6	4	3
Nottingham	6	9	5	0	3	10	2	3	4	2
Derby	7	3			4	2	2	7	4	5
Stafford	7	8	5	2	4	1	2	2	4	10
Salop	7	4	5	7	3	11	2	2	4	7
Hereford	7	6								
Worceſter	7	11	5	8	4	5	2	7	4	9
Warwick	8	9			4	5	2	11	5	5
Gloceſter	8	11			3	9	2	3	4	9
Wiltſhire	7	0			3	4	2	6	4	10
Berks	7	2	4	8	3	3	2	6	3	11
Oxford	7	11			3	7	2	8	4	4
Bucks	7	1	4	0	3	6	2	3	3	9
COUNTIES upon the COAST.										
Eſſex	6	4	3	4	3	0	2	2	3	5
Suffolk	5	11	2	11	3	0	2	1	2	11
Norfolk	5	7	3	1	2	8	2	0	3	5
Lincoln	6	4	4	2	3	5	1	10	3	5
York	6	1	4	7	3	3	1	11	3	8
Durham	5	9	4	0	3	1	2	0	4	4
Northum.	5	8	3	10	3	1	2	1	4	0
Cumberland	5	11	4	0	3	1	1	11	5	4
Weſtmorel.	6	7			3	0	1	10	3	6
Lancaſhire	6	3			3	2	2	2	3	9
Cheſhire	6	8			4	0	2	2		
Monmouth	7	3			3	6	1	10	3	9
Somerſet	8	2	4	3	3	7	2	1	3	11
Devon	7	5			3	5	1	8		
Cornwall	6	2			3	0	1	7		
Dorſet	7	4			3	1	2	3	4	7
Hampſhire	6	10			3	3	2	4	4	4
Suſſex	6	3			3	0	2	2	3	1
Kent	6	6			3	7	2	2	2	11

From Nov. 7, to Nov. 12, 1774.

WALES.										
North Wales	6	4	4	11	5	4	1	9	3	4
South Wales	6	8	5	4	3	4	1	6	3	2

Part of SCOTLAND.

Wheat.		Rye.		Barley.		Oats.		Beans.		Big.	
4	10	3	2	2	7	2	0	3	2	2	3

Publiſhed by Authority of Parliament,

W. COOKE.

PRICE of STOCKS, *Dec.* 2.

Bank ſtock, 143 ⅞ths. 4 per cent. conſ. 92 ¼th. 3 ½ per cent. 1758, 90 ¾ths. 3 per cent. conſ. 89 ⅞ths. 3 per cent. red. 88 ½. 3 per cent. 1726, —. India ſtock, 149 ½. 3 per cent. ann. 81 ¼th. India Bonds, 58 a 59 prem. South Sea ſtock, —. Ditto old ann. 87 ⅜th. Ditto new ann. 87 ⅞th. Ditto 1751, 87 ⅜ths. Navy bills, 1 per cent. diſc. Long Ann. 26 ¼th. Tickets, 15l. 16s.

BRANSCOMBE and Co. *Stock-Brokers, At their Lottery-Office, No. 5, Holborne.*

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SUPPLEMENT

TO THE

SECOND VOLUME

OF THE

MONTHLY MISCELLANY.

THE PRINCIPLES OF

Mr. PENN, FOUNDER of PENNSYLVANIA, ON GOVERNMENT.

To the EDITORS *of the* MONTHLY MISCELLANY.

YOU have herewith the principles of Mr. William Penn on Government; who was the founder, and proprietary governor of Pennſylvania.--By which you will ſee on what foundation the laws of that province were built, which was peopled in ſo ſhort a time, and is now equal, if not ſuperior, to any province in America.

I will only add, ſuch was the true love and affection between Mr. Penn and the Pennſylvanians, that whenever he came to Pennſylvania, the people received him as their moſt affectionate father, in raptures of joy; and, when he left them, their ſorrow was ſuch, as not to have a dry eye on the ſhore; by which we may ſee what will make governors beloved, great, and glorious, and the people opulent, dutiful, and happy.

I am, &c. R. Z.

1. Government has many ſhapes: but 'tis ſovereignty, tho' not freedom, in all of them.

2. *Rex & Tyrannus* are very different characters: one rules his people by laws, to which they conſent; the other by abſolute will and power. *That* is called freedom, *this* tyranny.

3. The firſt is endanger'd by the ambition of the populace, which ſhakes the conſtitution; the other by an ill adminiſtration, which hazards the tyrant and his family.

4. It is great wiſdom in both ſorts, not to ſtrain points too high with their people; for whether the people have a right to oppoſe them or not, they are ever ſure to attempt it, when things are carried too far; tho' the remedy often proves worſe than the diſeaſe.

5. Happy that King who is great by juſtice, and that people who are free by obedience!

6. Where the Ruler is juſt, he may be ſtrict; elſe it is two to one it turns upon him; and tho' he ſhould prevail, he can be no gainer, *where his people are the loſers.*

7. Princes muſt not have paſſions in government, nor reſent beyond intereſt and reaſon.

8. Where example keeps pace with authority, power hardly fails to be obeyed, and Magiſtrates honoured.

9. Let

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9. Let the people think they govern, and they will be governed.

10. This cannot fail, if thoſe they truſt are truſted.

11. That prince that is juſt to them in great things, and humours them oftentimes in ſmall things, is ſure to have them, and keep them from all the world.

12. For the people is the politic wife of the Prince, that may be better managed by wiſdom, than ruled by force.

13. But where the Magiſtrate is partial, and ſerves ill turns, he loſes his authority with the people, and gives the populace opportunity to gratify their ambition; and ſo lays a *ſtumbling-block* for his people to fall.

14. It is true, that where a ſubject is more popular than the Prince, the Prince is in danger: but it is as true, that is his own fault; for no body has the like means, intereſt, or reaſon, to be popular as he.

15. It is an unaccountable thing, that ſome Princes incline rather to be feared than loved; when we ſee that fear does not oftener ſecure a Prince againſt the diſſatisfaction of his people, than love makes a ſubject too many for ſuch a Prince.

16. Certainly ſervice upon inclination is like to go farther than obedience upon compulſion.

17. The *Romans* had a juſt ſenſe of this, when they placed *Optimus* before *Maximus* to their moſt illuſtrious Captains and *Cæſars*.

18. Beſides, experience tells us, That goodneſs raiſes a nobler paſſion in the ſoul, and gives a better ſenſe of duty than ſeverity.

19. What did *Pharoah* get by increaſing the Iſraelites taſk? ruin to himſelf in the end.

20. Kings, chiefly in this, ſhould imitate God: *Their Mercy ſhould be over all their works.*

21. The difference between the Prince and the peaſant is in this world: but a temper ought to be obſerved by him that has the advantage here, becauſe of the judgment of the next.

22. The end of every thing ſhould direct the means: now that of government being the *good of the whole*, nothing leſs ſhould be the aim of the Prince.

23. As often as Rulers endeavour to attain juſt ends by juſt mediums, they are ſure of a quiet and eaſy government; and as ſure of convulſions where the nature of things are violated, and their order overruled.

24. It is certain Princes ought to have great allowances made them for faults in government, ſince they ſee by other people's eyes, and hear by their ears. But Miniſters of State, their immediate confidants and inſtruments, have much to anſwer for, if to gratify private paſſions, they miſguide the Prince to do public injury.

25. Miniſters of State ſhould undertake their poſts at *their peril*. If Princes over-rule them, let them ſhew the *law*, and humbly reſign: if fear, gain, or flattery prevail, let them anſwer it to the law.

26. The Prince cannot be preſerved, but where the Miniſter is puniſhable; for people, as well as Princes, will not endure *Imperium in Imperio*.

27. If Miniſters are weak or ill men, and ſo ſpoil their places, it is the Princes fault who chooſe them: but if their places ſpoil them, it is *their own fault* to be made worſe by them.

28. It is but juſt that thoſe that reign by their Princes, ſhould ſuffer for their Princes; for it is a ſafe and neceſſary maxim, not to ſhift hands in government, while the *hands* are in being that ſhould anſwer for them.

29. And yet it were intolerable to be a Miniſter of State, if every body may be accuſer and judge.

30. Let not therefore the *falſe accuſer* any more eſcape an exemplary puniſhment, than the guilty Miniſter.

31. For it *prophanes* government to have the leading men in it ſubject to *vulgar* cenſure; which is often ill grounded.

32. The ſafety of a Prince, therefore, conſiſts in a well-choſen council; and that only can be ſaid to be ſo, where the perſons that compoſe it are qualified for the buſineſs that comes before them.

33. Who would ſend for a taylor to make a lock, or a ſmith to make a ſuit of cloaths?

34. Let there be *merchants* for trade, *ſeamen* for the admiralty, *travellers* for foreign affairs, ſome of the *leading men* of the country for home-buſineſs, and *common* and *civil lawyers* to adviſe of legality and right; who ſhould always keep to the ſtrict rules of law.

35. Three things contribute much to ruin government; *looſeneſs*, *oppreſſion*, and *envy*.

36. Where the reins of government are too ſlack, the manners of the people are corrupted; and that deſtroys induſtry, begets effeminacy, and provokes heaven againſt it.

37. Op-

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37. Oppreſſion makes a poor country, and a deſperate people, who always wait an opportunity to change.

38. *He that ruleth over men, muſt be juſt, ruling in the fear of God*, ſaid an old and wiſe King.

39. *Envy diſturbs* and diſtracts government, clogs the wheels, and perplexes the adminiſtration: and nothing contributes more to this diſorder than a partial diſtribution of rewards and puniſhments in the Sovereign.

40. As it is not reaſonable that men ſhould be compelled to ſerve; ſo thoſe that have employments ſhould not be endured to leave them humourouſly.

41. Where the ſtate affronts no man, he ſhould not affront the ſtate.

[*Publiſhed in* 1693.]

A LECTURE

On UNIVERSAL MADNESS.

Great wits to madneſs ſure are near ally'd,
And thin partitions do their bounds divide. DRYDEN.

I Never read this paſſage, but it appeared evident to me, that this celebrated poet had the ſame opinion of mankind that I ſhall endeavour to maintain---*That all mankind are* MAD.

'Tis not impoſſible but this undertaking may ſubject me to the imputation of being infected with the Madneſs I term univerſal; but be that as it may---I propoſe this comfort to myſelf, and I'll ſhare it with you, if you pleaſe; that as by the above quoted opinion, which I aſſent to be juſt,----Great wits are near allied to Madneſs---ſo, *vice verſa*, Madmen may, ---nay, muſt be great wits.

In England, they ſay, when a man is mad in the phyſical ſenſe, that he is out of his wits; but I ſay it is a miſtake, and that the phraſe uſed here is the only proper one, *out of his judgment*; for a man may be mad, without loſing his wits, but cannot be ſo without loſing his judgment.

There was once a philoſopher, who took it into his head, that he would laugh indiſcriminately at all the tranſactions of life. Oh, ſay you, the poor man was mad: Was he ſo?---but I can tell you that Hippocrates, who was a very ſenſible old gentleman of that time, publicly declared, after converſing with him, that he was not ſo mad as the croud who thought him ſo.

In the phyſical diſtinction there are three main branches of Madneſs----the *melancholy*, *maniacal*, and *canine*; the two firſt proceeding from ſudden violent impreſſions of the mind, or a depraved habit of body; the laſt from a contagious tooth of thoſe animals who are already infected. *Melancholy* is a conſtant limitation of thought to one ſettled idea or opinion, which cauſes a delirium, and is a diſorder more or leſs attendant on lovers of both ſexes. The *maniac* is a profuſion of wild and incoherent ideas, ſuch as we often diſcover in authors, eſpecially thoſe diſtinguiſhed by the appellation of Poets. As to the *canine*, it ſuits thoſe who are mad by example, which is often as fatal as an infected tooth; and this is the reaſon why it is very common to ſay, ſuch a man has been bit by a mad author, a mad critic, or a mad actor. Now what definition ſhall we give general Madneſs?---why, deviation from right reaſon.

When I was at ſchool, I remember to have read of Greeks and Romans, who thought themſelves very wiſe, and have been allowed ſo ever ſince; and what did all their wiſdom amount to? Why, the working their own deſtruction, and that of their neighbours! From one ſtage of political Madneſs, they roſe to another; till they became a prey to people not yet ſo mad as themſelves, and to this we owe all the revolutions of ſtates and empires that have hitherto happened.

Was it wiſdom or juſtice that put that good old puritan Socrates to death?---No, you'll ſay it was cruelty: but I'll call it Madneſs. Suppoſe any perſon, who knew the value of it, was to find a diamond among a parcel of common pebbles, and ſhould throw away the jewel, but carefully preſerve the pebbles, what would you ſay of him? Why, that he was mad---ſo I ſay of that ſtate which capriciouſly ſacrificed the beſt man in it.

Was it wiſdom or policy that made Cæſar deſtroy the commonwealth, to raiſe himſelf to a throne? No, the poor man

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was mad, and ſhould have been put into a bedlam; not murdered by a parcel of people as mad as himſelf.---Mad! no, no, they were patriots; very fine patriots truly, who, from a principle of not liking to ſee any perſon greater than themſelves, threw the ſtate into confuſion, that each might ſeize a limb to gratify his own madneſs. Was it patriotiſm that made Cato ſtab himſelf at Utica? To be ſure---his great heart could not bear to ſee his country enſlaved by the ambition of Cæſar.---No? Why then it is very evident he was mad, otherwiſe a man of his underſtanding would have known that his life, as it might have been of great ſervice to Rome, was not at his own diſpoſal; but the plain truth of the matter is, that this boaſted philoſopher was delirious with pride, and felt more for himſelf than his country.

To draw nearer home, what ſhall we ſay of Oliver Cromwell---was he mad? "Oh no, a great polititian, and an excellent ſoldier; by means of extraordinary abilities, raiſed himſelf to the power---though he declined the ſtile of regality, and all this from the degree of a private gentleman.---Did he ſo? What then? Would any thing but a *madman* have given up the peaceful poſſeſſion of five hundred a year, to thruſt himſelf into the midſt of confuſion, and blood, and ceaſeleſs cares? No certainly! In this light I will pronounce him madder than the unhappy monarch, who, born to the anxieties and precarious grandeur of ſtate, by following the pernicious counſels of his Queen and evil Miniſters, gave this delirious Uſurper an opportunity of gratifying his ambition.

From particular perſonages, let us proceed to take a view of this *univerſal malady* in a national light: and here we ſhall find *Britons liberty mad---French Monarchy mad---Spaniards religiouſly mad,---Germans fighting mad---Dutch trade mad.*

What is the Britiſh characteriſtic? A love of liberty----madneſs! unleſs accompanied by *ſelf-denial*, and a ſtrict adherence to virtue! A man may be grave ſometimes, without the imputation of melancholy; but if he is always ſo, his diſorder cannot be diſputed; however, to do ourſelves juſtice, amongſt us the love of liberty is pretty much the ſame as profeſſions of affection from a man of gallantry; we talk much, but have very little meaning; the firſt lucrative place or bribe that preſents, puts an end to all our boaſted love of liberty, unleſs diſcontented ſtateſmen, or neceſſitous ſcribblers, diſplay the banner of public grievances, and then right or wrong we are all in an uproar. Is not this Madneſs?

What can we call the *French ſyſtem* of non-reſiſtance, and paſſive obedience?---What their ſacrificing every thing to the glory of their *Grand Monarque*, as if Heaven had made millions for the aggrandiſement of one mortal? What their darling, long-laboured ſcheme of univerſal monarchy? What their marine war with Britain, but ſtrong inſtances of the moſt extraordinary Madneſs?

What ſhall we ſay of the *Spaniards religious bondage*, where prieſts and reliques are worſhipped inſtead of the Supreme!--Where a man has nothing he can call his own, if the *church* demands, and where he muſt neither ſpeak nor think, but as he is taught! Is this Religion or Madneſs?

Let us not ſhock the eye of humanity: To take only a momentary view of Germany, that wide field of blood and deſolation; would one ſuppoſe it to be inhabited by rational creatures. Could a croud of the moſt deſperate Maniacs treat one another in a more ſavage manner? Is it poſſible to advance any other apology for ſuch cruel ravage, than that the contending powers are one and all Mad,---ſome with ambition, and others with revenge.

Is *Dutch induſtry* madneſs? Yes, certainly,---when a thirſt of accumulating private wealth, renders a ſtate deſpicable to its neighbours, and almoſt incapable of defence, if ſuddenly attacked. I ſuppoſe we ſhould judge any farmer to be mad, who took a great deal of pains to cultivate and ſow a large field of corn, but to ſave expences would not raiſe any defence againſt the treſpaſs of cattle! Juſt ſuch Madneſs is Dutch œconomy.

That we may come more immediately to the point, let us view mankind in the principal ranks of gradation; and firſt, ſuppoſe ourſelves at Court---What! are they mad there? Yes, indeed, very mad, inſomuch that one would imagine preeminence of ſtation, like ſtanding on the brink of a precipice, turns men's heads giddy: if we examine ſtate policy, what does it appear but methodical madneſs?--What is place, title, or penſion-hunting, when a man's moſt valuable poſſeſſion, *honeſty*, is given in exchange. I ſuppoſe now, in the dealings of life, you would call that man mad, who was to give a thouſand guineas for a *potatoe*---and yet, I inſiſt upon it, he who gives his integrity for the place of prime miniſter, makes a worſe bargain.

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We have all heard (I wish we had not) F buying and selling votes in Parliament; and pray what do we sell in reality---only *votes*---Yes, we do ourselves, ur neighbours, and our posterity. If a ian sells himself to a West-India trader s a servant for so many years, or his rhole life, the worst is known; but no ne can tell the ill consequences of selling *vote*, could any thing but madness do t?---No matter whether we call it the nadness of *pride*, *avarice*, or *drunkenness*, out Madness I say it is.

From politics, let us descend to private life, and see whether, at the Court end of he town, they are as mad in this as in heir public spheres of action---just the same, or rather worse---for here we find a gaming-house, where Noblemen, Senators, Admirals, Generals, Gamblers, Pimps, and Parasites make up a motley crew, madly jumbled together to prey upon one another; here we may see one who has been vehemently bellowing for his country, or a *place*--in half an hour after assiduously shuffling *cards*, or shaking *dice*; others who have plundered kingdoms and fleets--now plunder'd themselves by the sons of Ace. Nay, I knew Madness reach to such a height once among the *great*, as to turn a Bishop (who I believe is still alive) into a Horse-jockey.

Suppose we view that respectable body the politicians of the Coffee-house, who marshal, fight, and defeat armies, who lay sieges, take towns, and traverse the whole globe upon *maps*, who study how supplies are to be raised, and lay schemes for paying the national debt, when many of them know not how to pay their own. Is not this Madness?

What shall we say of old Thrifty the citizen, who by extraordinary application and frugality scraped together fifty thousand pounds, yet never allowed himself a comfortable meal? Or what to his heir Squander, who spent every shilling in an uninterrupted course of *revelry*, till he is now as poor in circumstance as his predecessor was in spirit? This brings to my remembrance a story of one of the Dukes of Buckingham, who was a remarkable prodigal, and the famous Sir John Cutler, such another wary man as we have just described. Sir John took it into his head that he would work a reformation in the Duke's conduct, and having, in a most elaborate manner, displayed the merits of what he called œconomy---he concluded with saying, can't your Grace live as I do? Oh, Sir John, replied the Duke, I can do that when all my money's gone!---Here there was some reason on one side, and some wit on the other---but they were nevertheless both mad.

What shall we say to the sons of Bacchus and Venus, who place their only happiness in the constant enjoyment of those things that Nature ordains in due season and quantity, for the preservation, not destruction of health? Oh dear, say the sons of fire and gallantry, would you have us lead the lives of old women?---No, indeed, I would not---but if you cannot take care of yourselves, and you will hunt after *gouts*, *rheumatisms*, *consumptions*, and a terrible *&c.* you should be locked up as frantic self-murderers.

If we consider those extraordinary animals, called *beaux*, we shall find them egregiously mad; otherwise nothing in the human shape would bestow so much time and pains upon the insignificancies of external ornaments, while their neglected *minds* are left a chaos of darkness and confusion. Oh, but they do it to render their dear persons agreeable in the eyes of the ladies---do they indeed!---truly a very bad compliment to the understandings of the ladies. If this be the case, I shall make very little scruple in pronouncing those ladies mad who encourage them in their effeminacy.

I remember a most melancholy accident that befel the much-admired Beau Spangle, who had for many years shone forth a pattern of dress to the gay world: this delicate creature having bespoken a suit of cloaths of exquisite *taste* against a birth-night---an arch blade, who knew Spangle's taylor, privately got a pattern of his intended dress, and had identically the same made for himself to appear at the *levee*; the unfortunate Spangle having allotted his for the *ball*: At night this dreadful anticipation struck so deep on the unhappy beau, that he burned his darling suit, discharged his taylor, kicked his valet, and took a fever, which so much increased and settled the delirium, which had long possessed and preyed upon his brain, that it was thought proper to confine him, and ever since he has raved incessantly of *birth-day suits*, fashions, laces, feathers, with all the apparatus of dress; and in truth I wish every coxcomb in the three kingdoms (if an hospital large enough could be found) were put to keep him company.

Next to the *beaux*, let us take a transient view of the *ladies*: I say *transient*, because it would be ill manners to scrutinize them so fully as we have done the men. Shall we, by way of softening, begin

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begin then with Milton's compliment to our firſt mother?

Grace is in all their ſteps, heaven in their eyes,
In every geſture dignity and love.

'Tis pity they are all mad though---what all! poſitively all. But that we may go further than aſſertion, look into aſſemblies---look into routs---ſee the pernicious phrenzy of card-playing! which ruffles the features, flutters the hearts, and empties the purſes of many fair adventurers, who conſider it as a principal ingredient of politeneſs----to ſit up all night, diſtreſs their circumſtances, and intrude upon every branch of domeſtic happineſs---this is ſtiled *ſpirit*: It may be the ſpirit of quality, but not of reaſon, I am ſure.

What can we call *prudery*, which labours ſo hard to ſupport the appearance of that virtue which the heart does not poſſeſs? Is it not madneſs to prefer a ſhadow to the ſubſtance? What is the *coquette* who ſtudies every art to catch the eye of folly, and ſpread her worthleſs dominion over hearts influenced by externals only? What can we call her empty pride but Madneſs, which frequently urges her to the brink of reputation, and beyond it, rather than want a train of admirers? What is a city wife, affecting the ludicrous airs of quality? What is a jealous, or what a ſcolding wife? Mad in the moſt *troubleſome* and *pernicious* degree.

In ſhort, there is not one of either ſex but comes within the limits of our general charge; and, my dear readers, for your own ſakes, I wiſh I could perſuade you that you are all mad. Don't let me go without my errand; pray let me convince ye, that you are all mad. Paſſure ye it is a moſt comfortable doctrine. I ſpeak from experience, and take upon me to declare, that, if ye will but do yourſelves and me the favour to think yourſelves mad, you will certainly be very happy, and find yourſelves furniſhed with reſolution to defy the French, the Pope, and the Devil.

The HAPPY IMPRESSION:

An AFFECTING HISTORY.

A Young man of faſhion and fortune, to whom I ſhall give the name of Petworth, became very much enamoured with a Miſs Mordaunt, who, in conſequence of her numerous attractions, had a numerous train of admirers; but the great pleaſure which ſhe received from the aſſiduities and attentions of thoſe continually hovering about her, prevented her from being ſo domeſtic as ſhe ought to have been, in the opinion of her exemplary mother, by whom ſhe was often told, that the domeſtic virtues alone could make a woman appear to advantage in the character of a Wife. Petworth, however, ſaw no imperfections in her: his paſſion for her increaſed every day; he was never happy but in her company. His efforts to render himſelf agreeable were not thrown away. He met with the ſucceſs he wiſhed for, and married her.

When an amiable man devotes his whole time to the miſtreſs of his heart and fortune; when he is perpetually endeavouring to give her pleaſure, to make her life a life of happineſs; ſhe muſt be deſtitute of ſenſibility, if ſhe does not gratefully ſtudy to merit the diſtinguiſhing kindneſs of his behaviour by all the returns in her power. Mrs. Petworth was not void of gratitude: ſhe conducted herſelf in ſuch a manner for two years, that her huſband believed he was one of the happieſt married men in the world; and ſhe, too, thought ſhe had been unuſually fortunate in the choice of a man who did her beauty ample juſtice, and was perfectly ſatisfied with her matrimonial lot. Young and lively, ſhe appeared every where in the ſtile of life to which ſhe had ever been accuſtomed; and ſhe could not be over-looked in public; and as the taking notice of married women was quite faſhionable, ſhe was ſtill admired, followed, and flattered. By the high-flown compliments which ſhe received to her perſonal charms, her joys abroad were increaſed--by the ſame compliments her ſatisfactions at home were diminiſhed. She was ready enough, 'tis true, to own that her huſband was not leſs amiable, leſs obliging, than when he firſt married her; but---he was *always her huſband*: by degrees, therefore, ſhe inſenſibly became weaned from her domeſtic delights; and in proportion to her growing indifference concerning Mr. Petworth, was her attention to every other man. This pro-

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propenſity in her being eaſily diſcerned, gave encouragement to a number of idle danglers, who, having no intentions to ſhackle themſelves with the fetters of Hymen, choſe rather to flirt with a married woman than with a ſingle one; thinking that they could do ſo with greater ſecurity, without being ſuſpected of having any ſerious deſigns. This is, however, playing a dangerous game, and is often productive of the moſt pernicious conſequences. Flirting parties of this kind may, at firſt ſetting out, purpoſe only to amuſe themſelves, and to take no liberties not ſtrictly allowable; but during the courſe of an improving intimacy between the ſexes, one freedom imperceptibly ſucceeds another, and great is the difficulty to know when to ſtop.

Among the moſt zealous admirers of Mrs. Petworth was a Mr. Biron. He, imagining himſelf obliged to her for condeſcending to be his partner at *Almack*'s, at the *Pantheon*, &c. &c. began to ſuppoſe ſhe was as good-natured as ſhe was handſome: and fancied, that as ſhe had granted him a few favours of that ſort, ſhe would not be able to refuſe any thing. In order, therefore, to render himſelf ſtill more deſerving of her regard, he addreſſed ſome Verſes to her, with a freedom, a *boldneſs* in the manner, which would have offended many women, and which no huſband, fond of his wife, could have ſeen written to her with any pleaſure. Mrs. Petworth, indeed, herſelf, bluſhed while ſhe caſt her eyes over the lines of adulation; but as they were compoſed with elegance and eaſe, ſhe could not help being ſecretly pleaſed with the thoughts of having given birth to a young poetic genius; yet not knowing what conſtruction Mr. Petworth would put on ſome of her Poet's flights, ſhe deemed it prudent to conceal the paper which contained them:—ſhe threw them careleſsly into her dreſſing-box.

Mr. Petworth happening, a few days after this cautious proceeding, to come home before his Charlotte, went up to her apartment to wait there for her return. Accidently taking up her dreſſing-box, the Verſes dropped out: he picked them up immediately, read them, and was not a little ſurpriſed at the licentiouſneſs of the language: he thought it extremely improper, indeed; and concluded that no man would have dared to write in ſo free a ſtrain, if he had not been aſſured that the liberties of his pen would meet with a favourable reception.

The diſcovery of this paper, added to the concealment of it from him, filled his mind with a thouſand fears, ſuſpicions, and apprehenſions of a very diſquieting nature; and the *recollections* which they occaſioned, ſeemed to make them leſs ſupportable. He then remembered ſeveral trifling converſations which had paſſed between Biron and his wife; and the remembrance of them, in his alarmed ſtate, was painful beyond expreſſion.

While he was in this ſtate, Mrs. Petworth, who had been making a round of viſits, who had found none of her acquaintance at home, and who felt herſelf much indiſpoſed with the head-ach, in conſequence of riding about in the cold, returned in order to try whether a diſh of tea would relieve her; determining to ſet out again as ſoon as ſhe was refreſhed, being engaged to a rout, which was to conclude with a ſupper and a ball.

Mrs. Petworth ſtarted to ſee her huſband in her dreſſing-room. After having received her with a very ſerious air, he taxed her with the imprudence of her behaviour to Mr. Biron. This charge confounded her a little, but ſhe was firmly reſolved to deny it. Petworth, finding his ſuſpicions increaſed by her denial, grew warm, and to ſtrengthen his aſſertions produced the Verſes ſhe had ſecreted from him. At the ſight of them ſhe reddened with anger, and aſked him, fiercely, what he meant by treating her in *that* manner? "How can I help Biron's being a coxcomb?" "No, Madam," ſaid he, gravely; "but you can help giving him encouragement."

This anſwer drew a ſpirited reply from *her*; which forced ſo ſharp a one from *him*, that ſhe flounced out of the room, unable to bear it, in a violent paſſion, muttering ſomething about never coming home again, and drove away to Lady Counter's. There ſhe met with a new diſappointment. Lady Counter, perceiving the party with whom ſhe was to play out of all patience, had prevailed on one of the company, who had declined cards, to ſupply her place. Having been thus excluded from every table by the diſagreeable interview in which ſhe had been engaged with her huſband, ſhe began to hate his very name. In the firſt heat of her reſentment, ſhe thought herſelf the moſt miſerable woman upon earth; ſhe thought ſhe ſhould have been happier with any other man in the world than with him whom ſhe had married; ſecretly reſolving, as he had ſo ill returned the affection which ſhe had ever ſhewn for him, to trou-

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ble herſelf no more about him; to ſtudy nothing but her own pleaſure.

Biron, who happened to be one of the company, clearly read Mrs. Petworth's reſolution in her eyes; they looked, indeed, uncommonly kind on *him*, and encouraged him to puſh his good fortune. Animated by her encouraging looks, he attached himſelf to *her* alone for the remainder of the evening, danced with her, waited on her at ſupper, and whiſpered numberleſs follies in her ear, which at another time ſhe would not have permitted, but to which, at *that* time, ſhe made not the ſlighteſt oppoſition.

Elated with his unexpected ſucceſs, the happy coxcomb thought he was ſure of her; and actually formed a deſign, with the aſſiſtance of his ſervant, to make her coachman drunk, intending, by ſuch a proceeding, to get her conveyed to a Bagnio; not doubting, but that if he could once ſee her in ſuch a houſe, he ſhould carry his point. And, indeed, it is probable, that if ſhe had been conducted to the place intended for her, ſhe might have, merely from her reſentment againſt her huſband, and from the vanity of being ſo publicly diſtinguiſhed, fallen into the infamous ſnare ſpread for her.

While the company were chatting together, after ſupper, upon various ſubjects, a Lady, who happened to ſit next to Mrs. Petworth, hearing the name of one of her acquaintances mentioned, aſked the perſon who ſpoke it, if he knew how ſhe did? "Quite diſtracted," replied the Gentleman; "tied down in her bed." This reply excited the curioſity of all who were preſent, and brought on a deſire to be informed of the cauſe of ſuch exquiſite diſtreſs.

"The cauſe of it is but too common, anſwered the Lady who had enquired after the health of her friend. She was very handſome, and happily married to a man who idolized her; but ſhe was not contented with the admiration of *one* man, tho' it aroſe almoſt to adoration. By liſtening to the perſuaſions of another admirer, ſhe eloped with him, and was ſoon afterwards baſely deſerted by him, without having any proviſion made for her. The deſertion of her new lover, and the reflections which a ſcrutiny into her own conduct forced into her mind, were hardly to be endured. Conſcious of having merited the neglect ſhe had met with, and deeply concerned for her ungrateful behaviour to a huſband, with whom ſhe had all the reaſon in the world to be ſatisfied, ſhe was ſeized with a fever, which in a ſhort time affected her brain; and ſhe is now ſuppoſed to be in an incurable ſtate."

As Mrs. Petworth ſat very near the relater of this melancholy little narrative, it made a ſtrong impreſſion upon her; ſhe changed colour, ſhe trembled, ſhe actually ſhuddered at a cataſtrophe in which ſhe felt herſelf particularly intereſted. She then began to conſider how exceedly ſhe had been to blame, not only to permit Biron to believe that ſhe was pleaſed with his nonſenſe, but to defend it when ſhe ſaw Mr. Petworth greatly diſturbed at it, and who had never intentionally ſaid or done any thing to diſpleaſe her.

Theſe conſiderations, and others of a ſimilar kind, engroſſed her attention; ſhe ſat quite loſt in thought, regardleſs of every thing about her.

Biron, ſeeing her plunged into a reverie, ſtrove to move her by repeated aſſiduities, accompanied with ſome tender freedoms, againſt which ſhe was not at firſt ſufficiently upon her guard to defend herſelf. At laſt, however, on his coming rather too near, and almoſt touching her neck with his lips, ſhe roſe with indignation, and aſked him what he meant by ſuch inſolence? She then, addreſſing herſelf to the Gentleman who had given occaſion to the late account productive of her reformation, begged him to ſee her ſafe to a coach. On Biron's offering to attend her, ſhe turned upon him with a ſevere frown, which plainly convinced him, in a moment, that his moſt flattering hopes were all demoliſhed. Her coachman and footman could not be found: the Gentleman, therefore, who had taken her under his protection, put her into a chair, and walked by the ſide of it till ſhe arrived at her own door. As ſoon as the door was opened, ſhe thanked her guardian for his care of her ſeveral times, and flew up ſtairs to her almoſt diſtracted huſband.

Petworth was, at firſt, exceedingly at a loſs to account for the eagerneſs with which his wife ſeemed to return to him; but when ſhe related all that had paſſed, and intreated his forgiveneſs, on her promiſe to offend him no more in any ſhape whatever; he was as wild with joy, as he had been before with grief. Preſſing her to his boſom with tranſport not to be deſcribed, he told her, that the very beſt women were not without ſome failings, and that ſhe who could, after having ſeen her errors, amend them, deſerved not only pardon, but praiſe.

[*Weſt. Mag.*]

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A LETTER TO THE LADIES,

On LOVE and FRIENDSHIP.

THE luxury and diſſipation that prevails in genteel life, as it corrupts the heart in many reſpects, ſo it renders it incapable of warm, ſincere, and ſteady friendſhip. A happy choice of friends will be of the utmoſt conſequence to you, as they may aſſiſt you by their advice and good offices. But the immediate gratification, which friendſhip affords to a warm, open, and ingenuous heart, is of itſelf a ſufficient motive to court it.

In the choice of your friends, have your principal regard to goodneſs of heart, and fidelity. If they alſo poſſeſs taſte and genius, that will ſtill make them more agreeable and uſeful companions.—You have particular reaſon to place confidence in thoſe who have ſhewn affection for you in your early days, when you were incapable of making them any return. This is an obligation for which you cannot be too grateful.

If you have the good fortune to meet with any who deſerve the name of Friends, unboſom yourſelf with the utmoſt confidence. It is one of the world's maxims, never to truſt any perſon with a ſecret, the diſcovery of which could give you any pain; but it is the maxim of a little mind, and a bad heart, unleſs where it is the effect of frequent diſappointments and bad uſage. An open temper, if reſtrained but by tolerable prudence, will make you, on the whole, much happier, than a reſerved, ſuſpicious one, although you may ſometimes ſuffer by it. Coldneſs and diſtruſt are the two certain conſequences of age and experience; but they are unpleaſant feelings, and need not be anticipated before the time.

But, however open you may be in talking of your own affairs, be ſure never to diſcover the ſecrets of one friend to another. Theſe are ſacred depoſits, which do not belong to you, nor have you any right to make uſe of them.

There is another caſe in which I ſuſpect it proper to be ſecret, not ſo much from motives of prudence as delicacy; I mean in love matters. Though a woman has no reaſon to be aſhamed of an attachment to a man of merit, yet nature, whoſe authority is ſuperior to philoſophy, has annexed a ſenſe of ſhame to it. It is even long before a woman of delicacy dares to avow to her own heart that ſhe loves; and, when all the ſubterfuges of ingenuity to conceal it from herſelf fail, ſhe feels violence done, both to her pride and to her modeſty. This, I ſhould imagine, muſt always be the caſe where ſhe is not ſure of a return to her attachment.—In ſuch a ſituation, to lay the heart open to any perſon whatever, does not appear to me conſiſtent with the perfection of female delicacy. But, perhaps, I am in the wrong. At the ſame time I muſt tell you, that, in point of prudence, it concerns you to attend well to the conſequences of ſuch a diſcovery.

Theſe conſequences, however important in your own eſtimation, may appear very trifling to your friend, who poſſibly will not enter into your feelings, but may rather conſider them as a ſubject of pleaſantry. For this reaſon, love ſecrets are of all others the worſt kept. But the conſequences to you may be very ſerious, as no man of ſpirit and delicacy ever valued a heart much hackneyed in the ways of love. If, therefore, you muſt have a friend to pour out your heart to, be ſure of her honour and ſecrecy. Let her not be a married woman, eſpecially if ſhe lives happily with her huſband. There are certain unguarded moments, in which ſuch a woman, though the beſt and worthieſt of her ſex, may let hints eſcape, which at other times, or to any other perſon than her huſband, ſhe would be incapable of; nor will a huſband, in this caſe, feel himſelf under the ſame obligations of ſecrecy and honour, as if you had put your confidence originally in himſelf, eſpecially on a ſubject which the world is apt to treat ſo lightly.

If all other circumſtances are equal, there are obvious advantages in your making friends of your brothers and ſiſters. The ties of blood, and your being ſo much united in one common intereſt, form an additional bond of union to your friendſhip. If your brothers ſhould have the good fortune to have hearts ſuſceptible of friendſhip, to poſſeſs truth, honour, ſenſe, and delicacy of ſentiment, they are the fitteſt and moſt unexceptionable confidants. By placing confidence in them, you will receive every advantage which you could hope for from the friend-

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friendſhip of men, without any of the inconveniencies that attended ſuch connexions with our ſex.

Beware of making confidants of your ſervants. Dignity, not properly underſtood, very readily degenerates into pride, which enters into no friendſhips, becauſe it cannot bear an equal; and is ſo fond of flattery as to graſp at it even from ſervants and dependants. The moſt intimate confidants, therefore, of proud people, are Valets-de-chambre and Waiting-women. Shew the utmoſt humanity to your ſervants; make their ſituation as comfortable to them as poſſible: But, if you make them your confidants, you ſpoil them and debaſe yourſelves.

Never allow any perſon, under the pretended ſanction of friendſhip, to be ſo familiar as to loſe a proper reſpect for you. Never allow them to teaze you on any ſubject that is diſagreeable, or where you have once taken your reſolution. Many will tell you that this reſerve is inconſiſtent with the freedom which friendſhip allows; but a certain reſpect is neceſſary in friendſhip as in love: Without it, you may be liked as a child, but will never be loved as an equal. The temper and diſpoſition of the heart, in your ſex, make you enter more readily into friendſhips than men. Your natural propenſity to it is ſo ſtrong, that you often run into intimacies which you ſoon have ſufficient cauſe to repent of; and this makes your friendſhips ſo fluctuating.

Another great obſtacle to the ſincerity, as well as ſteadineſs of your friendſhips, is the great claſhing of your intereſts in the purſuits of love, ambition, or vanity. For theſe reaſons it would appear at firſt ſight more eligible for you to contract your friendſhips with the men. Among other obvious advantages of an eaſy intercourſe between the two ſexes, it occaſions an emulation and exertion in each to excel and be agreeable: Hence their reſpective excellencies are mutually communicated and blended. As their intereſts in no degree interfere, there can be no foundation for jealouſy or ſuſpicion of rivalſhip. The friendſhip of a man for a woman is always blended with a tenderneſs, which he never feels for one of his own ſex, even where love is in no degree concerned. Beſides, we are conſcious of a natural title you have to our protection and good offices, and therefore we feel an additional obligation of honour to ſerve you, and to obſerve an inviolable ſecrecy, whenever you confide in us.

But apply theſe obſervations with great caution. Thouſands of women of the beſt hearts and fineſt talents have been ruined by men who approach them under the ſpecious name of friendſhip. But, ſuppoſing a man to have the moſt undoubted honour, yet his friendſhip to a woman is ſo near a-kin to love, that, if ſhe be very agreeable in her perſon, ſhe will probably very ſoon find a lover, where ſhe only wiſhed to meet a friend.---Let me here, however, warn you againſt that weakneſs ſo common among vain women, the imagination that every man who takes particular notice of you is a lover. Nothing can expoſe you more to ridicule, than the taking up a man on the ſuſpicion of being your lover, who, perhaps, never once thought of you in that view, and giving yourſelves thoſe airs ſo common among ſilly women on ſuch occaſions. There is a kind of unmeaning gallantry much practiſed by ſome men, which, if you have any diſcernment, you will find really very harmleſs. Men of this ſort will attend you to public places, and be uſeful to you by a number of little obſervances, which thoſe of a ſuperior claſs do not ſo well underſtand, or have not leiſure to regard, or perhaps too proud to ſubmit to. Look on the compliments of ſuch men as words of courſe, which they repeat to every agreable woman of their acquaintance. There is a familiarity they are apt to aſſume, which a proper dignity in your behaviour will be eaſily able to check.

There is a different ſpecies of men, whom you may like as agreeable companions, men of worth, taſte, and genius, whoſe converſation, in ſome reſpects, may be ſuperior to what you generally meet with among thoſe of your own ſex. It will be fooliſh in you to deprive yourſelves of an uſeful and agreeable acquaintance, merely becauſe idle people ſay he is your lover. Such a man may like your company, without having any deſign on your perſon. People whoſe ſentiments, and particularly whoſe taſtes, correſpond, naturally like to aſſociate together, although neither of them have the moſt diſtant view of any further connection. But, as this ſimilarity of minds often gives riſe to a more tender attachment than friendſhip, it will be proper to keep a watchful eye over yourſelves, leſt your hearts become too far engaged before you are aware of it.

At the ſame time I do not think that your ſex, at leaſt in this part of the world, have much of that ſenſibility, which diſpoſes to ſuch attachments. What is commonly

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monly called love among you is rather gratitude, and ae partiality to the man who prefers you to the reſt of your ſex; and ſuch a man you often marry, with little either of perſonal eſteem or affection. Indeed, without an unuſual ſhare of natural ſenſibility and very peculiar good fortune, a woman in this country has very little probability of marrying for love. It is a maxim laid down among you, and a very prudent one it is, that love is not to begin on your part, but is intirely to be the conſequence of our attachment to you. Now, ſuppoſing a woman to have ſenſe and taſte, ſhe will not find many men to whom ſhe can poſſibly be ſuppoſed to bear any conſiderable ſhare of eſteem. Among theſe few, it is a very great chance if any of them diſtinguiſhes her particularly. Love, at leaſt, with us, is exceedingly capricious, and will not always fix where reaſon ſays it ſhould. But, ſuppoſing one of them ſhould become particularly attached to her, it is ſtill extremely improbable that he ſhould be the man in the world her heart moſt approved of.

As, therefore, nature has not given you that unlimited range in your choice which we enjoy, ſhe has wiſely and benevolently aſſigned to you a greater flexibility of taſte on this ſubject. Some agreeable qualities recommend a Gentleman to your common good liking and friendſhip. In the courſe of his acquaintance, he contracts an attachment to you. When you perceive it, it excites your gratitude; this gratitude riſes into a preference, and this preference, perhaps, at laſt advances to ſome degree of attachment, eſpecially if it meets with croſſes and difficulties; for theſe, and a ſtate of ſuſpence, are very great incitements to attachment, and are the food of love in both ſexes. If attachment was not excited in your ſex in this manner, there is not one in a million of you that would ever marry with any degree of love. A man of taſte and delicacy marries a woman, becauſe he loves her more than any other. A woman of equal taſte and delicacy marries him, becauſe ſhe eſteems him, and becauſe he gives her that preference. But, if a man unfortunately becomes attached to a woman whoſe heart is ſecretly pre-engaged, his attachment, inſtead of obtaining a ſuitable return, is particularly offenſive; and, if he perſiſts to teaze her, he makes himſelf equally the object of her ſcorn and averſion.

The effects of love among men are diverſified by their different tempers. An artful man may counterfeit every one of them ſo eaſily as to impoſe on a young girl of an open, generous, and feeling heart, if ſhe is not extremely on her guard. The fineſt parts in ſuch a girl may not always prove ſufficient for her ſecurity. The dark and crooked paths of cunning are unſearchable, and inconceivable to an honourable and elevated mind.

The following, I apprehend, are the moſt genuine effects of an honourable paſſion among the men, and the moſt difficult to counterfeit. A man of delicacy often betrays his paſſion, by his too great anxiety to conceal it, eſpecially if he has little hopes of being fortunate. True love, in all its ſtages, ſeeks concealment, and never expects ſucceſs. It renders a man not only reſpectful, but timid to the higheſt degree, in his behaviour to the woman he loves. To conceal the awe he ſtands in of her, he may ſometimes affect pleaſantry, but it ſits aukwardly on him, and he quickly relapſes into ſeriouſneſs, if not into dulneſs. He magnifies all her real perfections in his imagination, and is either blind to her failings, or converts them into real beauties. Like a perſon conſcious of guilt, he is jealous that every eye obſerves him; and, to avoid this, he ſhuns all the little obſervances of common gallantry. His heart and his character will be improved in every reſpect by his attachment. His manners will become more gentle, and his converſation more agreeable; but diffidence and embaraſſment will make him always appear to diſadvantage in the company of his miſtreſs. If the faſcination continue long, it will totally depreſs his ſpirit, and extinguiſh every active, vigorous, and manly principle of his mind.

When you obſerve in a Gentleman's behaviour, theſe marks which I have deſcribed, reflect ſeriouſly what you are to do. If his attachment is agreeable to you, I leave you to do as nature, good ſenſe, and delicacy ſhall direct you. If you love him, let me adviſe you never to diſcover to him the full extent of your love, no, not altho' you marry him.---That ſufficiently ſhews your preference, which is all he is entitled to know. If he has delicacy, he will aſk no ſtronger proof of your affection, for your ſake: if he has ſenſe, he will not aſk it, for his own. This is an unpleaſant truth, but I

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think it my duty to let you know it.---—Violent love cannot subsist, at least cannot be expressed long together, on both sides; otherwise the certain consequence, however concealed, is satiety and disgust.

[*Univ. Mag.*]

For the MISCELLANY.

The ISLAND of WIT.

A VISION.

A Few evenings ago I had been drudging through an insipid heap of modern publications; which my bookseller had sent me, and which, for the entertainment of my aunt Martha, I was obliged to read through; for she often tells me (with a tap of her snuff-box) that *she thinks it prodigiously clever to have a body read to one of an evening, especially something new*; for you must know she always estimates a book by its novelty: Now, though I skipp'd here and there a page or two, (for it makes but little difference to her, poor soul!) yet I was heartily tired before I had finished, and could not forbear very often spoiling a sentence, by yawning in the midst of it.

The moment my good Aunt had ended her erudite *animadversions* on what I had been reading, I retired to my chamber, and had not long yielded to the silken bands of *Morpheus*, when Fancy presented to my imagination the following *Vision*:

Methought, as I was sitting in the great *chair* which I had lately quitted, musing on the present wretched state of true *Wit* and *Humour* in our nation, and on the apparent barrenness of it in the generality of our modern productions,---I was condemning with great earnestness the insignificance and meanness of that paltry *trash* which has been substituted in its place, and which is passed among the weak and undiscerning for *sterling*.

Such were my ideal reflections, when I found myself suddenly transported to an Island, in the midst of the sea.

Here I was left to wander in a most delightful and romantic shrubbery, and was wondering at the uncommonness of the scenes around me, when my footsteps led me to a large *Grotto*, curiously inlaid with shells and diamonds. It had an air equally pleasing and romantic with the surrounding plantations. Before it stood vases of marble, covered with several pleasant inscriptions, and filled with flowers, tied and fashioned into various wild forms. The *Butterflies* were throwing out the most satirical speeches at the *Grasshoppers*, who were singing *French Sonnets* thro' the lawn: and the *Birds* were repeating *Epigrams*, which the *Squirrels* carved on the bark of the trees. A Fountain of Chrystal gushed from either side of the grot, and ran glittering over the costly *rock-work*, in a thousand *meanders*. In an inner apartment, seated on an *Ivory Throne*, I beheld a *Virgin Form*; but the lustre of her complexion, and the divinity of her features, bespoke her something more than human; on her head she wore a Circlet, composed of innumerable sorts of *Flowers*, and her Attic vesture was wrought with devices and emblematic figures, many of which were to me quite unintelligible. Her Eye was so extremely brilliant, that it was impossible to withstand her piercing gaze. A Child, rosy and smiling as a cherub, was sporting around her, while another of a milder aspect was sitting in her lap, and adorning her neck and bosom with violets---the one she called Mirth, and the other Innocence.

I blushed, and felt strangely confused at this unexpected appearance, and would willingly have withdrawn from the presence of the *Deity*, but found myself deprived of the power of *Motion*.

"Gentle Stranger, (said the smiling Divinity, while I prostrated myself before her) whom chance, or thy good Genius, hath conducted to these unfrequented regions, you have nothing to fear---welcome are you to my solitary cell, and freely may you partake of the bounties my garden affords. My name (continued she) amongst the sons of men is *Wit*; but I have long forsaken the haunts of the busy multitude, where my grand antagonists, *Impertinence*, *Scurrility*, and *Profanity*, reign with despotic sway, arrogate to themselves the sacred names and honours

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honours of my progeny, and usurp with impunity my ancient prerogatives.

"I once had (said she, with a sigh) in England, some worthy and powerful friends, who, in opposition to the flagrant injustice of the age, and the daily insults of my rivals, nobly supported my fame, and extended my influence; but, alas! when *Sterne*, when *Chesterfield*, my last, last *Champions* in Albion's once happy isle! when *they* quitted the mortal stage, unfriended, unadmired, what could I do? Pushed from the public walks of life, to make room for my detestable, but too potent opponents, I abode for a while with those happy *few*, who yet retained some relish for my company, some love and veneration for me; I cheered the evening fires of my hospitable patrons, and enlivened their social feasts with the smiles of festivity; but even *those* were at length overcome by the prevailing power of *Fashion*, and obliged to swim in the general current. Despairing to reclaim the universal degeneracy, I fled from the unhospitable *Concourse*, and have ever since resided a recluse in this sequester'd island.

"The Stage, once the favourite *seat* of my residence, where once I shone resplendent, and where I found myself supported by real *Taste*, and loved by real *Delicacy*, has of late been in open hostilities with me; and that Court, where once I loved to mingle with the social train, has banished me for ever, banished me to their eternal disgrace, for the despicable tribe of *Effeminacy*, *Buffoonery*, and *Nonsense*.---But tho' I have personally forsaken that degenerate land, (and there seems but little probability of my returning any more) yet I never deny my presence to those who seek me; and my good friend Voltaire is at any time ready to direct the way.

"I have of late, however, held a correspondence with some of my *well-wishers* in England, who found the way to my solitude, and solicited that favour; and I have the happiness to hear that *some* there are, who, notwithstanding the baseness of the times, still entertain a relish for my converse, and employ their utmost abilities in redressing my injured fame, and in rescuing it from oblivion. I yet retain such a love for those seats in which I was once so blest, where I once reigned triumphant, that I have now delegated *Regents* there, who are willing,--if amidst the deceitful colourings with which a spurious *Progeny* are varnished over,--if in any yet untainted spot one genuine flow'ret should arise to view,--to rear with tender care the gentle offspring, assiduously to collect them when maturely blown, and kindly present them to the public."——

I interrupted the Divinity, by returning my acknowledgments for this distinguished favour bestowed on my country, which I did with so much vehemence, that I broke the *Visionary Enchantment*, and found myself in the land of Dulness again.

I confess I regretted the loss of knowing who these *delegated Regents* were, but I could think of none so like the representation of the Goddess as the Editors of the .* I therefore put on my long gown,

The same his ancient pers'nage to adorn,
My great, great grandsire, walk'd in all the morn,

and hasted to my desk, to give you the best account of it my memory was able.

* The Editors are by no means insensible of the great honour intended them by this part of their ingenious friend's production; but as they wish to avoid the least appearance of assuming an unmerited consequence, they have left the blank to be filled up at the reader's discretion.

REMARKS on the CONDUCT of COMMON FARMERS,

In proportioning their LAND to their MONEY.

By ARTHUR YOUNG, Esq;

IT is a fact well known in every part of the kingdom, that farms are every day hired with much smaller sums of money than the most considerate people would allot for the purpose. It is not gentlemen and landlords alone who think such sums too small; even farmers themselves will often own, that a larger sum of

of money is really neceſſary, than often poſſeſſed upon the hiring of a farm; and they will allow that it would be more advantageous to cultivate 200 acres completely, than 300 indifferently, for want of plenty of money: and the practice of the moſt enlightened ones prove the ſame thing as the ſentiments of the reſt, however contrary to their conduct; for we often ſee large ſums applied to the culture of farms, and ſuch as render a ſpirited practice neceſſary to pay the intereſt off.

The cauſe of ſuch numerous deviations as we find from prudence, in this caſe, is the avarice of hiring a large quantity of land; their great ambition is not to farm *well*, but *much*. Nine out of ten had rather cultivate 500 acres in a ſlovenly manner, though conſtantly cramped for money, than 250 acres completely, though they would always have money in their pockets. And numerous are the inſtances in which they would be richer at the end of a leaſe of 200 acres, than of 400. But from whatever ſource this error is derived, the fact, that it is an error, is indiſputable.

Farms are ſometimes hired with ſuch ſmall ſums, that many believe it to be almoſt impoſſible to carry them on: and yet the farmers of ſuch do manage to go on after a manner to the end of the leaſe.---Some explanation of this conduct is neceſſary.

Let us ſuppoſe a man to hire a farm of 200l. a year, containing as many acres, 40 of them graſs, and 160 arable: For how ſmall a ſum of money may a farmer hire ſuch a one? Anſwer, for 422l.—In this manner:

IMPLEMENTS.

These are all bought in ſecond-hand, at low prices.	£.	s.	d.
2 Waggons	15	0	0
2 Carts	11	0	0
4 Ploughs	2	5	0
2 Pair of harrows	1	10	0
1 Roller	0	10	0
Screen, buſhel, forks, rakes, ſhovels, &c. &c.	2	10	0
20 Sacks,	1	5	0
Harneſs for 8 horſes, cart and plough	4	10	0
Dairy furniture	2	10	0
Houſehold ditto	30	0	0

LIVE STOCK.

8 Horſes	45	0	0
5 Cows	30	0	0
50 Sheep (old crones)	17	10	0
Swine	1	10	0
Carried up,	165	0	0

Brought up,	165	0	0

SEED.

40 Acres of wheat	24	0	0
40 of barley	20	0	0
10 of oats and clover	7	0	0

LABOUR.

Three ſervants (wages half a year) which, with himſelf or a ſon, makes one to each plough	10	0	0
A labourer in harveſt	2	0	0
A maid's wages (if he has not a daughter grown up)	1	10	0

SUNDRY ARTICLES.

I ſuppoſe him to enter the farm at Michaelmas. His cows he will not buy till the winter is over: his horſes he turns into a ſtraw yard, (his own, if he has agreed with his predeceſſor for the ſtraw of the laſt crop) but wherever it may be, at 1s. a week per horſe, 5 months	8	0	0
Corn and hay in ſpring ſowing two months, at 3s. a week per horſe	9	12	0
Houſe-keeping a year, (beſides what the farm yields) that is, fat hogs and wheat	40	0	0
Half a year's rates, &c. at 3s. 6d. in the pound	17	10	0
Cloaths and pocket-money	10	0	0
	314	12	0

Thus we find that 314l. 12s. is neceſſary to carry him through the firſt half year, and, in ſome articles, the whole year; conſequently ſo much muſt at firſt be in hand; the further ſum neceſſary will beſt appear from ſtating his expences in half-year accounts.

SECOND HALF-YEAR.

Expences.	£.	s.
To half a year's wages	13	10
Ditto rates	17	10
Blackſmith and wheel-wright, a year	12	0
Half a year's rent	100	0
Window lights	3	0
£.	146	0

Product.		
By product of five cows	30	0
Ditto of ſheep, the money doubled	35	0
Balance	81	0
£.	146	0

By this account we find a deficiency of 81l. which muſt likewiſe be ſupplied by caſh for ſtock at firſt.

THIRD

THIRD HALF-YEAR.

Expences.

	£.	s.
Wages	13	10
Rates	17	10
Tythe, at 3s. in the pound	30	0
Blacksmith and wheel-wright	10	0
Rent	100	0
Lights	3	0
Seed wheat, 40 acres	24	0
Ditto, 40 of barley	20	0
Clover with it	3	0
Ditto 20 acres of beans	12	0
20 of oats	10	0
80 Sheep	28	0
Sundry small articles	10	0
	281	0
Balance	34	0
£.	315	0

Product.

By 40 acres of wheat, at 4l.	160	0
By 40 of barley, at 3l.	120	0
30 Acres turnips sold	35	0
£.	315	0

This half year nothing is reckoned for house-keeping: A farmer, when once his land begins to produce, lives off his farm; I mean such an one as takes a farm as large as possible; the swine furnish him with meat; the screenings of his wheat with bread, and poultry and other small articles with malt, and the few things he wants besides.

FOURTH HALF-YEAR.

Expences.

Rent	106	0
Wages and labour	15	0
Rates	17	10
Wear and tear	14	0
£.	146	10

Product.

By cows	30	0
Sheep	56	0
Balance of last half year	34	0
Balance	26	10
£.	146	10

In this half-year we find another deficiency of 26l. 10s. which, like the former, must be carried to the first account of stock.

FIFTH HALF-YEAR.

Expences.

Rent	100	0
Labour	15	0
Rates	17	10
Wear and tear	15	0
Lights	3	0
Carried up £.	150	10

Brought up £.	150	10
Tythe	30	0
Seed for 50 acres of wheat	25	0
30 Barley	15	0
20 Oats	10	0
£.	230	10

Product.

By 40 acres of wheat	160	0
40 of barley	120	0
20 of beans	50	0
10 of clover, hay and seed	30	0
Balance	129	10
£.	230	10

SIXTH HALF-YEAR.

Expences.

Rent	100	0
Labour	20	0
Rates	17	10
Wear and tear	20	0
Balance	2	0
£.	159	10

Product.

By cows	30	0
Sheep this year for stock to increase		
Balance of last half year	129	10
£.	159	10

We are now come to the point, when it appears that our farmer may get up the hill with luck, but yet he continues in such a situation, that any unforeseen accident, or failure of crop, will sit heavy on him. His general yearly account will now stand as under:

Expences.

Rent	200	0
Tythe	30	0
Wages and labour	40	0
Rates	35	0
Wear and Tear	35	0
Lights	3	0
Seed for 40 acres of wheat	20	0
40 Barley	20	0
40 Oats and beans	20	0
Sheep	50	0
Balance	57	0
£.	510	0

Product.

Wheat	160	0
Barley	120	0
Beans	50	0
10 Acres of clover, or turnips	20	0
Sheep	100	0
10 Cows, increased to this number	60	0
£.	510	0

The balance of 57l. is, for all his private expences, his profit, the interest of his money, and the chance of accidents,

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dents, very inadequate to these demands; but, in a term of years, will increase, from the expenditure of itself in part on the farm, and from the gradual increase of stock by breeding, as he has, besides the article of sheep charged, 56l. worth for breeding, either in kind or cash. Now if we go over these accounts, the sums wherewith the farm was stocked will appear to be as follows:

The first expence -	£. 314	12	0
The first wrong balance -	81	0	0
The second ditto - -	26	10	0
Total, £.	422	2	0

Which is little more than two rents.

This sketch, in which a minute accuracy was not necessary, will serve to shew the management whereby farmers sometimes, with very small sums of money, get into large farms; and it proves, at the same time, (notwithstanding the possibility of succeeding in such attempts) that the managing in this manner is very hazardous to the farmer, and pernicious to the farm.

If a bad year comes, or any accidents happen to his stock, he is ruined: With good years he can afford to do nothing in the way of improvement; and he is so weak in cattle and labour, that, in a few years, his fields must inevitably be out of order for want of requisite tillage; and better horses must be bought, and more men employed, or all will go to ruin.---His implements bought in with a view of cheapness alone, will soon be done with, and fresh supplies demanded. All expences will multiply.

In such a state, how is it possible he should turn his land to the best advantage? A vein of the finest marle may be under his fields; he can have nothing to say to it. He may be within three or four miles of a town, where dung and ashes are to be had on very reasonable terms; but how is he to afford the purchase? Nothing can be clearer than the infinite disadvantages of such a confined situation.

The instance I have given above, is a remarkable one; it must not be supposed that a great many farms of 200l. a year, are stocked with little more than 400l. but instances of very bad management in this respect are abundant, though not so execrable as this. In general, most farmers will be found very faulty, and partaking more or less of this spirit of avarice.

When a man is in search of a farm, he should be desirous alone of employing his money to the best advantage: What is it to him, whether on 200 acres, or 2000? that quantity of land, which to his sum of money is most profitable, is the quantity to be desired.

One point cannot be attended to too much, which is, that the farmer be clear in the sum he possesses, and not, on any account, in doubt, or depending for any on accidents. It is common for farmers to be desirous, when they change their farms, of moving into one in the neighbourhood; that they may not be at the loss of selling their old stock, and buying fresh; but this is a most pernicious circumstance, and leads numbers to their ruin.

When a farmer acts on this plan, (I am here supposing him not to be a rich man, but in moderate circumstances, and depending, every year, somewhat on the last) he, in common with others, aims at as large a farm as he can grasp; but the peculiar mischief here is, he reckons his acres of corn upon the ground, and the general produce of his farm the last year, as so much money (by calculation) towards stocking the new one, which he moves into directly: Now, upon entering into any trade or business whatever, the great point is to know to a shilling the amount of a man's fortune, to reckon at so critical a moment nothing upon contingencies, but have the satisfaction, as well as necessary accuracy, in knowing exactly the amount of his dependences.

If he moves directly out of one farm into another, this cannot be the case; for it must be hired some time before he leaves his old one; or, in other words, while his last year's crop is on the ground. Now I would earnestly advise all in such a situation, not even to look at a new farm, till the whole product of their old one is converted into money. He then knows exactly what he has to depend upon, and can form a much more accurate judgment of the quantity of land proper for him to hire, than while he reckons his crops as money, before they are reaped.

Corn is sometimes very deceitful; a man, in estimating the product, may easily be mistaken greatly: A very bad harvest, a blight, a mildew, an hundred things, may lessen the value greatly, and markets sink unexpectedly. He finds his product much less than he valued it; but his new farm is hired, and he cannot withdraw the engagement, nor manage it with less money. Is not the ruin of such a situation sufficiently evident?

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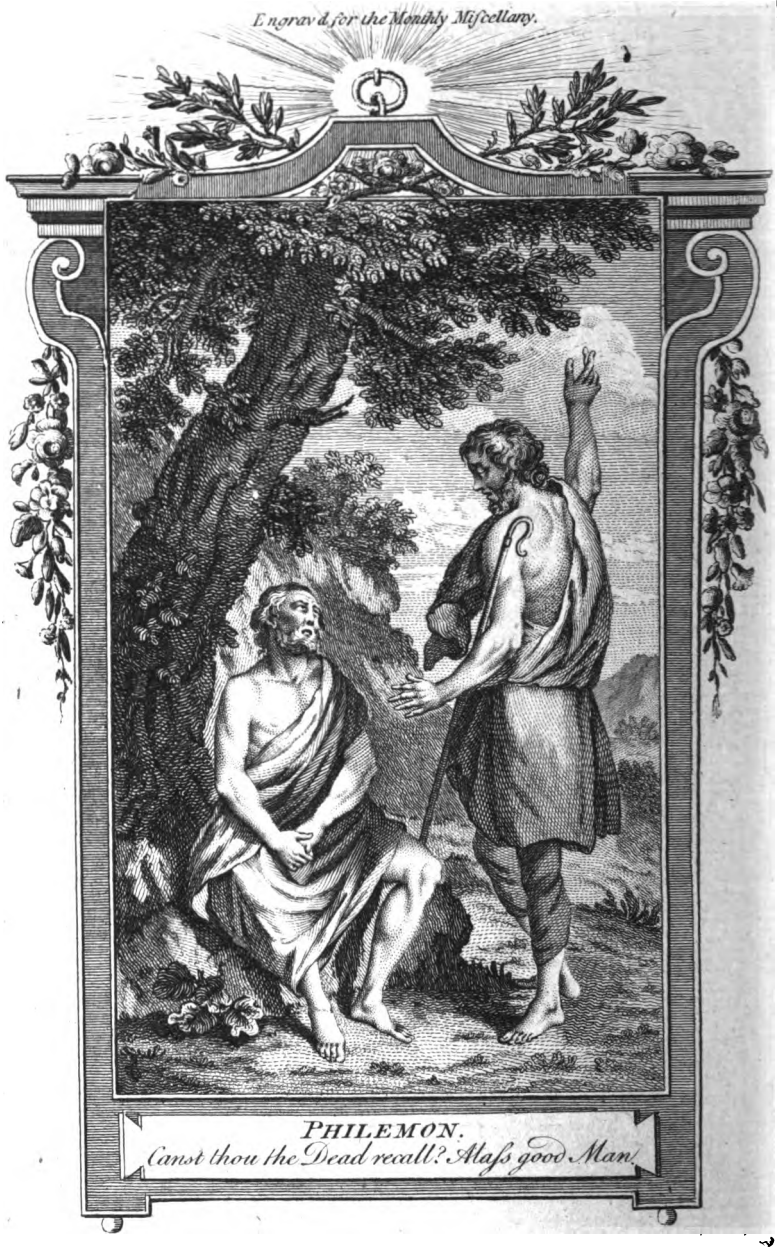

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FLOWERS OF PARNASSUS.

For the MONTHLY MISCELLANY.

MYRA: A Paſtoral Dialogue.

Sacred to the Memory of a LADY, *who died Dec. 29th, 1763, in the 25th year of her age.*

[*Illuſtrated with a fine Engraving.*]

THIS morning, ere the opening dawn had ſpread
The ſhadowy landſcape to the ſhepherd's eye,
As I ſped onward to yon neighbouring field
To unpen my fleecy care, greatly ſurpriz'd,
I ſaw a light, bright beaming from the Eaſt,
And heard (or thought I heard) in midway air
Voices celeſtial, in a ſound ſo ſweet
As far excel'd all earthly melody.
"Come, come to us, our new-born MYRA, come,
And join, they ſaid, thy kindred angels here,
Join, while we lead thee to the realms of bliſs,
Where ſorrow never ſhall approach thee more.
Our God has ſeen thee in ſevereſt trials
Firm, and unalter'd in thy love to him,
Reſign'd, obedient to his holy will,
And conſtant in this truth—that all he does is right."
But ſee, from yonder plain two blooming maids,
With ſilent pace, and down-caſt looks approach,
As if by woe oppreſs'd——I'll aſk the cauſe—
They come——
"Sweet innocence! for ſuch your age befits,
Tell me, I pray, why on your youthful brows,
Where nought but mirth and ſmiling joy ſhould ſhine,
Sits gloomy ſorrow brooding?—My heart, tho' old,
Is not yet harden'd to another's pain:
Tell me, ye modeſt maidens, do you mourn
A tender parent loſt? whoſe forming care
Train'd you to virtue, guardian of your minds
'Gainſt ſoft inſinuating vice, which here
Beſets with wiles the unexperienced youth,
And tempts them to their ruin—ſay, is it ſo?

PSYCHE.

Not ſo, in lowly tone, the maid reply'd,
Not ſo, good ſhepherd,—heaven be prais'd,
Its gracious goodneſs to our tender parents
Yet lengthens the contracted ſpan of life,
In tenderneſs to thoſe who want their care,
But chiefly to their children, who, bereft
Of thoſe dear guides, wou'd ſtray and err from right [not,
As ſheep without a ſhepherd.—If we miſtake
You are the good MENALCAS,* oft have we ſeen you
At our dear father's lodge,—heard your diſcourſe
On all the beauties of the wild creation,
With ear attentive, unobſerv'd by you.
You are our father's friend, he calls you ſo,
His good old friend, companion of his youth.
You, Sir, with anxious ſtep we ſought, and crave
That now you will your kind aſſiſtance lend
To our poor father, in this day of trouble;
Beneath the covert of a ſhady oak
The good *Philemon** lies, oppreſs'd with grief,
On the cold turf his hoary head reclines,
Revolving in his mind with ſecret pangs
The loſs he has ſuſtain'd——our Siſter, Sir,
Cut off in all the bloom of ſprightly youth,
By a hard fate, untimely, undeſerv'd.

MENALCAS.

Are you the daughters of my much-lov'd friend?——
Aye, now I trace his features in your face.
Haſte ye, to ſhew me where PHILEMON mourns;
I will forget my flocks, to comfort him—
I'll ſooth his pains, for all his griefs are mine.

CARLINA.

Oh generous, faithful friend! ſhould heaven decree
For thee, good ſhepherd, in ſome future day.
To feel, as we, ſome dire unſeen diſtreſs,
May there a heart humane, a mind like yours,
Be preſent at your need to lend you aid!

PSYCHE.

At your approach our parent lifts his head
From off his moſſy couch;---the tears glide down
His furrow'd cheek, betraying inward woe.

MENALCAS.

Why do I ſee PHILEMON hath'd in tears?
Oh thou, the dear companion of my youth,
How oft have we together ſed our flocks
On yonder plains, and tun'd the oaten reed!
How oft have we beguil'd the nightly hours
With ſweet diſcourſe of wonder, viewing round
The blue-beſpangled canopy of heaven,
So beautiful, ſo vaſt! With eager eye we mark'd [turns
The way of each revolving planet; their re-
How juſt, how regular! We ſtood convinc'd
That this nice order only was upheld
By law---a law impreſs'd by God himſelf,
When at the power of his creating word
All things from nothing ſtarted into form;—
Tell me, my friend, why throbs thy generous breaſt
With heaving ſighs?—To me thy grief impart,
That I may try to eaſe thy labouring mind.

* *Dr.* BURLACE.

* *The late Dr.* OLIVER, *of Bath.*

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PHILEMON.

Oh, good MENALCAS! thou wert ever kind;
A friend sincere! and, from thy friendly aid,
When giddy rashness in my youthful heat
Had plung'd me in misfortune, I have found
Relief and comfort—*now* thou com'st too late.

MENALCAS.

Perhaps not so—unfold thy present grief,
I may at least alleviate, if not cure.

PHILEMON.

Can'st thou the Dead recall? Alas! good man,
All human comfort fails, e'en that of friendship, now:
From heaven I ask it—'tis to heaven alone
I pray, for what no mortal can bestow.——
MENALCAS, I have lost the dearest gift
Heaven grants to man—a virtuous, worthy Child!
Solid her sense, her apprehension quick
To form sound judgment; of a mind so pure,
That all the gayest vanities of youth,
Tho' plac'd 'midst numerous snares, could never stain
The unpolluted crystal—Think, oh! think, my friend,
What heart-felt joys a father's mind must know,
While planting seeds of knowledge, virtue, truth,
In such a grateful soil!—these joys were mine:
I saw the bud, the blossom, and the fruit,
Rais'd by my forming hand:—she grew my friend,
Companion, counsellor,—and with my affections had my just esteem.
But I, unworthy of so great a blessing,
Expos'd my tender plant to Northern Blasts,*
Rough, rugged, boisterous blasts, which soon destroy'd
Its vernal bloom, & wither'd all its beauties.
Sure, my MENALCAS, thy good heart would bleed
To view, but with imagination's eye,
A father, full of tenderness and love,
Viewing each day his blighted, shrivel'd flower,
Dropping its leaves from the dried stalk!
All help in vain;—so sure, such certain ruin
Had that inexorable cankering blast
Struck to its tender root.—Tears will flow,
They will for ever flow, for thee, much injur'd daughter!
How gently did the cruel spoiler breathe
His amorous sighs, and to thy bosom creep,
With all the fondness of a zephyr's courtship,
'Till to his power the sly deceiver got
Thy spotless innocence expos'd; then reassum'd
His native fierceness, and with boist'rous rage,
And storms incessant, laid thy bloom all waste
With an unfeeling heart!—the fell destroyer!
Forgive me, my MENALCAS, but she is gone!
And I am left to mourn her hapless fate,

* *Dr. O—'s daughter married a Scotch gentleman.*

MENALCAS.

Great is thy loss, PHILEMON, great thy woe!——
I feel with all the sorrow of compassion:
Yet still, examine well thy throbbing breast,
And search thy thoughts with an impartial eye:——
Must not thou then, my friend, confess, thy grief
Arises merely from that love of self
Which minds like yours should combat and subdue?
I grant, humanity is weak and frail,
And to its weakness make I great allowance:—
But for your daughter, she is happier far
Than you, or all this earthly world affords,
Could ever make her.—Envy you her joy?
Her high translation to eternal bliss?——
I know you do not; therefore cannot grieve
But for yourself:—Will not her happiness,
Delivered as she is from racking pains,
And all the torments of decaying nature,
Borne with such patience and meek fortitude
As gave her title to a nobler state,
Give consolation to your aching heart?
Rouse your philosophy; let that comfort
And turn your mourning into Christian joy.

PHILEMON.

I feel it wrong, MENALCAS, I confess,
My fond and selfish passion to oppose
To Heaven's high orders:—just and kind, I own,
Are its decrees, which always plan the good
Of human race,—tho' man, short-sighted, sees
But seldom, how the means promote the end.

MENALCAS.

Your daughter's name was MYRA?

PHILEMON.

Yes, it was.

MENALCAS.

Now, good PHILEMON, with attentive ear,
And heart uplifted, hearken, and give thanks
When you shall hear what now my lips reveal:——
This morning, ere the opening dawn had spread
The shadowy landscape to the shepherd's eye,
As I sped onward to yon neighbouring field
To unpen my fleecy care, greatly surpriz'd,
I saw a light bright beaming from the East,
And heard (or thought I heard) in midway air,
Voices celestial, in a sound so sweet
As far excel'd all earthly melody.——
"Come, come to us, our new-born MYRA, come,
And join, they said, thy kindred angels here;
Join, while we lead thee to the realms of bliss,
Where sorrow never shall approach thee more.
Our God has seen thee in severest trials
Firm and unalter'd in thy love to him,
Resign'd, obedient to his holy will,
And constant in this truth—that all He does is right."

PHILEMON.

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PHILEMON.

Oh, holy angels! minifters of grace!
To thofe who while on earth in virtue's paths
Unwearied tread, by kind religion's hand
Conducted fafely thro' this vale of tears,
Whofe fouls new born, with many a painful throe, [womb,
Hard ftruggling to get free from matter's
Where long confin'd they'd lain as in a dark
And noifom dungeon pent, you give
Safe guidance, teaching them to foar
To heaven's high manfions,—hail!
All hail! ye bleffed fpirits, thrice all hail!
My foul, enraptur'd, on the wings of love,
Such love, as to my MYRA, whilft on earth, I bore,
Pure and unmix'd, accompanies your flight;
And now, by fancy's wondrous power convey'd,
The new-born angel 'midft you I behold,
Seated in radiant blifs, beneath the throne
Of Him who orders all things for the beft,
Who turns the afflictions of this tranfient ftate,
Unequal lot, which but a moment lafts,
To joys unfpeakable, which never end.
My good MENALCAS, thou haft eas'd my grief,
Convinc'd my reafon, fortify'd my heart;
And now, felf love's infinuating wiles
No longer cloud my peace.

MENALCAS.

Why then thefe tears?

PHILEMON.

Oh! thefe are tears of joy, warm felt
Thawing the icy chains in which [within,
That rigid power bound all my fenfes up,
Bechill'd, & numb'd, as if my heart was ftone,
Which now the heavenly vifion has diffolv'd;
With ray divine it fmote the harden'd rock—
What wonder, then, if healing waters flow?

MENALCAS.

Farewell, PHILEMON!—May great Nature's GOD
Support, confirm, and ftrengthen thy refolves.

PHILEMON.

Yet ftay, MENALCAS, I have yet a boon
To afk thy friendfhip—thou fhalt not deny.

MENALCAS.

Say on, my friend, thou know'ft, if in my power,
Thou can'ft not afk the thing I will not grant.

PHILEMON.

Whene'er my foul, unfetter'd from this clay,
Shall take its native flight towards heaven—if thou, [air,
My then furviving friend, fhall breathe this
See my remains by MYRA's afhes laid,
In the fame vault to reft; 'till both refume
Their former duft, if fuch be needful found,
To rife with that etherial mould, of which
Our vehicles the Almighty hand fhall form,
Fit habitation for our fouls reftor'd.

MENALCAS.

May the fell rot corrupt my teeming ewes,
And taint my lambkins fporting on the green;
Nay more, may DELIA, daughter dear to me,
As was his MYRA to her father's heart,
Be raviſh'd from me by untimely death,
If I forget PHILEMON's laft requeft.

To the Editors *of the* Monthly Miſcellany.

IN laft September's Lady's Magazine the following REBUS, "on the adorable Mrs. ****** of Shepton-Mallet," was inſerted.

'The idol of youth, and the pet of the gay;
'What rules thro' all arts, and what wiſe men obey;
'Of moveable objects the largeſt we view;
'The contraſt to vice, and poſſeſt but by few;
'A country for health & ſoft harmony fam'd;
'The wiſeſt of men by the oracle nam'd.
'Theſe initials ſumm'd up, and cloſely conjoin'd, ſign'd;
'Will give you the name by my rebus de-
'Will mark out the Fair-one, whoſe charms you'll approve, they love.'
'Since all that behold her muſt own that

THE above Rebus occaſioned the following lines to be inſerted in the Lady's Magazine for October.

Anſwer to the Rebus on Mrs. P----s, of Sh--n-M---t. Addreſs'd to the Rev. Mr. ——.

'P leaſure's the idol of youth, and the gay;
'R egularity is what wiſe men obey;
'O rbis of objects the largeſt we view;
'V irtue's a treaſure poſſeſs'd but by few;
'I taly's for health and harmony fam'd;
'S olomon's the wiſeſt by th' oracle nam'd.
'DOES not thy function better thoughts inſpire, mire?
'Than teach the world a married dame t' ad-
'Art thou ſo very vain, ſo void of ſenſe,
'To think thou'lt any honour reap from thence?
'Leave off thy ſcribling, mend thy ill-ſpent life,
'To gain th' eſteem of worthy *P---is'* wife.
W. M.

THE author of the above Rebus therefore begs the following Reply may be inſerted in the Supplement to the M. Miſcellany.

To W. M. *on his attempt to anſwer a Rebus, dated from Shepton-Mallet; with an Addreſs to the Rev. Mr. ——.*

THINK not what thou canſt write I dare not hear;— [fear,
What Sapſcull writes no mortal needs to
Altho' thy pen with bittereſt gall is fraught,
And malice dictates each invective thought.
Proceed as faſt as envy can ſuggeſt;
Unmov'd by paſſion, I'll abide the teſt:
But, half-lick'd witling, know, no ill-ſpent years
Diſtract my conſcience, or alarm my fears.
Say, why doſt talk of function and of ſenſe?
I'm ſure no honours e'er thou'lt ſhare from thence.
If thou'lt be wiſe, for once attention lend,
Regard th' advice yet given by a friend:

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Forbear to perſecute the ſacred Nine,
Nor vainly think they'll aid ſuch heads as thine;
Suppreſs thy aſpiring genius, turn thy quill,
Nor let revenge employ thy meaner ſkill.

Shepton-Mallet, Nov. 7, 1774. TAFFY.

The laſt words of NOUSCHIRVAN, *King of Perſia, (called by the Greek writers* Choiroes II.) *to his ſon and ſucceſſor,* HORMOUZ, *or* HORMISDAS IV.—*The ſubſtance of this advice is recorded by Mirkhond, and other oriental writers, and may be found in the Ancient Univerſal Hiſtory, 8vo. vol. II. p. 183.*

ATTEND, my Son, for thee my words ſhall raiſe
A lucid lanthorn in the darkſome days,
Or prove a path to point thro' wilds thy way,
Or as a pole-ſtar thro' the troubled ſea!

When clos'd my eyes, which now unable are
The glorious luſtre of the ſun to bear,
Think thou that kings, 'midſt all their pompous train,
Not for themſelves, but for their people reign;
As are the bounteous heav'ns to earthly things,
That ſuch to men are heav'n-deſcended kings:
Can earth produce the fruits which mortals uſe
Unfed by rains, uncheriſh'd by the dews?
So let thy ſubjects flouriſh, rich and great,
Cheer'd by thy hand, and nouriſh'd by thy ſtate;
Thy lib'ral hand, affecting firſt the Near,
By juſt gradations ſhall the Diſtant cheer.
O that to thee, myſelf I cou'd approve!
But rather let my own exemplar move,
Yon radiant ſun, which warms the circling ball,
In his due courſe beneficent to all:
It is that other climes, if paſs'd it ſeem,
Partake the ſplendor, and enjoy the beam;
Then let no province whereſoe'er thou ſtray,
Miſs the ſweet influence of th' enliv'ning ray.
Each clime ſhall hail thy lov'd approach in turn,
And every heart with grateful fervour burn;
When no fond eye ſhall ſee thee diſappear,
But with intent to warm the regions near,
Yet ſtill beſpeak thee due diſtinction muſt,
Good to the good, and to the villain juſt;
Eclips'd thine orb to thoſe who love the night,
While ſons of virtue hail thy morning light;
And as that glorious eye of heaven ne'er ſleeps,
But ev'ry end of high creation keeps,
Be this thy care, in all things to impart
A royal action from a royal heart;
For would'ſt thou, as a King, be ſtill obey'd,
By no mean deed thy regal rank degrade.

Aſk heaven's aſſiſtance often—but be ſure
Thou ſhun to aſk it with a mind impure;
Temples are not for dogs: mark this, my dear!
Thy prayers aſcending gracious heaven ſhall hear;
Affrighting terrors ſhall thy foes confound,
And friends of faith encompaſs thee around;
Thou by thy ſubjects, they by thee, approv'd,
Shall reign triumphant, loving and belov'd.
Baſe inſolence ſhall crouch, the lowly riſe,
Thy children view thee with endearing eyes,
And ſcience hail thee Patron of the Wiſe.
In council liſten to the lore of age,
Youth unexperienc'd errs, and years are ſage;
Supremely bleſt, who guards the public weal,
And feels the generous joys which others feel.

The FOOTPATH to FELICITIE.

A Poem written about 200 Years ago.

A Liſt'ning care that loves to learne
How to amend that is amiſſe,
By grace divine ſhall have the choice
Of that which good and healthful is;
Reſiſt the force and ſtrength of ſinne
With ſpirituall artillerie,
Abſtaine from noiſome luſts: This is
The footpath to felicitie.

Have always in rememberance
Chriſt Jeſus crucifide to death,
And let the ſame thy comfort be
Till utter gaſpe of life and breath;
Meeke-minded be, all pride deteſt,
And learn of Chriſt humilitie,
Forbear thy furious foe: This is
The footpath to felicitie.

Lament the lack of faith and truth
Which is forſaken and forlorne,
Exhort to peace where it doth want,
And of the needie think no ſcorne;
Make much of ſuch as pleaſure take
In foſtring love and charitie,
In ſuch is hope of grace: This is
The footpath to felicitie.

Nothing ſo much doth like the Lord
As loving of his heavenlie lawe,
Give eare thereto, and from the ſame
Let no allurement thee withdrawe;
An upright life delight to lead,
Thy luſt keep in captivitie;
By virtue honor ſeeke: This is
The footpath to felicitie.

Revolt not from the word of truth,
But even to death the ſame profeſſe,
And make account that thy reward
Will be eternal happineſſe;
Hell is the hire of every one
That is to truth an enemie.
A true believer die: This is
The footpath of felicitie.

Mark what repoſed is in Heaven
For ſuch as do their maiſter's will,
Free libertie from thraldom's yoke,
And bleſſed angels' food their fill;
Lord lighten thou our miſtie eyes,
That we may love the veritie,
Extend to us thy ſpirit: This is
The footpath of felicitie.

Make us to joie in nothing more
Than in thy word procuring peace,
I mean thy goſpel full of grace,
The love whereof, O Lord, increaſe;
New harts, new minds create in us,
And make us like thy majeſtie,
Good like thyſelf, ſo ſhall we finde
The footpath to felicitie.

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In the Introduction to the Narrative of the Proceedings of the New Parliament, given in our laſt Miſcellany, a compendious Review of the State of Affairs in America is introduced; but as that may be conſidered too conciſe for ſo important a Subject, (though illuſtrative of what follows) we have, as a proper Supplement to the ſecond Volume of our Work, ſelected from the public Prints a Summary of the Proceedings of all the American Coloniſts from the paſſing of the Boſton Port Bill to the preſent Time, including the Reſolves of the Grand Continental Congreſs, and their ſenſible and animated Letter to the People of Great-Britain.

THE firſt notice received in America of the act for ſhutting up the port of Boſton, till the inhabitants of that province ſhould make compenſation to the Eaſt-India Company for the tea wantonly deſtroyed there, was in the month of May laſt. The ſpirit and reſentment of all the Colonies on that Continent was inſtantly rouſed. Public meetings were held of the inhabitants in the capitals and principal towns in Connecticut, Maryland, Virginia, Rhode Iſland, and Providence Plantations, New Jerſey, New Hampſhire, Philadelphia, New York, and South Carolina, and various ſpirited reſolutions were paſſed, the moſt important of which, and in which they almoſt all agree, are, That the Boſton port bill is unconſtitutional and oppreſſive: That the Britiſh Parliament have no right to tax the colonies: That a non-conſumption of Britiſh manufactures, as alſo a non-importation and non-exportation agreement to and from the Mother Country, be entered into after the laſt day of Auguſt, by all the colonies, till the above bill, and others equally obnoxious, be repealed; and that every individual enter into a *Solemn League* and *Covenant* for that purpoſe, as well as to avoid all ſociety with whomſoever ſhall refuſe to embrace the ſaid Covenant: That a general congreſs of deputies from all the Colonies be held at Philadelphia, to petition his Majeſty on American grievances: That Committees be appointed by each to correſpond with the other Colonies; and that Subſcriptions be opened by each Colony to raiſe a ſufficient ſum to enable the committees to diſcharge the important truſt to which they are appointed; and alſo for the relief of the diſtreſſed inhabitants of Boſton.

The Houſe of Repreſentatives at Salem having alſo entered into ſimilar reſolves to thoſe above-mentioned, his Excellency Gen. Gage directed his Secretary to acquaint them, that the General Aſſembly ſhould be diſſolved, and to declare the ſame diſſolved accordingly: The Secretary went to the Court-houſe, and finding the door of the Repreſentatives Chamber locked, directed the meſſenger to go in, and acquaint the Speaker that the Secretary had a meſſage from his Excellency to the honourable Houſe, and deſired he might be admitted to deliver it. The meſſenger returned, and ſaid he had acquainted the Speaker therewith, who mentioned it to the Houſe, and their orders were to keep the *door faſt*.—Whereupon a proclamation was publiſhed on the *ſtairs*, leading to the Repreſentatives Chamber, in preſence of ſeveral Members of the Houſe, and a great number of other perſons, and immediately after in council, diſſolving the aſſembly.

An addreſs from the Council being afterwards preſented to the Governor, containing amongſt other obſervations on the preſent ſituation of affairs, ſome reflections on his predeceſſors in office, he refuſed to hear it, ſaying, it was an inſult on the King and his Privy Council, and an affront to himſelf. He likewiſe ſoon after publiſhed a proclamation, forbidding all perſons to ſubſcribe the Solemn League and Covenant, on pain of being conſidered as open and declared enemies of the King and Parliament of Great Britain, and incurring the pains and penalties due to ſuch dangerous offences.

The following reſolution, paſſed by the town meeting of Annapolis in Maryland, may ſerve to ſhew the diſpoſition of ſome who ſo violently oppoſe the meaſures of Government.——"That it is the opinion of this meeting, that the gentlemen of the law of this province bring no ſuit for the recovery of any debt due from any inhabitant of this Province to any inhabitant of Great-Britain, until the Act for removing the Port of Boſton be repealed." A proteſt, however, was entered againſt it by a reſpectable body of Merchants.

The firſt day of June, the memorable day on which the Boſton port bill took place, was held in moſt of the American provinces as a ſolemn faſt.—In Philadelphia, the inhabitants ſhut up their houſes and ſhops; the bells were muffled, and rang a ſolemn peal; the colours of the veſſels in the harbour were hoiſted half-maſt high; and the city wore the aſpect of deep diſtreſs. An excellent ſermon ſuited to the ſolemnity was preached to an aſſembly crouded with people of ALL denominations, from the following words: "*And in every province whitherſoever the King's commandment and his decree came, there was great mourning among the Jews, and faſting, and weeping, and wailing; and many lay in ſackcloth and aſhes.*" Eſter iv. 3.

Boſton, June 2. Buſineſs was finiſhed at the Cuſtom-Houſe at 12 o'clock yeſterday noon,

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noon, and this harbour is now ſhut againſt all veſſels bound hither, and on the 15th inſt. none will be allowed to depart hence.

June 4. The 43d and the King's own regiments landed at Long Wharf, and marched into the Common; after which both regiments encamped upon the Common.

Salem, June 18. A very pathetic addreſs from the merchants and freeholders of this town was preſented to Governor Gage, in which, after complimenting his Excellency on the wiſdom and mildneſs of his conduct in another command, they expreſs their ſanguine expectations that the province will reap the happy fruits of his benignity.—"We are deeply affected, ſay they, with a ſenſe of our public calamities; but the miſeries that are now rapidly haſtening on our brethren in the capital of this province greatly excite our commiſeration.——*****

"We account it the greateſt unhappineſs that this province, which has ever been foremoſt in loyalty to the Kings of Britain---in its efforts to defend their territories and enlarge their dominions,---ſhould be the firſt to feel our Sovereign's ſevereſt diſpleaſure. Our fathers fled from oppreſſion, braved every danger, and here began a ſettlement on bare creation. Almoſt incredible are the fatigues and difficulties they encountered to ſubdue a dreary wilderneſs, filled with ſavage beaſts, and yet more ſavage men: but by their invincible reſolution they roſe ſuperior to them all; and by their aſtoniſhing efforts greatly facilitated the ſettlement of the other Britiſh colonies in America. Yet, Sir, we ſpeak it with grief, the ſons are checked and diſhonoured for exhibiting proofs of their inheriting ſome portion of that ſpirit which in their fathers produced ſuch aſtoniſhing effects.

"A happy union with Great Britain is the wiſh of the colonies. It is their unſpeakable grief, that it has in any degree been interrupted. We earneſtly deſire to repair the breach. We ardently pray that harmony may be reſtored. And for theſe ends, every meaſure compatible with the dignity and ſafety of Britiſh ſubjects we ſhall gladly adopt."

They conclude with aſſuring his Excellency, "that they ſhall make it their conſtant endeavour to preſerve the peace, and to make the arduous taſk of adminiſtration in theſe perilous times as eaſy to him as the nature of things will admit."

To which his Excellency in his anſwer aſſured them, that he felt for the inhabitants of Boſton, but could take no ſteps for their relief without their co-operating with his endeavours, and was ſorry their repeated provocations had forced the Britiſh nation to adopt the preſent meaſures. "Great Britain, (concludes his Excellency) is equally deſirous as yourſelves of a happy union with this, as well as every other colony; and, inheriting the ſpirit of her anceſtors, finds it neceſſary to ſupport her rights, as the ſupreme head of her extended empire: ſhe ſtrives not to check that ſpirit which you ſay you inherit from your fathers, but to inculcate that due obedience to the King in his Parliament which your fathers acknowledged."

Extract of a letter from Boſton, July 3.

"If you ſhould think that the majority in this town or province hold the ſame opinions with the aſſembly and with the liberty authors, you will be egregiouſly miſtaken; the beſt caution I can give you, is, to credit nothing advanced by the oppoſers of peace in the Boſton newſpapers; all the papers without exception, over all Britiſh America, are violent againſt taxation, and the printers will not admit any piece in oppoſition to favourite opinions. The newſpapers ſent you need ſome explanations.——

"To begin: Every perſon of common ſenſe and property wiſhes for the eſtabliſhment of peace, and would readily pay their ſhare of the loſs ſuſtained by the India Company, and profeſs their ſubmiſſion to the authority of Parliament; but all this won't do; our council and aſſembly muſt in their legiſlative capacity grant the compenſation, and profeſs the obedience: The council will ſoon be reformed, but the aſſembly is under the direction of ſome men, whoſe only intereſt is in fomenting diſputes and deceiving the vulgar. Our aſſembly, which met about four weeks ſince, kept the doors ſacredly ſhut; after doing ſome home buſineſs, they went upon the matter of the blockade of our port; a general convention of committees from all the colonies was agreed upon, and deputies appointed to meet thoſe of the other colonies. The Houſe alſo on their own authority, without the ſanction of the Governor, preſumed to vote a ſum for the ſupport of their convention deputies, and aſſeſſed the different townſhips in the colony according to their uſual rate, to raiſe the ſum voted. This ſtrange proceeding obliged the Governor to diſſolve the aſſembly, which he did, by ſending his Secretary with a meſſage for that purpoſe; but the aſſembly ſuſpecting his buſineſs, ſhut the door againſt him, and the Secretary contented himſelf with reading the proclamation on the ſtairs leading to the Repreſentatives chamber, and immediately after in the council chamber. Our town meeting have reſolved to bind themſelves by a SOLEMN LEAGUE and COVENANT not to uſe, or to countenance thoſe who ſhould import or uſe any Britiſh goods: The covenanters are not only to ſign this ſolemn covenant, but to ſwear to it. This covenant and oath has been properly ſtiled in a proclamation by the Governor, ſcandalous and traiterous, and all his Majeſty's officers in the province are commanded to ſeize and keep for trial all who ſhall have ſigned, or who ſhall perſuade any perſon to accede to ſuch covenant. About 150 of the principal

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principal gentlemen and merchants, have proteſted againſt this new covenant and oath. Such proteſts are quite new to us, and we never durſt have ventured upon them, had not Parliament by its late acts given well-meaning men encouragement. While Parliament ſuffered the diſorderly people here to commit every outrage which the moſt unlicenced wantonneſs could deviſe, Government in England was more execrated by every loyal ſubject, than even the villainous oppreſſions of the rabble here. We looked to Parliament for relief, for protection, and ſafety; we were led by ſpeeches from the throne, meſſages, replies, and reſolutions, to expect for a courſe of years, that ſafety which quiet ſubjects are entitled to; but our expectations till of late were vain and deluſive; and, let me tell you, that the beſt ſubjects of England in this town and country were ſo irritated at the torpor which ſeemed to overpower adminiſtration, that if the late acts had not luckily come to hand, they were reſolved for their own peace and quiet to join the rabble, and rather head thoſe diſorderly wretches than be the objects of their malice, —to ſuch a ſad dilemma were we reduced. At preſent our reſolves are violent and headſtrong; our champions are men of broken fortunes and characters, who have no loſſes to fear, therefore they wiſh the Port to continue ſhut, that the clamours of the needy may increaſe their party; but all men of ſenſe and property are on the oppoſite ſide. A great many fine reſolves about our ſupport are ſent us from the reſt of the colonies; they are even making contributions for us, ſheep, corn, flour, &c. and all theſe good things are to be conſigned to the cuſtody of our overſeers of the poor. You have, I ſuppoſe, heard or read of Gentlemen entruſted with the poors money growing rich, while the poor ſtarved; if you ſhould judge ſo in this caſe, you will not be uncharitable. Our overſeers of the poor have already made fortunes out of the contributions for maintaining the workhouſe poor; what ſums then will they not make, when they have the command of the purſes of all the ſeditious fools on this continent?

Boſton, Sept. 2. This being the ſeaſon for the annual muſter of the militia, the General, from ſome hints given him by Col. Brattle, or from the jealous fears ſo natural to one in his diſagreeable ſituation, was apprehenſive of their doing ſomething more than going through their common exerciſe, and therefore thought proper to demand of Col. Brattle the provincial ammunition, and ſtores under his care, which were delivered to the General, who then ſent two companies of his ſoldiers up the river, by night, and ſeized a large magazine of powder at the town of Medford, in which there happened to be private property, as well as provincial, to the latter of which he, as Captain General, had a right. Upon hearing of this, the next morning, the inhabitants of the neighbouring towns, to the amount of ſeveral thouſands, as the letters ſay, aſſembled at Cambridge, moſtly in arms, with a deſign to go to Boſton, where the powder had been carried and ſtored, to demand the ſame, and, if neceſſary, to attack the troops; but, upon the importunate ſolicitations of the principal gentlemen of the town, they deſiſted, and, for that time, contented themſelves with going to the houſes of Mr. Sewat, the Attorney-General, Mr. Phipps, Colonel of the Provincial Horſe, Mr. Hulton, a Commiſſioner of the Cuſtoms, Lieutenant-Governor Oliver, ſeveral of the new Council, and ſeveral other Crown Officers, who they thought had ſhewn themſelves unfriendly to the province; ſome of theſe they obliged to reſign, and to declare that they would no more act under ſuch arbitrary laws: others fled for their lives, and were concealing themſelves, from houſe to houſe, when theſe letters came away, their own houſes being much damaged by the people, and, it is ſaid, ſome pulled down.

Upon opening the courts at term time, the juries throughout the province unanimouſly refuſed to take the oaths, or to act at all under their new Judges, and new laws. The clerks of the courts have, in the newspapers, declared their ſorrow for having iſſued the warrants for ſummoning the ſaid juries according to the late acts, and declare they will no more do ſo, let the conſequence be what it will; that they did not conſider what they were about, and that, if the people ſhould forgive them, they could never forgive themſelves.

The Governor's company of Cadets, conſiſting wholly of gentlemen of the town, and who are moſtly on the ſide of government, diſbanded themſelves, and returned to General Gage the ſtandard, which on his arrival there, he, according to cuſtom, had preſented them with. This was done upon the General's taking away Mr. Handcock's commiſſion, as Colonel of the Company. Governor Gage ſhewed himſelf to be much out of temper when the Committee returned the colours, alledging, that Colonel Handcock had uſed him ill.

Out of the thirty-ſix new counſellors, only thirteen had been prevailed with to take the oaths; and, of theſe, five or ſix had reſigned, ſome voluntarily, others through fear.

But what moſt irritated the people, next to ſeizing their arms and ammunition, was the apprehending ſix gentlemen, Select Men of the town of Salem, who had aſſembled a town meeting, according to the old cuſtom, though contrary to the new acts of Parliament, to chuſe ſome public officers; upon which General Gage ſent for, and cautioned them, threatening them that he would enforce the acts if they perſiſted to carry matters to the laſt extremity. He was anſwered, that they ſhould be governed by the laws of the province, and accordingly went on with the buſineſs

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buſineſs of the meeting: mean time, a company of ſoldiers were ordered into the town, who came prepared as for an engagement; but, before their arrival, the meeting had got through with their buſineſs, and were broke up. The Select Men, however, were apprehended, and three of them admitted to bail, to ſtand trial at the next court, and three were ſent to gaol, who, on their arrival, were by the keeper refuſed admittance, and remained under arreſt when the Scarborough ſailed with theſe advices.

Extract of a letter from New-York, Oct. 5.

"It has juſt tranſpired here, that the Boſton deputies at the general congreſs are violent beyond all bounds, and inſiſt on the following meaſure, that each colony ſhall furniſh a body of men properly equipped with arms and ammunition, and march them to the aſſiſtance of Boſton; they ſay, ſuch a vigorous effort would make Great Britain tremble, and engage parliament to repeal all the obnoxious acts.

"The other deputies in general oppoſe this deſperate trial, for very good reaſons, that many of them would have to march their men 500 and 1000 miles, and that it would be a long time before their army could rendezvous near Boſton; but they offer, if the New England colonies will find the men, the reſt of the colonies will each pay their quota of the expence; this does not ſatisfy the New England Deputies, though their four colonies can raiſe a great number of fighting men; they ſay, that in the common cauſe of America no obſtacles ſhould be feared, and a contribution in money is not an equivalent to the riſk of actual ſervice.

"This information you may be aſſured is genuine; it is ſaid to have come from ſome of the Deputies againſt the meaſure; the madneſs of the propoſal has given a general ſhock to the public; the horrors of a civil war look us full in the face; and though we are ſure our deputies will never conſent to ſuch an act of deſperation, we wiſh we had them home again.

"The Boſton people want to involve us as deep into the ſcrape as themſelves, and then very probably they would make their peace at our expence. I never liked the Boſton people, and now I diſlike them a thouſand times more than ever. Britain has many friends in this town, yet none of us will pay taxes till we cannot help ourſelves. I do think we ſhall never be rightly quiet here; in looking forward there is but an indifferent proſpect; and my reaſon is, none of the printers dare to publiſh any thing againſt the popular opinions, ſo the people only hear their own ſide of the queſtion.

"Our principal bookſeller and printer, Mr. Rivington, publiſhed only a ſingle piece in his paper againſt our liberty proceedings, and though he gave up his author when called upon, yet all the other printers, and all the patriots, have abuſed and threatened him ſince. As he is an Old-England man, the printers and bookſellers here conſider him as an intruder; really they have ſome reaſon to be diſpleaſed, for he is a man of abilities, and very polite addreſs, and has conſiderably hurt their trade. His friends have adviſed him to do ſo no more, or they will not be able to protect him.

"If you was here you would ſometimes think yourſelf in London; almoſt every houſe has the London papers; our friends in London having orders to tranſmit us all the papers written in oppoſition to our meaſures, as the popular party hinder our printers from publiſhing them here."

The following extracts of letters from London, communicated by gentlemen of credit in America, will convince every impartial man, to whom the violent proceedings in that country are moſtly to be attributed. The names of the authors are well known.

Letters to Philadelphia, Sept. 7.

No. I. 'If you are firm in ſtopping the 'importation from Britain a year or two, this 'treacherous Miniſtry muſt be overthrown, 'and all their meaſures reverſed. They 'themſelves tremble for their ſituation."

No. II. 'Should the Miniſtry ſucceed in 'the enterprizes they have already under-'taken with reſpect to the colonies, you will 'aſſuredly be robbed of that darling privi-'lege the Liberty of the Preſs; for effectu-'ating which, a ſcheme, I am well informed, 'is now agitating in the Cabinet by a cer-'tain Lord, who has publicly declared, that 'he is determined ſtrenuouſly to oppoſe the 'advancement of your glory in the Weſtern 'world.'

No. III. 'A warm oppoſition on your 'ſide, joined to the endeavours of the Friends 'of Liberty here, will force out the preſent 'Miniſtry, and make way for your advocates. 'Perſevere, or all is loſt.'

No. IV. 'The late meaſures will be looked 'on as juſtifiable by their ſucceſs, and the 'venal crew, at preſent termed the Repre-'ſentatives of Great-Britain, will probably 'be returned next ſpring to finiſh the re-'mains of American Liberty.'

Letters to New-York, Oct. 6.

No. V. 'If the colonies join with a manly 'courage, all will tend to the honour and ad-'vantage of America. Nothing will ſave 'England but the Americans behaving with 'reſolution, and cutting off all commercial 'intercourſe with Great-Britain.

'The ruin of this country ſeems as though 'it would come on ſoon. May the Al-'mighty keep you from our ſins and our 'plagues. Your ſalvation and ours depend 'on your firmneſs. Break off all trade with 'us; then intereſt will convince your ene-'mies of their folly.'

No. VI. 'Be aſſured that nothing leſs 'than a firm and vigorous exertion of ſpirit 'and virtue, and the united ſtrength of 'America, tending at once to dry up the 'ſources

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'fources of revenue, and operating inſtantly 'upon the feelings of the people here, will or 'can poſſibly anſwer the purpoſes of a Con-'greſs. But if this be done with unanimity 'and ſeverity, you will be free indeed."

Philadelphia, Oct. 3. The following letter from a gentleman in Briſtol, to his friend in this city, dated July 20th, 1774, was publiſhed in the Pennſylvania packet, by order of the Congreſs:

'Surrounded as I am by a thouſand vari-'ous buſineſſes, ſtill I cannot reſiſt the ſtrong 'inclination I feel to tell you that I am alive 'and well once more in Old England: For-'merly I loved the country and people, but 'now both appear odious to me; their con-'duct towards the Americans is horrid, cru-'el, and deteſtable; they call ye all thieves, 'pirates, and rebels, for which, in return, I 'make no ſcruple to call them knaves, ſcoun-'drels, and ſpiritleſs *ſlaves*. Every day I am 'in the moſt furious quarrels in vindication 'of America, that ever you ſaw—I wiſh to 'God that you had a few more friends in 'this city—I ſhall, thro' my zealous attach-'ment, loſe or endanger my election; but 'no matter; they already cry, *no American*— 'no Bill of Rights man. My acquaintance 'tell me I am too warm; but do you tell 'me, my friend, who that is made up of A-'merican fleſh and blood can ſit calm and 'compoſed to hear his native country, with 'his deareſt connections, calumniated, be-'lied, and reprobated? No, by heaven and 'earth, I ſwear, I never will ſilently put up 'with ſuch ill uſage while I have breath to 'ſpeak, or hands to fight.

'I am juſt returned from London: It is 'with a degree of pleaſure, I can aſſure you, 'many of the great men are aſhamed of what 'they have done, ſeriouſly dreading the aſ-'ſociation and reſentment of the Virginians 'in particular: The revenue ariſing from the 'duties on tobacco is *mortgaged*, and *a ſtop to 'their exportations* would make a glorious con-'fuſion among their High Mightineſſes.

'When I left America, I recommended 'moderation; but with concern I find *that* 'conduct will not do. Reſentment muſt 'ſhew itſelf; for our Miniſters wiſh them-'ſelves well out of it. *Firmneſs* on the part 'of the Americans will inſure them the vic-'tory; now is the criſis, the important cri-'ſis, of your whole lives—you can *loſe nothing* 'by a patriotic ſtand—you may gain *every 'thing*.

'The people of this country are ſunk in 'luxury, and wiſh only to get their hands 'into the purſe of the Americans to ſupport 'them in it. They are totally indifferent 'about liberty, and loſt to every ſenſe of ho-'nour or virtue; open corruption is conni-'ved at and approved; oppreſſion, black as 'hell, darkens the annals of the preſent 'times; and Britons ſeem happy in their ſu-'pine folly and *baſe vaſſalage*.

'If once the Americans ſubmit, I foreſee 'a train of evils ready to light upon them: 'taxes, impoſitions, and oppreſſions, with-'out moderation or end. Now is the ap-'pointed time to ſtruggle like men for your 'dear inheritance; and there can be no doubt 'but Providence, and a *new Parliament*, will 'do you ample juſtice. I will weary heaven 'with my prayers for your ſucceſs.—My ſin-'cere good wiſhes attend you, and all the reſt 'of my worthy countrymen in Philadelphia.'

When it is conſidered, that ſuch artifices as theſe have been made uſe of by men of influence in this country to inflame the minds of the Americans, and fill them with falſe fears and groundleſs reſentments, every impartial citizen, while he laments the miſeries of diſſention, will deteſt the baſe agents who have thus endeavoured to increaſe them.

Two pamphlets brought by the laſt ſhips from Virginia give us a pretty clear inſight into the preſent American politics. The firſt is Mr. Jefferſon's *Summary View*, in which he ſpeaks of the acts of trade, paſſed in Charles the ſecond's time, as proceeding from a ſpirit of tyranny; claims a right of ſending their tobacco to what part of Europe they pleaſe, and of buying the goods they want at ſuch foreign markets as they ſhall think proper; and thinks it great injuſtice, that they muſt leave their tobacco with the Britiſh merchant, to be by him re-ſhipped to foreign markets.——The other gentleman in his pamphlet, entitled, *Conſiderations* &c. very gently hints to us, that if the Engliſh merchants withheld their aſſiſtance, and do not ſecond theſe views of the Americans, the people of Virginia may then be juſtified in ſtopping all exportation or remittances for what they owe to their Engliſh creditors. That is, (ſay theſe two gentlemen together) 'If you Engliſh merchants will not ſupport 'us in our attempts to take away your future 'trade, we will ſtop the payment of the 'debts we owe you for the paſt trade.'

A writer on American affairs makes uſe of the following obſervations:—"The laying on the ſtamp act was fooliſh, the taking it off criminal; the laying on other inſignificant and unprofitable duties, fooliſh again; the conduct of the Americans inſolent and dangerous; the late coercive laws neceſſary; the oppoſition to theſe laws rebellion; the enforcing them now a point of neceſſity."

The following argument, with regard to the right of the Britiſh Parliament to impoſe taxes upon America, is taken from a pamphlet entitled, "An appeal to the juſtice and intereſts of the people of Great Britain."

"We are told (ſays the appeal) that Parliament, being the ſupreme legiſlature, its acts muſt bind in all caſes whatever, that no line can be drawn, and therefore Parliament has a conſtitutional right to impoſe taxes. Before Parliament has conſtitutional powers,

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it muſt be conſtitutionally formed. There is no magic or efficient power in the word which can give it that right; it muſt be in part conſtituted by the people over whom its laws have ſway in all caſes whatever, or elſe it is not a conſtitutional power. With reſpect to Great-Britain it is ſo conſtituted—with regard to America it is not—its power, therefore, cannot or ought not to be the ſame over both countries; the delegation of the people is the ſource of that power, moſt eſpecially in point of taxation. That delegation is wanting on the part of America, and therefore the right cannot exiſt. It is true that the authority of the legiſlature makes laws for the levying money upon the ſubject; but unleſs the gift be previouſly made by the repreſentatives of the people, there is nothing on which the act can work—the gift muſt be made firſt and diſtinct, the law comes after to preſcribe the mode of levying it. The repreſentatives are the ſole ſource of the gift, the legiſlative act is the completion of it, but without a beginning there can be no end. It is therefore a poſition founded in the eſſential principles of the conſtitution, that—"the ſupreme power, however, it may make laws for regulating the ſtate, cannot take the money of the people without their conſent."

Sir Wm. Draper, in a little tract, entitled *The Thoughts of a Traveller on our American Diſputes*, has fully proved that we cannot govern America by force; and that gentle meaſures will be conſtrued weakneſs, and will produce the moſt pernicious effects to the authority of this government; that the moſt moderate of the Americans think we have no right to tax them, and on the ſame principles no right to make laws to bind them.—His arguments tend to prove, that a *Separation* will give us a greater command over them than we have at preſent, for the defenceleſs ſtate of theſe North American Republics would be obliged to have recourſe to us for protection.——He mentions the caſe of the Dutch, who revolted from Spain; but there he drops his argument too ſoon; for, had he purſued it a little farther, he would have ſeen, that after the Dutch and the Spaniards became two independent and ſeparate ſtates, their intereſt led them to be the moſt intimate and beſt friends to each other; and they actually afforded one another more aſſiſtance, againſt their common enemy, the French, after their ſeparation, than they could have done under the ſame government.—We may add that the Dutch are, at this time, ſome of the beſt cuſtomers that frequent the ports of Spain.—Theſe are facts not to be denied. Spain was much richer and more populous in the reign of Ferdinand and Iſabella, when it had not one colony, than ever it has been ſince. France has loſt Canada: but is it the weaker on that account?

Application having been made by General Gage to the workmen in Boſton and New-York, to aſſiſt in compleating the fortifications on Boſton Neck, by means of which the ſoldiery would become the ſole maſters of the paſſages into the town, the ſame had been unanimouſly rejected, and not a man was to be found baſe enough to aſſiſt in an erection which probably would be improved to ſpill the blood of their fellow ſubjects. Application was likewiſe made to the merchants of New-York and Philadelphia, to ſupply the troops with neceſſary proviſions and cloathing, and met with the ſame repulſe. The New-York merchants alſo refuſed the uſe of their ſhips to fetch the troops from Quebec. Before theſe trials were made, the General had iſſued writs for calling a great and general court of aſſembly to be held at Salem on the 5th of October; but obſerving the ſpirit of the people, and the reſolves of their reſpective meetings, on the 29th of September he cauſed proclamation to be made, forbidding the meeting of the ſaid aſſembly, and diſcharging the members choſen on that occaſion from their attendance till a future day.

On Sunday the 11th of December arrived at Dover from North America, the St. Paul, Capt. Gordon, by whom the following important advices were received.

Boſton, Oct. 10. Wedneſday laſt the members, choſen in conſequence of Gov. Gage's late writs for calling a general aſſembly, met at the Court-houſe in Salem, purſuant to the precept; and after waiting a day without being admitted to the uſual oaths, which ſhould have been adminiſtered by the Governor, and having choſen the Hon. John Hancock their chairman, they proceeded to buſineſs, and paſſed ſeveral reſolutions to the following purport:——That the Governor's repreſentation of the province, in his late proclamation, as being in a tumultuous and diſorderly ſtate, are reflections the inhabitants have by no means merited, and are highly injurious and unkind; and that, by fixing a day for the meeting of the aſſembly, and then diſſolving it before it had met, the Governor had been guilty of an unconſtitutional breach of their charter: they therefore determined to form themſelves into a Provincial Congreſs, and appointed a meeting at the town of Concord on the 11th of Oct.

Boſton, Oct. 15. On the 11th the Congreſs was held at Concord, at which 260 deputies were preſent. It was reſolved to preſent a meſſage to the Governor to the following purport: "That the diſtreſſed ſtate of the province rendered it neceſſary to collect the wiſdom of the province by their delegates to concert ſome remedy to prevent impending ruin; that they ſaw ſuch hoſtile preparations as threatened the horror and confuſion of a civil war; that it muſt ſurpriſe all mankind that ſuch meaſures are purſued againſt a people, whoſe love of order, attachment to Britain, and loyalty to their King, have ever been exemplary; that penetrated with the moſt

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moſt poignant concern, and ardently ſolicitous to preſerve union and harmony between Great-Britain and the Colonies, they entreat his Excellency to remove the fortreſs at the entrance of Boſton, for the good people of that province have never had the leaſt intention to do any injury to his Majeſty's troops, but on the contrary they deſire that every obſtacle to treating them as fellow ſubjects may be removed; and they conclude with requeſting his Excellency, as he regards his Majeſty's honour and intereſt, the dignity and happineſs of the empire, the peace and welfare of the province, that he would immediately deſiſt from the carrying on the fortreſs now conſtructing at the ſouth entrance of Boſton, and reſtore that paſs to its natural ſtate."

To this addreſs his Excellency gave the following anſwer:

"The previous menaces daily thrown out, and the unuſual warlike preparations throughout the country, made it an act of duty in me to purſue the meaſures I have taken, in conſtructing what you call a fortreſs, which, unleſs annoyed, will annoy nobody. It is ſurely highly exaſperating, as well as ungenerous, even to hint, that the lives, liberties, or properties of any perſons, except avowed enemies, are in danger from Britons; Britain can never harbour the black deſign of wantonly deſtroying or enſlaving any people on earth; and notwithſtanding the enmity ſhewn to the King's troops, by with-holding from them almoſt every neceſſary for their preſervation, they have not as yet diſcovered the reſentment which might juſtly be expected to ariſe from ſuch hoſtile treatment.

"No perſon can be more ſolicitous than myſelf to preſerve union and harmony between Great-Britain and her Colonies; and I ardently wiſh to contribute to the completion of a work ſo ſalutary to both countries; but an open and avowed diſobedience to all her authority, is only bidding defiance to the Mother Country, and gives little hopes of bringing a ſpirited nation to that favourable diſpoſition, which a more decent and dutiful conduct might effect. Whilſt you complain of Acts of Parliament, that make alterations in your charter, and put you, in ſome degree, on the ſame footing with many other provinces, you will not forget, that by your preſent aſſembly you are yourſelves ſubverting that charter, and now acting in direct violation to your own conſtitution. It is my duty, therefore, however irregular your application is, to warn you of the rocks you are upon, and to require you to deſiſt from ſuch illegal unconſtitutional proceedings.

Province-Houſe, Oct. 17. THO. GAGE."

On the 14th the Congreſs paſſed a reſolution, forbidding the ſeveral collectors of the taxes from paying in the money they have received to the King's Receiver, but to wait for the farther direction of the Congreſs.

New-York, Oct. 13. We have the following authentic intelligence from Boſton.—A few days ago Gen. Gage paid for, and depoſited in his Majeſty's magazine, a quantity of military ſtores, which had lain for a long time in the hands of Mr. Scott. The Select-men ſent for Mr. Scott, and told him he deſerved immediate death for ſelling warlike ſtores to the enemy; and a number of people immediately aſſembled to put this ſentence in execution; but Mr. Scott was ſo fortunate as to make his eſcape. His houſe, however, ſuffered very much before the people ſeparated, by order of the Select-men.—Dr. Warren, the preſident of the committee of correſpondence, came at night to the General, acquainting him that he was to write to the Congreſs immediately; and he deſired, for their information, that the General would anſwer the following queſtions, viz. What is the meaning of the fortifications? What is the meaning that the General buys military ſtores? Are the people of Boſton to be made hoſtages, in order to compel the people of the country to comply with the new law?

Dr. Warren received for anſwer, that as the country people were all armed, and collecting cannon and military ſtores from all quarters, which, as they were not ſoldiers by profeſſion, or under the leaſt apprehenſion of any invaſion, could indicate nothing but their intention of attacking his Majeſty's forces in that town, it became therefore the General, and it would be inexcuſeble in him to neglect, to provide for their defence, and to enable them effectually to reſiſt the attempts which it is no longer doubtful the people meditate againſt them. That the very conſtruction of the fortifications ſhews them to be defenſive; and every body might eaſily diſcern that they are not calculated in any reſpect to annoy the town or diſturb the inhabitants, or even to lay them under the leaſt reſtraint. That it is notorious that many cannon have been conveyed, notwithſtanding the works, from thence; and arms are carried out openly by every man that goes out of Boſton, without moleſtation.

That though the General, to eaſe the town of the burden of furniſhing quarters for the troops, and to keep the troops from every poſſibility of giving offence to the inhabitants, hath ordered barracks to be erected for them, which he conceives to be of equal utility to the town as to the troops; nevertheleſs, the Select-men and the Committee have ordered all the workmen to quit this employ, though they were paid by the King.

That orders are given to prevent all ſupplies for Engliſh troops. Straw, purchaſed for their uſe, is daily burnt; veſſels with bricks ſunk; carts with wood overturned; and thus even the property of the King is deſtroyed in every manner in which it can be effected. Yet ſuch is the General's deſire to preſerve to the laſt, as far as in his power, the peace and quiet of the people, that all

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diſorders, though not the effect of raſh tumult but of evident ſyſtem, are endured with patience. There can therefore be no reality in the apprehenſions which it appears the people conceive of dangerous deſigns entertained by the troops againſt them, when theſe very people are not afraid to provoke the troops by every wanton inſult they can deviſe.

Boſton, Oct. 17. Upwards of five months have expired ſince this devoted town has experienced all the horrors of the Port Bill, and as if theſe were not ſufficient to ſatiate the malice of our enemies, ſeverities which that act, vengeful as it is, did not know of, have been grafted upon it.

Our numerous poor are ſuffering by the riſe of wood, butter, cheeſe, and other proviſions not permitted to be brought up as uſual from the little rivers and bays in our harbour, and when our tyrants have been expoſtulated with for theſe illegal proceedings, they have inſultingly replied, that, agreeable to the act of parliament, it was to diſtreſs us; and this their intention has been ſo effectually accompliſhed, that it may be affirmed, without exaggeration, the loſs this town has ſuſtained during only one month of our blockade, exceeds the whole amount of all thoſe generous donations received from our ſympathizing friends through the continent. Added to all this our town is ſurrounded with ſhips of war: formidable fortifications are erected, and others erecting at the only avenue to the town: Chains and Chevaux de Friſe already provided to ſtop up the entrances at pleaſure: four regiments encamped upon the common, with a large train of artillery and matroſſes; one regiment on Fort-hill, one on the new fortifications on the Neck, and another regiment at Caſtle William; three companies juſt arrived in the Roſe man of war from Newfoundland; tranſports diſpatched ſome time paſt to New-York, for two regiments from thence and the Jerſies, and to Quebec for two regiments from that quarter; military ſtores and implements of all kinds are collecting in this town, which has now the appearance of a garriſon. This capital is a ſtriking example of what is to be expected from the uncontroulable power claimed by a Britiſh parliament* over theſe colonies; but under all theſe ſufferings and terrors Boſton has not as yet renounced the great and common cauſe for which it ſuffers.

* [There is ſomething remarkable in the diſpute with the Americans. The patriots are for raiſing the power of the crown above the controul of the parliament, for they ſay that the charters granted to the colonies have exempted them from parliamentary juriſdiction, by which means they are become ſo many independent ſtates, that is, independent of the parliament, tho' not of the King.

The miniſterial party on the contrary firſt deny that ſuch charters of exemption were ever granted, challenging their opponents to produce their proofs; and even aſſert that if ſuch charters had been granted they muſt be illegal and unconſtitutional, becauſe a King of England cannot exempt any Engliſh ſubject from the authority of parliamentary juriſdiction. This is fully ſet forth in an Act of the 7th of King William, wherein it is declared, that any attempts of the colonies to free themſelves from parliamentary juriſdiction are null and void. A ſimilar law reſpecting Ireland, paſſed the 6th of George I. By this one would imagine that oppoſition was for maintaining prerogative againſt law, whilſt Adminiſtration is defending the laws againſt the power of prerogative.]

PHILADELPHIA, *Oct.* 30. The Grand Continental Congreſs, which met the 5th of September, broke up the 26th of October; and from time to time came to the following reſolutions:

Reſolved, That this Congreſs approve of the oppoſition made by the inhabitants of the Maſſachuſets-Bay, to the execution of the late acts of parliament; and if the ſame ſhall be attempted to be carried into execution by force, all America ought to ſupport them in their oppoſition.

Reſolved, That it is the opinion of this body that the removal of the people of Boſton into the country, would be, not only extremely difficult in the execution, but ſo important in its conſequences, as to require the utmoſt deliberation before it is adopted: but in caſe the provincial meeting of the colony ſhall judge it *abſolutely* neceſſary, it is the opinion of this Congreſs, that all America ought to contribute towards recompenſing them for the injury they may thereby ſuſtain; and it will be recommended accordingly.

Reſolved, That this Congreſs do recommend to the inhabitants of the colony of the Maſſachuſets-Bay, to ſubmit to a ſuſpenſion of the adminiſtration of juſtice, where it cannot be procured in a legal and peaceable manner, under the rules of the charter and the laws founded thereon, until the effects of our application for a repeal of the acts, by which their charter rights are infringed, is known.

Reſolved unanimouſly, That every perſon or perſons whomſoever, who ſhall take, accept, or act under any commiſſion or authority, in any wiſe derived from the act paſſed in the laſt ſeſſion of parliament, changing the form of government and violating the charter of the province of the Maſſachuſet's-Bay, ought to be held in deteſtation and abhorrence by all good men, and conſidered as the wicked tools of that deſpotiſm which is preparing to deſtroy thoſe rights, which God, Nature, and Compact, have given to America.

Reſolved unanimouſly, That the people of Boſton and the Maſſachuſets-Bay, be adviſed ſtill to conduct themſelves peaceably towards his Excellency General Gage, and his Majeſty's

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jesty's troops now stationed in the town of Boston, as far as can possibly consist with their immediate safety and the security of the town; avoiding and discountenancing every violation of his Majesty's property, or any insult to his troops; and that they peaceably and firmly persevere in the line in which they are now conducting themselves on the defensive.

Resolved, That the seizing, or attempting to seize, any person in America, in order to transport such person beyond the sea, for trial of offences committed within the body of a county in America, being against law, will justify and ought to meet with resistance and reprisal.

Resolved, As the opinion of the Congress, that it will be necessary that a Congress should be held on the 10th day of May next, unless the redress of grievances, which we have desired, be obtained before that time.—And we recommend that the same be held at the city of Philadelphia, and that all the colonies in North America chuse deputies as soon as possible, to attend such Congress.

Resolved, That the Congress in their own names, and in behalf of all those whom they represent, do present their most grateful acknowledgments to those truly noble, honorable, and patriotic advocates of civil and religious liberty, who have so generously and powerfully, though unsuccessfully, espoused and defended the cause of America, both in and out of parliament.

Before the breaking up of the Congress, the provincial Delegates entered into a *non-importation, non-exportation*, and *non-consumption* ASSOCIATION; in the preamble to which they thus express themselves:

"We his Majesty's *most loyal* subjects, the Delegates of the several colonies of New Hampshire, Massachusets-Bay, Rhode-Island, Connecticut, New-York, New-Jersey, Pensylvania, the three lower counties of Newcastle, Kent, and Sussex, on Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, and South-Carolina, deputed to represent them in a continental Congress, held in the city of Philadelphia, on the fifth day of September, 1774, avowing our allegiance to his Majesty, our affection and regard for our fellow-subjects in Great Britain and elsewhere, affected with the deepest anxiety and most alarming apprehensions at those grievances and distresses, with which his Majesty's American subjects are oppressed, and having taken under our most serious deliberation, the state of the whole Continent, find, that the present unhappy situation of our affairs, is occasioned by a ruinous system of colony administration adopted by the British ministry about the year 1763, evidently calculated for enslaving these colonies, and with them the British empire. In prosecution of which system, various acts of parliament have been passed for raising a revenue in America, for depriving the American subjects, in many instances, of the constitutional trial by jury, exposing their lives to danger, by directing a new and illegal trial beyond the seas, for crimes alledged to have been committed in America: and in prosecution of the same system, several late cruel and oppressive acts have been passed, respecting the town of Boston and the Massachusets-Bay, and also an act for extending the province of Quebec, so as to border on the western frontiers of these colonies, establishing an arbitrary government therein, and discouraging the settlement of British subjects in that wide extended country; thus by the influence of civil principles and antient prejudices to dispose the inhabitants to act with hostility against the free protestant colonies, whenever a wicked ministry should chuse so to direct them.

"To obtain redress of these grievances, which threaten destruction to the lives, liberty, and property of his Majesty's subjects in North-America, we are of opinion, that a non-importation, non-consumption, and non-exportation agreement, faithfully adhered to, will prove the most speedy, effectual, and peaceable measure; and therefore we do, for ourselves and the inhabitants of the several colonies whom we represent, firmly agree and associate under the sacred ties of virtue, honour, and the love of our country, as follows:

1. That from the first of December next, we will not import, from Great Britain or Ireland, any goods whatever, nor any East-India tea from any part of the world; nor molasses, syrups, &c. from the British plantations; nor wines from the Western islands; nor foreign indigo.

2. From the first of December we will discontinue the slave trade, and sell no commodities to those concerned in it.

3. From the present day we will purchase no East-India tea, on which a duty has been paid; and after the first of March, we will not use any East-India tea whatever.

4. If the present oppressive acts are not repealed by Sept. 10, 1775, a general non-exportation to Great Britain, Ireland, or the West-Indies, shall THEN take place, except that of rice to Europe.

5. The merchants, factors, &c. to send over immediate orders to their correspondents, in Great Britain and Ireland, not to ship any goods for America, as they will not be received.

6. The owners of vessels to order their captains, not to take on board any prohibited goods on pain of immediate dismission from their service.

7. We will do our utmost to improve the breed of sheep; and to increase their number, we will kill them sparingly, especially the profitable kind; we will export NONE; and such of us as may be overstocked, will dispose of them to our neighbours, especially the poorer sort, on moderate terms.

8. We will encourage industry and frugality,

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gallty, and promote agriculture, arts, and the manufactures of this country, especially that of wool. We will discountenance gaming, and all expensive shews and entertainments. None of us will wear any further mourning dress, than a black crape or ribbon on the hat or arm for gentleman, and a black ribbon and necklace for ladies; and we will discontinue giving gloves or scarfs at funerals.

9. If any vender of goods, taking advantage of the scarcity occasioned by these regulations, shall advance the price, we will not deal with him in future.

[☞ *Notwithstanding this resolution, many have already raised their goods* 20 *per Cent.*]

10. Goods imported between Dec. 1, 1774, and Feb. 1, 1775, shall (at the option of the owner) either be re-shipped,—stored up till the non-importation agreement may cease,—or be sold by public auction; in which latter case, the profits (if any) shall be applied for the relief of the people of Boston. And goods brought in after Feb. 1, to be immediately returned, unopened.

11. That Committees of Observation be appointed in each county, city, and town, who, on detecting any persons violating this agreement, shall publish the names of such persons in the Gazette.

12. That the Committee of Correspondence do frequently inspect the entries at the Custom-Houses, and inform each other of such particulars as may be necessary on this matter.

13. That all manufactures of this country be sold at reasonable prices.

14. That we will have no dealings whatever, with any colony or province in North-America, which shall not accede to, or shall hereafter violate these regulations.

And we do solemnly bind ourselves and our constituents, firmly to adhere to this association, until the oppressive acts against this country are repealed.

Signed by Peyton Randolph, the President, and 50 Deputies, on behalf of all the Colonies, except Georgia, East-Florida, and West-Florida. These three dissented from the proceedings.

In Provincial Congress at Boston, Oct. 20.

It is Resolved, and hereby recommended to the several companies of Militia in this Province, who have not already chosen and appointed officers, that they meet forthwith and elect officers to command their respective companies; and that the officers, so chosen, assemble as soon as may be; and, where said officers shall judge the limits of the present regiments too extensive, that they divide them, and settle and determine their limits, and proceed to elect field officers to command the respective regiments so formed; and that the field officers, so elected, forthwith endeavour to enlist one quarter at least of the number of the respective companies, and form into companies of fifty privates at the least, who shall equip and hold themselves in readiness to march at the shortest notice; and that each and every company so formed, choose a captain and two lieutenants to command them on any necessary and emergent service: And that the said Captain and Subalterns, to be so elected, form the said companies into battalions, to consist of nine companies each; and that the Captains and Subalterns of each battalion so formed, proceed to elect field officers to command the same. And this Congress doth most earnestly recommend that all the aforesaid elections be proceeded in, & made with due deliberation, and general regard to the public service.

Also Resolved, That as the security of the lives, liberties, and properties of the inhabitants of this Province, depends under providence on their knowledge & skill in the art of military, and in their being properly and effectually armed and equipt; if any of the said inhabitants are not provided with arms and ammunition according to law, they immediately provide themselves therewith; and that they use their utmost diligence to perfect themselves in military skill; and that if any town or district within the Province is not provided with the full stock of arms and ammunition according to law, the Select-men of such town or district take effectual care without delay to provide the same.

On the 5th of September the Congress at Philadelphia resolved unanimously to address the following letter *to the Inhabitants of Great-Britain.*

A LETTER
FROM THE
GENERAL CONGRESS
TO THE
PEOPLE OF GREAT-BRITAIN.

Philadelphia, Sept. 5, 1774.

FRIENDS and FELLOW-SUBJECTS,

WHEN a nation, led to greatness by the hand of Liberty, and possessed of all the glory that heroism, munificence, and humanity can bestow, descends to the ungrateful task of forging chains for her friends and children, and, instead of giving support to freedom, turns advocate for slavery and oppression, there is reason to suspect she has either ceased to be virtuous, or been extremely negligent in the appointment of her rulers.

In almost every age, in repeated conflicts, in long and bloody wars, as well civil as foreign, against many and powerful nations, against the open assaults of enemies, and the more dangerous treachery of friends, have the inhabitants of your island, your great and glorious ancestors, maintained their Independence, and transmitted the rights of men, and the blessings of Liberty, to you, their posterity.

Be not surprized therefore that we, who are descended from the same common ancestors; that we, whose forefathers participated in all the rights, the liberties, and the constitution, you so justly boast, and who have carefully conveyed the same fair inheritance to us, guarantied by the plighted faith of government,

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vernment, and the most solemn compacts with British Sovereigns, should refuse to surrender them to men, who found their claims on no principles of reason, and who prosecute them with a design, that by having OUR lives and property in their power, they may with the greater facility enslave YOU.

The cause of America is now the object of universal attention; it has at length become very serious. This unhappy country has not only been oppressed, but abused and misrepresented; and the duty we owe to ourselves and posterity, to your interest, and the general welfare of the British empire, leads us to address you on this very important subject.

KNOW THEN, that we consider ourselves, and do insist, that we are and ought to be as free as our fellow subjects in Britain, and that no power on earth has a right to take our property from us without our consent.

That we claim all the benefits secured to the subject by the English Constitution, and particularly that inestimable one——of Trial by Jury.

That we hold it essential to English liberty, that no man be condemned unheard, or punished for supposed offences, without having an opportunity of making his defence.

That we think the legislature of Great-Britain is not authorised by the Constitution to establish a religion, fraught with sanguinary and impious tenets, or to erect an arbitrary form of government in any quarter of the globe. These rights we, as well as you deem Sacred, and yet sacred as they are, they have, with many others been repeatedly and flagrantly Violated.

Are not the proprietors of the soil of Great Britain, Lords of their own property? Can it be taken from them without their consent? Will they yield it to the arbitrary disposal of any man, or number of men whatever?—You know they will not.

Why then are the proprietors of the soil of America less Lords of the property than you are of yours, or why should they submit it to the disposal of your Parliament, or any other Parliament or Council in the world, not of their election? Can the intervention of the sea that divides us cause disparity in rights, or can any reason be given, why English subjects, who live three thousand miles from the royal palace, should enjoy less liberty than those who are three hundred miles distant from it.

Reason looks with indignation on such distinctions, and freemen can never perceive their propriety. And yet, however chimerical and unjust such discriminations are, the parliament assert, "that they have a right to bind "us in all cases without exception, whether "we consent or not; that they may take and "use our property when and in what manner "they please; that we are pensioners on their "bounty for all that we possess, and can hold "it no longer than they vouchsafe to permit." Such declarations we consider as Heresies in English politics, and which can no more operate to deprive us of our property, than the interdicts of the Pope can divest Kings of sceptres, which the laws of the land and the voice of the people have placed in their hands.

At the conclusion of the late war—a war rendered glorious by the abilities and integrity of a * Minister, to whose efforts the British empire owes its safety and its fame: At the conclusion of this war, which was succeeded by an Inglorious Peace, formed under the auspices of a † Minister---of Principles, and of a Family, unfriendly to the Protestant Cause, and inimical to Liberty.——We say, at this period, and under the influence of that Man ‡, a plan for enslaving your fellow subjects in America was concerted, and has ever since been pertinaciously carrying into execution.

Prior to this æra you were content with drawing from us the wealth produced by our commerce. You restrained our trade in every way that could conduce to your emolument. You exercised unbounded sovereignty over the sea. You named the ports and nations to which alone our merchandize should be carried, and with whom alone we should trade, and though some of those restrictions were grievous, we nevertheless did not complain; we looked up to you as to our parent state, to which we were bound by the strongest ties, and were happy in being instrumental to your prosperity and your grandeur.

We call upon you, yourselves, to witness our loyalty and attachment to the common interest of the whole empire. Did we not, in the last war, add all the strength of this vast Continent to the force which repelled our common enemy? Did we not leave our native shores, and meet disease and death, to promote the success of British arms in foreign climates? Did you not THANK us for our zeal, and even reimburse us large sums of money, which, you confessed, we had advanced beyond our proportion, and far beyond our abilities?---You did.

To what causes, then, are we to attribute the sudden change of treatment, and that system of Slavery, which was prepared for us at the restoration of peace?

Before we had recovered from the distresses which ever attend war, an attempt was made to drain this country of all its money, by the oppressive stamp act. Paint, glass, and other commodities, which you would not permit us to purchase of other nations, were taxed; nay, although no wine is made in any country subject to the British state, you prohibited our procuring it of foreigners without paying a tax, imposed by your Parliament, on all we imported. These and many other impositions were laid upon us, most unjustly and unconstitutionally, for the express purpose of raising a Revenue.---In order to silence complaint, it was indeed provided, that this revenue should be expended in America, for its protection and defence. These exactions, however, can receive no justification from a pretended necessity of protecting and defending us: They are lavishly squandered on Court Favourites and Ministerial Dependants, generally avowed enemies to America, and employing themselves, by partial representations, to traduce and embroil the colonies. For the necessary support of Government here, we ever were, and ever shall be, ready to provide; and whenever the exigences of the state may require it, we shall, as we have heretofore done, chearfully contribute our full proportion of men and money. To enforce this unconstitutional

* *Lord Chatham.* † *Lord Bute.* and

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and unjuſt ſcheme of taxation, every fence that the wiſdom of our Britiſh anceſtors had carefully erected againſt Arbitrary Power, has been violently thrown down in America, and the ineſtimable right of Trial by Jury taken away, in caſes that touch both life and property.---It was ordained, "that whenever of-"fences ſhould be committed in the Colonies "againſt particular Acts, impoſing various "duties and reſtrictions upon trade, the pro-"ſecutor might bring his action for the pe-"nalties in the Courts of Admiralty," by which means the ſubject loſt the advantage of being tried by an honeſt, uninfluenced Jury of the vicinage, and was ſubjected to the ſad neceſſity of being judged by a ſingle man---a Creature of the Crown, and according to the courſe of a law which exempts the proſecutor from the trouble of proving his accuſation, and obliges the defendant either to evince his innocence or to ſuffer. To give this new Judicatory the greater importance, and as if with deſign to protect falſe accuſers, it is further provided, "that the Judge's certificate, of "there having been probable cauſes of ſei-"zure and proſecution, ſhall protect the pro-"ſecutor from actions at common law for re-"covery of damages."

By the courſe of our Law, offences committed in ſuch of the Britiſh dominions in which Courts are eſtabliſhed, and juſtice duly and regularly adminiſtered, ſhall be there tried by a Jury of the Vicinage. There the offenders and the witneſſes are known, and the degree of credibility to be given to their teſtimony can be aſcertained.

In all theſe Colonies juſtice is regularly and impartially adminiſtered; and yet, by the conſtruction of ſome, and the direction of other Acts of Parliament, offenders are "to "be taken by force, together with all ſuch "perſons as may be pointed out as witneſſes, "and carried to England, there to be tried in "a diſtant land, by a Jury of Strangers," and ſubject to all the diſadvantages that reſult from want of friends, want of witneſſes, and want of money!

When the deſign of raiſing a revenue from the duties impoſed on the importation of Tea into America had in great meaſure been rendered abortive, by our ceaſing to import that commodity, a ſcheme was concerted by the Miniſtry with the Eaſt-India Company, and an act paſſed enabling and encouraging them to tranſport and vend it in the Colonies. Aware of the danger of giving ſucceſs to this inſidious manœuvre, and of permitting a precedent of taxation thus to be eſtabliſhed among us, various methods were adopted to elude the ſtroke. The people of Boſton, then ruled by a Governor, whom as well as his predeceſſor, Sir Francis Bernard, all America conſiders as her enemy, were exceedingly embarraſſed. The ſhips which had arrived with the tea were by his management prevented from returning;---The duties would have been paid: the cargoes landed and expoſed to ſale; a Governor's influence would have procured and protected many purchaſers. While the town was ſuſpended by deliberations on this important ſubject, the tea was deſtroyed. Even ſuppoſing a treſpaſs was thereby committed, and the proprietors of the tea entitled to damages,---the courts of law were open, and judges appointed by the crown preſided in them.---The Eaſt-India Company, however, did not think proper to commence any ſuits, nor did they even demand ſatisfaction either from individuals or from the community in general. The Miniſtry, it ſeems, officiouſly made the caſe their own, and the great council of the nation deſcended to intermeddle with a diſpute about private property.---Divers papers, letters, and other unauthenticated ex parte evidence were laid before them; neither the perſons who deſtroyed the tea, or the people of Boſton, were called on to anſwer the complaint. The miniſtry, incenſed by being diſappointed in a favourite ſcheme, were determined to recur from the little arts of fineſſe, to open force and unmanly violence. The port of Boſton was blocked up by a fleet, and an army placed in the town. Their trade was to be ſuſpended, and thouſands reduced to the neceſſity of gaining ſubſiſtence from Charity, till they ſhould ſubmit to paſs under the yoke, and conſent to become ſlaves, by confeſſing the omnipotence of Parliament, and acquieſcing in whatever diſpoſition they might think proper to make of their lives and property.

Let juſtice and humanity ceaſe to be the boaſt of your nation! Conſult your hiſtory, examine your records of former tranſactions, nay, turn to the annals of the many arbitrary ſtates and kingdoms that ſurround you, and ſhew us a ſingle inſtance of men being condemned to ſuffer for Imputed Crimes, Unheard, Unqueſtioned, and without even the ſpecious formality of a trial; and that too by laws made expreſsly for the purpoſe, and which had no exiſtence at the time of the fact committed. If it be difficult to reconcile theſe proceedings to the genius and temper of your laws and conſtitution, the taſk will become more arduous when we call upon our miniſterial enemies to juſtify, not only the condemning men Untried and by Hearſay, but involving the Innocent in one common puniſhment with the Guilty, and for the act of thirty or forty, to bring poverty, diſtreſs, and calamity on Thirty Thouſand Souls, and thoſe not your enemies, but your friends, brethren, and fellow ſubjects.

It would be ſome conſolation to us, if the catalogue of American oppreſſions ended here. It gives us pain to be reduced to the neceſſity of reminding you, that under the confidence repoſed in the Faith of Government, pledged in a royal charter from a Britiſh Sovereign, the fore-fathers of the preſent inhabitants of the Maſſachuſetts Bay left their former habitations, and eſtabliſhed that great, flouriſhing, and loyal colony. Without incurring or being charged with a forfeiture of their rights, without being heard, without being tried, without law, and without juſtice, by an act of Parliament their Charter is deſtroyed, their Liberties violated, their Conſtitution and form of government changed. And all this upon no better pretence, than becauſe in one of their towns a treſpaſs was committed on ſome merchandize, ſaid to belong to one of the companies, and becauſe the MINISTRY were of opinion, that ſuch high political regulations were neceſſary to compel due ſubordination and obedience to their mandates.

Nor,

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Nor are these the only capital grievances under which we labour. We might tell of dissolute, weak, and wicked Governors having been set over us; of legislators being suspended for asserting the rights of British subjects; of needy and ignorant dependants on great men, advanced to the seats of justice and to other places of trust and importance; of hard restrictions on commerce, and a great variety of lesser evils, the recollection of which is almost lost under the weight and pressure of greater and more poignant calamities.

Now mark the progression of the ministerial plan for enslaving us.

Well aware that such hardy attempts (to take our property from us—to deprive us of that valuable right of trial by jury—to seize our persons, and carry us for trial to Great-Britain—to blockade our Ports—to destroy our Charters, and change our forms of Government) would occasion, and had already occasioned, great discontent in all our Colonies, which might produce opposition to these measures, an act was passed "to protect, indemnify, and screen from punishment, such as "might be guilty even of MURDER, in endeavouring to harry their oppressive edicts "into execution;" and by another act "the "dominion of Canada is to be so extended, "modelled, and governed," as that by being disunited from us, detached from our interests, by civil as well as religious prejudices, that by their numbers daily swelling with Catholic emigrants from Europe, and by their devotion to administration, so friendly to their religion, they might become formidable to us, and, on occasion, be fit instruments in the hands of power, to reduce the ancient free Protestant Colonies to the same state of slavery with themselves.

This was evidently the object of the said Act: And in this view, being extremely dangerous to our liberty and quiet, we cannot forbear complaining of it, as hostile to British America.—Superadded to these considerations, we cannot help deploring the unhappy condition to which it has reduced the many English settlers, who, encouraged by the royal proclamation, promising the enjoyment of all their rights, have purchased estates in that country. They are now the subjects of an arbitrary Government, deprived of trial by jury, and when imprisoned cannot claim the benefit of the Habeas Corpus Act, that great bulwark and palladium of English Liberty:—Nor can we suppress our astonishment, that a British Parliament should ever CONSENT to establish in that country a religion that has deluged your island in blood, and dispersed impiety, bigotry, persecution, murder, and rebellion, through every part of the world.

This being a true state of facts, let us beseech you to consider to what end they lead.

Admit that the Ministry, by the powers of Great Britain, and the aid of our Roman Catholic neighbours, should be able to carry the point of Taxation, and reduce us to a state of perfect humiliation and slavery; such an enterprize would doubtless make some addition to your national debt, which already presses down your liberties, and fills you with Pensioners and Placemen. We presume, also, that your commerce will somewhat be diminished: However, suppose you should prove victorious---in what condition will you then be? What advantages, or what laurels will you reap from such a conquest?

May not a Ministry, with the same armies, ENSLAVE YOU?—It may be said, "You will cease to pay them;"—but remember, the taxes from America, the wealth, and we may add the men, and particularly the Roman Catholics of this vast Continent, will then be in the power of your enemies; nor will you have any reason to expect, that, after making slaves of US, many among us should refuse to assist in reducing you to the same abject state.

Do not treat this as chimerical.——Know that in less than half a century, the QUIT-RENTS reserved to the Crown, from the numberless grants of this vast continent, will pour large streams of wealth into the royal coffers, and if to this be added the power of taxing America at pleasure, the Crown will be rendered independent on you for supplies, and will possess more treasure than may be necessary to purchase the REMAINS OF Liberty in your island.—In a word, take care that you do not fall into the pit that is preparing for us.

We believe there is yet much virtue, much justice, and much public spirit in the English nation.—To that justice we now appeal. You have been told that we are seditious, impatient of government, and desirous of independency. Be assured that these are not facts but CALUMNIES—— Permit us to be as free as yourselves, and we shall ever esteem a union with you to be our greatest glory and our greatest happiness; we shall ever be ready to contribute all in our power to the welfare of the empire—we shall consider your enemies as our enemies, and your interest as our own.

But if you are determined that your Ministers shall wantonly sport with the rights of mankind. If neither the voice of Justice, the dictates of the law, the principles of the constitution, or the suggestions of humanity, can restrain your hands from shedding HUMAN BLOOD in such an impious cause, we must then tell you,——THAT WE NEVER WILL SUBMIT TO BE HEWERS OF WOOD OR DRAWERS OF WATER FOR ANY MINISTRY OR NATION IN THE WORLD.

Place us in the same situation that we were at the close of the last war, and our former harmony will be restored.

But lest the same supineness and the same inattention to our common interest, which you have for several years shewn, should continue, we think it prudent to anticipate the consequences.

By the destruction of the TRADE of Boston, the Ministry have endeavoured to induce submission to their measures. The like fate may befal us all; we will endeavour therefore to live without trade, and recur for subsistence to the fertility and bounty of our native soil, which will afford us all the necessaries and some of the conveniences of life. We have suspended our IMPORTATION from Great-Britain and Ireland; and in less than a year's time, unless our grievances should be redressed, shall discontinue our EXPORTS to those kingdoms and the West-Indies.

It is with the utmost regret, however, that we find ourselves compelled by the over-ruling principles of self-preservation, to adopt measures,

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fures, detrimental in their conſequences to numbers of our fellow ſubjects in Great-Britain and Ireland. But we hope, that the magnanimity and juſtice of the Britiſh nation will furniſh a Parliament of ſuch wiſdom, independence, and public ſpirit, as may ſave the violated rights of the whole empire, from the devices of Wicked Miniſters and Evil Counſellors, whether in or out of office, and thereby reſtore that harmony, friendſhip, and fraternal affection between all the inhabitants of his Majeſty's kingdoms and territories, ſo ardently wiſhed for by every true and honeſt American.

OCCURRENCES

During the laſt ſix Months.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

Paris, June 30.

THE Archbiſhop of this city, who has ſuffered grievous torture, for a long time, from a ſtone in his bladder, at length determined to undergo the operation of cutting, which was performed on the 22d ult. The ſtone extracted is of a grey colour, of the ſhape of a macaroon, but inclined to an oval. His Grace is as well as can be expected after ſuch an operation. He is ſeventy-one years of age.

Peterſburgh, Aug. 4. Laſt night Marſhal Romanzow's ſon arrived at Peterhoff, with the agreeable news of the peace having been ſigned on the 21ſt of July by Prince Repnin, (who had powers from Marſhal Romanzow for that purpoſe) and two Turkiſh plenipotentiaries named by the Grand Vizir. The principal articles of which are,—The independency of the Crimea—the abſolute ceſſion to Ruſſia of Kinburn, Kerche, and Jenickale; and of all the diſtrict between the Bog and the Dnieper—A free navigation in all the Turkiſh ſeas; in which is included the paſſage through the Dardanelles, with all the privileges and immunities which are granted to the moſt favoured nations.—Several ſtipulations in favour of the inhabitants of Moldavia and Wallachia, as well as thoſe of the iſlands reſtored by Ruſſia to the Porte.—Ruſſia is to retain Azoff and Taganrok.—*Gaz.*

Paris, Aug. 29. Madame du Barré, from the indulgence ſhewn her by the French court ſince the late Monarch's deceaſe, lately wrote a letter to the Duc de Choiſeul for liberty to retire from the convent ſhe is placed in; to which ſhe received an anſwer, of which the following is a tranſlation:

"MADAME, *Verſailles, Aug.* 6.

"Though by the King's indulgence you have all your effects reſtored to you, and as much liberty as is conſiſtent with your preſent ſituation, I am deſired to acquaint you, your requeſt cannot be complied with. A woman who has ſo long had the ear of a King, muſt neceſſarily be in poſſeſſion of ſome ſecrets, the diſcovery of which might be prejudicial to the intereſts of a country, both in reſpect to its foreign and domeſtic enemies. This muſt be a concluding reaſon with you for your preſent confinement; when the temporary conſequences of thoſe may wear off, I do not doubt you'll meet every reaſonable indulgence. CHOISEUL."

There has lately been a general revolution in the French miniſtry: The Abbé Terray, comptroller-general, and M. de Meaupou, the chancellor, are exiled; M. de Choiſeul is again placed at the head of foreign affairs; and the old parliament is reſtored.

Warſaw, Sept. 19. The Empreſs of Ruſſia has preſented the King of Poland with 650,000 Rubles, in return for the domains his Majeſty has loſt by the participation of Poland.

Florence, Sept. 24. Early this morning the Nuncio received by a courier an account of the death of the Pope, which happened in the night of the 21ſt inſtant.—*Lond. Gazette.*

Naples, Sept. 29. There is every reaſon to believe the death of the Pope was haſtened by the Jeſuits, who poiſoned him in the Sacrament. He himſelf declared his ſuſpicions before he died, and the belief of it is ſo general, even in theſe Catholic countries, that the miniſters of France and Spain inſiſted on being preſent at the opening of his body, his belly having ſwelled extraordinarily, and being ſtrangely diſcoloured, even before he expired. The corpſe putrified ſo ſuddenly, that the ſurgeons could hardly go through the operation; and, as ſoon as they touched the head, the teeth fell out, and all the bones of his body crumbled away, and the fleſh came away in pieces. They were forced to embalm the body twice, before they could carry it to St. Peter's; and inſtead of expoſing his face as is uſual, they covered it with wax, and in the tranſport, the head ſeparated from the body. His confectioner is dead in a manner little leſs horrid, and with the ſame ſymptoms his holineſs had.

Peterſburgh, Oct. 28. Pugatſchew, ever ſince he has been taken, maintains a dead ſilence, which ſeems to ariſe from deſpair; he is watched cloſely, and bound very tight in an iron cage, that he may not make an attempt on his life, as it is ſuppoſed he has a deſign to do: For ſome days before he was made priſoner, he was in a terrible ſituation, being in want of neceſſaries, and forced to procure ſubſiſtence from the roots that grew in the fields, till at laſt he was obliged to kill his horſe and eat him.

Conſtantinople, Nov. 5. The Ruſſian officers are releaſed from the Seven Towers. The Turkiſh Ambaſſador, who is preparing to go to the court of Peterſburgh, will have a retinue of 1500 perſons; and it is thought that of Prince Repnin, who is appointed Ambaſſador from the Empreſs of Ruſſia to the Porte, will not be leſs numerous.

The Grand Signor has given orders to ſet at liberty all the ſlaves that have been made by the Tartars or the Turks during the war, and

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and to pay the proprietors 100 piaſtres [about 20l.] for each ſlave. The Empreſs of Ruſſia has reſtored 3000 Turkiſh priſoners, and has ſent orders throughout her dominions to releaſe all Turks that are in ſlavery there.

Hamburgh, Dec. 9. Laſt night it froze ſo hard, that the Thermometer was ten degrees below the freezing point. The cold has continued as intenſe all this day, and ſeems to increaſe to-night. Not only the poſt, but alſo waggons with heavy loads, paſſed over the ice yeſterday to and from Harbourg.

COUNTRY NEWS.

Saliſbury, July 29. This day Abraham Jolly, late a ſoldier in the 35th regiment, was executed here for the wilful murder of Jane Kennedy, in a cloſe at Harnham, in 1772.

Chelmsford, July 29. On the trial of John Dickſon, a chimney ſweeper, for the wilful murder of Francis Belgard, his apprentice, at Layer de la Haye, near Colcheſter, on the 2d of May laſt, it appeared, that he, with the deceaſed and another of his apprentices, had travelled above twenty miles that day; and the poor boy, not having any refreſhment on the road, was unable to proceed, for which his maſter beat him unmercifully with his bruſh, threw him into a pond twice, and after exerciſing a ſeries of cruelty, (for above two hours) tied a ſtring about his wriſt, dragged him a conſiderable way, left him quite helpleſs to expire on the road, and purſued his journey; proper aſſiſtance was, however, given to the poor object afterwards, but he did not ſurvive more than two hours. Dickſon was executed laſt Monday, and behaved at the place of execution in the moſt daring and hardened manner, burſting with laughter while the rope was fixing about his neck, and not giving time to the executioner to do his office, he threw himſelf down in the cart before it was drawn off, without being at all affected, or ſeeming to have the leaſt ſenſe of his ſituation.

At the aſſizes for Suffolk, an action of damages was brought by a tradeſman of Ipſwich againſt a gentleman of fortune of the ſame place, for an attempt to commit a rape on his daughter, a child of eleven years old, when the jury, without going out of court, gave a verdict for the plaintiff, with 400l. damages.

Briſtol, Sept. 10. Sunday the Elizabeth, Capt. Weeks, bound from hence to Cork and Jamaica, ſailed from Kingroad down the Channel; but the wind changing, was obliged to put back, and early on Tueſday morning, unfortunately proceeding too near the Welſh ſhore, the veſſel ſtruck on a rock off St. Donal's, and was daſhed to pieces. The ſhip's company and paſſengers conſiſted of 37 perſons, eleven only of whom were miraculouſly ſaved by being toſſed by the waves on a fragment of a rock which ſome ſhort time paſt had been diſlodged, and tumbled into the ſea. The captain, chief mate, pilot, and Capt. Sackville Turner, of the 33d regiment, and his lady, who were married on Friday laſt, were among thoſe that periſhed: The latter of whom were found claſped in each other's arms, and in that poſition were interred. The unavailing cries of diſtreſs were truly ſhocking, and the whole was a ſcene of miſery to the ſurviving ſpectators, diſmal beyond deſcription.

Briſtol, Nov. 9. Sunday afternoon as Tho. Croſs, a newſman, and ſeven other perſons, were coming over the New Paſſage in a ſmall boat, and were got about three parts over, a gentleman's hat was blown off into the tide, on which the boatmen were deſired to turn the boat and go after it; but ſome of the company, as well as the boatman, thinking it impracticable, objected to it; on which the gentleman roſe up in a hurry and caught hold of the helm to turn the boat about, which he did with great violence, before the men had time to let go the ſail; and the boat being in full ſail inſtantly overſet, and every perſon on board periſhed, except the above Thomas Croſs who was ſaved after being five hours in the water. The following are the perſons who were drowned: A young gentleman about 16 years of age, ſon of Morgan Lewis, Eſq; of St. Piers; a butler of Mr. Lewis's; Mr. Webber, linen-draper of this city; a man and his wife from Cardiff, and the two boatmen.

Birmingham, Dec. 15. Sunday morning laſt Ann Mansfield, the widow of a ſoldier, and lately a ſervant to Mr. Richard Wilſon, of this town, on her return to her father, who lives at Cradley, near Stourbridge, was found on the road, about half a mile beyond Hales-Owen, barbarouſly murdered. It is ſuppoſed, from the circumſtances under which ſhe was found, that ſhe had been alſo raviſhed: Her hair was diſhevelled, her handkerchief and cap torn off, and her under petticoat lay by her ſide. When ſhe ſet out from hence, ſhe had a ſmall bundle, containing ſeveral things of value, which were all taken away. A ſtrong ſuſpicion prevails againſt a carrier, (behind whom ſhe rode through Hales-Owen the night before) who is committed for trial.

Worceſter, Dec. 15. On Saturday laſt the following melancholy accident happened at Great Whitley in this county.—Two ſervants belonging to Thomas Foley, Eſq; being out with their guns, one of them ſhot a duck, which falling upon a large deep pool, that was frozen over, he very imprudently (though his companion endeavoured to diſſuade him) ventured upon the pool, took up the duck, and put it into his pocket; but in his return the ice gave way, and let him up to the chin. In this diſtreſsful ſituation he had no other ſupport than reſting his hands upon the edges of the breach, calling out for help, and ſo continued upwards of an hour, when, through the exceſſive cold, and vaſt fatigue, he at laſt ſunk, and was drowned in the preſence of a great number of people, who had uſed every poſſible means to ſave him.

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LONDON.

July 1. Came on to be tried in the Court of King's Bench at Weſtminſter by a ſpecial jury, before Lord Mansfield, a cauſe wherein Capt. Elphinſton, of his Majeſty's ſhip Egmont, was plaintiff, and the Printer of the St. James's Chronicle was defendant, for printing and publiſhing a libel reflecting on the plaintiff's character as an Officer; when the jury, after being out about a quarter of an hour, brought in a verdict for the plaintiff with 500l. damages.

This morning, Wm. Hawke, (the noted highwayman) convicted laſt ſeſſions at the Old Bailey for robbing Mr. Hart on the highway, and Wm. Jones, for ſtealing a large quantity of linen from Peregrine Hog, were executed purſuant to their ſentence.

According to an eſtimate lately laid before both Houſes of Parliament, the manufactures exported from Great Britain in the year 1773, to different parts, amounted to 13,226,7[illegible]0l. ſterling; and the value of thoſe imported from foreign countries, during the ſame year, amounted to the ſum of 11,832,469l. ſo that there was a balance in our favour of 1,394,271l.

The commodities exported from Great-Britain to America, on an average of three years, have amounted to 3,370,000l. The commodities imported into Great-Britain from the colonies, for the ſame period of time, have amounted to 3,924,606l. 13s. 4d.

4. At Plymouth, the roundhouſe of the Kent man of war (in which were three barrels of gunpowder, beſides much looſe powder in cartridges) ſuddenly blew up, and in its conſequences exhibited a picture perhaps the moſt dreadful and ſhocking that it is poſſible for human nature to conceive. By the ſplinters of the deck in burſting, near fifty brave fellows were (ſome of them) either ſo terribly maimed as to have had their limbs taken off, or ſcorched ſo as to be deprived of their ſight, whilſt others again are flayed all over: 37 are ſent patients to the hoſpital, and 11 either killed or drowned.

It is remarkable no officer received any hurt, except Lieut. Shea, of the marines, who is ſlightly wounded.—The accident happened in ſaluting the Admiral, by ſome ſparks falling into an arm-cheſt which ſtood on the after-part of the poop and great cabbin. A drummer, who happened to be ſitting on the lid of the cheſt, was blown into the air, fell overboard, and was picked up by the Albion's boat, without receiving the leaſt hurt. Upwards of 100 ſtands of ſmall arms, (tho' depoſited at ſome diſtance) are rendered entirely uſeleſs by being either twiſted or broken. It is remarkable, that out of the ſmall ſquadron that ſailed with Sir James Douglas, the Egmont ſprung her foremaſt, the Kent blew up, the Lenox ſprung her foremaſt, the Dublin carried away her main and fore-top-maſt yards and main-top-maſt, the Albion a main-top-ſail-yard, the Raiſonable a fore-top-maſt, and the Cerberus ran on ſhore.

14. Capt. Furneaux, of his Majeſty's ſloop the Adventure, who ſailed from Plymouth the 31ſt of July, 1772, in company with Captain Cook, of his Majeſty ſloop the Reſolution, upon a voyage to make diſcoveries in the ſouthern hemiſphere, arrived at Spithead, having penetrated as far towards the ſouth pole as the latitude of 67 deg. 10 min. and circum-navigated the globe chiefly between the latitudes of 55 and 60, in which tract he met with much ice, but no land.

20. The Empreſs of Ruſſia received the melancholy account of the loſs of the Prince of Holſtein. His Highneſs, about a month ago, embarked as a volunteer on board the Commodore's ſhip of the fleet now cruiſing in the Baltic; and on the 3d inſtant, in coming down from the main-top, he unfortunately miſſed his hold, and fell into the ſea; three ſailors jumped over-board immediately, but too late to ſave his life.

22. The new-born daughter of their Royal Highneſſes the Duke and Ducheſs of Glocester was privately baptiſed by the name of Caroline Auguſta Maria. The ſponſors were, the Ducheſs of Cumberland, and the Hereditary Prince and Princeſs of Brunſwick.

July 29. At the aſſizes holden for the county of Salop, was decided before the Hon. Baron Burland, and a ſpecial jury, the much talked of cauſe between Col. Davenant, and the Rev. Archdeacon Clive, concerning the diſtance required by law in order to be able to procure a diſpenſation to enjoy two livings. The law referred to, was a canon made in the year 1684, which limits that diſtance to thirty miles; the query therefore was, whether theſe miles ſhould be interpreted as computed or ſtatute miles? The Council on each ſide debated for ſome time, in defence of their reſpective clients. The learned judge however declared it as his opinion, that this diſtance ſhould be reckoned by computation, as this was the ancient rule of meaſure; that the boundaries ſhould not be limited from pariſh to pariſh, but be extended from church to church, as it certainly was more for the benefit of the clergy; to favour and to aſſiſt which reverend body, a regard to religion and the welfare of mankind required. It being then proved by the Archdeacon's counſel that the benefices of Aderly and Clun were within 30 computed miles, the Jury gave a verdict for the defendant.

Auguſt 1. A driver of cattle from Smithfield was convicted in the penalty of twenty ſhillings, for cruelty to the cattle in his care; which penalty the ſaid driver being unable to pay, he was committed to the houſe of correction at Clerkenwell for one month to hard labour, purſuant to act of Parliament.

3. A Chapter of the Order of the Bath was held at St. James's, when General Howard, and John Blaquiere, Eſq; Secretary to his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, were elected, and inveſted with the enſigns of the ſaid order.

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The same day was tried before the Hon. Mr. Gould, and a special jury of gentlemen of the county of Northumberland, the long contested cause between the rector of Morpeth, plaintiff, and the burgesses and free brothers of that town, defendants; concerning the rector's claim to the tythes of corn produced on the barren and waste parts of Morpeth low common, which have been lately cultivated and improved; when, after a full hearing, and many learned arguments of counsel on both sides, a verdict was given for the defendants, to the great satisfaction of the public; it being founded on a liberal construction of a statute of Edward VI. which gives a seven years exemption from tythes to barren and waste lands, and may be the means of encouraging the improvement of many thousands of acres in this kingdom, which have been hitherto in a great measure locked up from the hand of industry, by the narrow and illiberal construction of this statute in former times, in favour of the clergy.

5. The Lord Chancellor ordered two Attorneys to be struck off the roll, for being concerned in procuring a fraudulent commission of bankruptcy.

10. A curious cause was lately brought before the Court of Session in Scotland. Two gentlemen had wagered one hundred guineas on a horse race. The loser paid a small part of the wager, but died soon after; the winner brought an action against the trustees of the deceased gentleman's heirs for the remainder of the money, who refused to pay it, alledging that no wager for more than one hundred marks could be legally recovered. The court determined, that the winner was only entitled to recover one hundred marks, but that the loser, or his heir, was liable for the remainder of the money, which was confiscated for the use of the poor of the parish where he resided, and that an action was competent for the recovery thereof.

16. The King has been pleased, on the humble petition of the merchants, tradesmen and freeholders of the borough of Helleston, in Cornwall, to reincorporate the same by the name of the Mayor and commonalty of the borough of Helleston, and to grant and confirm to them, and their successors, their antient powers, authorities, liberties and privileges.

The Royal Captain, Barrow, from China for Ballambangan, and afterwards for London, three days after she sailed from China, struck on a sand and foundered. The crew were all saved except three of the foremastmen; the ship and cargo entirely lost.

19. This morning Levy Parnet, and Wm. Waine, for burglary; and Patrick Madan, for a highway robbery, (attended by the two sheriffs, and Mr. Reynolds the under sheriff,) were conducted to Tyburn to suffer death according to their sentence. While the ordinary of Newgate was performing the duty of solemn prayer, it was suggested that Madan was innocent of the offence of which he was convicted, for that one Amos Merrit had declared that he was the person who had committed the robbery. Merrit was accordingly admitted into the cart, when Mr. Reynolds asked Merrit if Madan was innocent, and if it was true that he (Merrit) had committed the robbery? To both which he answered, that Madan *was* innocent, and that he was the guilty person. He then desired Merrit to declare the same publicly, looking at the prisoner; which he then refused to do, denying that he was the guilty person, *but that Madan was innocent.* Merrit was ordered into custody, and the sheriffs directed Mr. Reynolds to attend and report to the Secretary of State the declaration of Merrit, and to pray his Majesty's clemency in favour of the unhappy convict. Lord Rochford attended to the circumstances, and a respite was immediately made out for Madan, who was carried back to Newgate, (amidst the acclamations of many thousands) and the other two were executed.——Merrit (who was in a coach waiting for examination at the Secretary's office) was, by Mr. Reynolds's order, sent to Sir John Fielding's office, and there voluntarily confessed, before Wm. Addington, Esq. "That he was the person who robbed Wm. Beckenham of a coat and waistcoat, and 40s. of which Madan had been convicted."——[*Madan has since received his Majesty's free pardon.*

Aug. 20. A few days ago a young Gentleman shot himself at an Inn at Iston Socon, near St. Neot's. The Coroner's jury sat on the body, and brought in their verdict lunacy. It appears from the intelligence of our correspondent, that he had with him a beautiful young girl, whom he had taken from a green-stall in London, and had hired a house in the neighbourhood of Eaton for the purpose of keeping her genteelly. A farther account adds, that the above young Gentleman was the son of a couple who preferred the dictates of love to any other consideration, and married without the consent of their relations, which could never be obtained.—The grandfather, however, in his will left twelve thousand pounds to his grand-child when he was at age, which sum he took possession of about three years ago. Having contracted an acquaintance with one Mr. W———, a young Gentleman in much such circumstances, and of such a disposition as himself; their finances being exhausted, they took a resolution of putting a period to each other's existence at the same time, with pistols, and to blind the world with the appearance of a duel. The place of action was to have been at the above-mentioned place, and Mr. H——— waited three days in expectation of his friend; who not keeping his assignation, he eat his supper and retired to bed, giving strict order not to be disturbed by any one but Mr. W———. In the morning the door,

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door, however, being broke open, he was found with the piſtol in his mouth; the ball had penetrated through his head, and was found in his night-cap. Mr. W—— the ſame morning ſhot himſelf about thirty miles diſtant from the above place.

23. The King has been pleaſed, at the humble petition of the Mayor, Bailiffs, and Burgeſſes, of the borough of Abingdon in Berks, to grant unto them and their ſucceſſors, a power to chuſe every year two perſons out of the body of the capital Burgeſſes, to execute the offices of Juſtices of the Peace within the ſaid borough, and the precincts and liberties thereof, for one whole year.

28. At Lancing, in Suſſex, a violent hurricane aroſe, which blew down five barns, a ſtable, ſeveral hovels, and cart lodges; greatly damaged ſix houſes, tore up many trees by the roots, ſnapped others in the middle, and carried their tops to a conſiderable diſtance; then, directing its courſe north-eaſt, ſlightly damaged a corn-mill, and croſſed the river to Shoreham, where it abated without doing any damage.

Sept. 5. A poor fellow was ſhot dead by the guard of the Exeter coach, on ſuſpicion of his being a highwayman; but, on examination, they could find no fire-arms, or powder or ball, about him, nor any money in his pockets. He had only a pair of gloves, an apple, and a watch, in his pockets. His horſe had ſaddle-bags, in which they found only two clean ſhirts, and one dirty one, three neckcloths, and three pair of ſtockings, one of ſilk, and five or ſix bundles of hair, which appeared to have been juſt cut from different people's heads, as it was unſorted and uncurled. Before the coroner's inqueſt it appeared, that he was an hair-dreſſer in King-ſtreet, Weſtminſter, was only married on Whit-Monday laſt to an agreeable young woman, who has, with her deceaſed huſband, lodged in King-ſtreet ever ſince; and, about ten days ago, he hired a little poney to go a journey into the country to his friends, of whom he was to receive 1700l. It is ſaid that he was much in liquor, rode between the horſes of the above ſtage-coach, and being entangled, bid the coachman ſtop; he afterwards rode round the coach, ſtill bidding the driver to ſtop; and, at the ſame time, making towards the coach-door, the guard ſhot him.

At Auld-Haiks, in Fifeſhire, was the greateſt take of herrings ever known there. Some boats brought 50,000 on ſhore at one time. They were ſold to the country-people at 3d. a hundred, and to purchaſers by wholeſale 4000 for 3s. 6d. It is even ſaid, that 10,000 were offered for a bottle of gin.

8. The Stamford fly was attempted to be robbed near Stukely, in Huntingdonſhire, by a ſingle highwayman; but the guard fired a blunderbuſs, and lodged two ſlugs in his forehead. His corpſe was carried to Huntingdon, when it appeared that he was a horſe-keeper belonging to an inn at that place. He had no fire-arms about him, but made uſe of a candleſtick, inſtead of a piſtol.

13. Amos Merrit, who, at the place of execution, took upon himſelf the robbery for which Madan was about to ſuffer, was tried at the Old Bailey on that and another indictment, acquitted of both, and diſcharged.

Sept. 24. Three new windows of ſtained glaſs, which have been long in painting, were at length compleated, and fixed up in the north ſide of New College chapel, Oxford. They contain 24 figures of patriarchs and prophets, as large as life, each within a nich, upon a pedeſtal, and under a canopy of Gothic decoration. The deſign and execution do equal honour to the painter; and the brilliancy, as well as variety of the colouring, which promiſes to be laſting, exceed any thing of the kind hitherto done in this kingdom.

Sept. 30. The parliament of Great Britain was diſſolved by royal proclamation, being the only parliament that has received its diſſolution before the expiration of the term of ſeven years ſince his preſent Majeſty's acceſſion to the throne. There was but *one* ſuch diſſolution during the long reign of George II. viz. in 1746.

October 12. A diſpute which has long ſubſiſted between the court of Sardinia and that of Great Britain, on account of Mr. M'Namara's daughter, who was intruſted to the care of the Counteſs of Lozelli, of Nice, is at laſt terminated. This is the proſelyte whom the Biſhop of Nice abjured, confeſſed, and adminiſtered the ſacrament to, at the age of nine years three months; which conduct, approved by the caſuiſts of Turin, though contrary to the canons of the church of Rome, has been condemned by the Pope, and all the excommunications & anathemas *de ipſo facto*, pronounced by this court againſt thoſe who favoured the reſtitution of the child to her parents, have been declared null by the court of Rome: the epiſcopal functions of the Biſhop of Nice are ſuſpended during two years, and the caſuiſts and theological doctors of Turin are forbidden to ſupport and countenance ſuch doctrine for the future, under pain of excommunication. The King of Sardinia entirely diſapproved of the proceedings of his clergy, but he would not take upon him to decide the queſtion, without the authority of the court of Rome, that he might give his ſubjects a proof of his ſubmiſſion to the deciſion of that court. His conduct in this reſpect, has ſo well ſatisfied the court of Great Britain, that it has given him time to make ſatisfaction, without any diſputes with his clergy. The girl is returned to Ireland with her mother and ſiſter, and her father remains at Villa Franca, by conſent of the Britiſh court, to execute his engagements.

22. The London Gazette contains an order of the King in Council, commanding that no perſon (except the Maſter-general of the

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the Ordnance for his Majesty's service) presume, during the space of six months, to transport into any parts out of the kingdom, or carry coastwise, any gunpowder, or any sort of arms & ammunition, without permission from his Majesty or his Privy-council.

Nov. 7. This morning the seven following malefactors were executed at Tyburn, viz. Charles Nangle, for forging an indorsement of the name of Robert Swyer, on a Bank post-bill for 50l. William Hughes, for returning from transportation before the expiration of his time. Charles Mills, and John Pugh, for robbing Lawrence Gibson, of a guinea and 6s. Wm. Griffiths, for house-breaking; John Holden, for stealing a pair of breeches and about 12l. in a dwelling-house, near Uxbridge; and Abraham Abrahams, convicted in April session last, of feloniously publishing an order of payment of money, purporting to be the order of John Firloe, on Messr. Boldero and Co. for payment of 50l. to William Longden, with intent to defraud Anthony Chapman, and whose case was referred to the Judges.

A few days ago died, at Alton, in Hampshire, Mr. Henry Furstone; he is said to have died worth 70001. in the funds, and having no relation, he has left it to the first man of his name, who shall produce a woman of the same name, and it is to be paid them on the day of their marriage.

9. This being Lord Mayor's-day, about 12 o'clock the new Lord Mayor, old Lord Mayor, several of the Aldermen, City Officers, &c. preceded by the Joiners and Salters Companies, went in procession from Guildhall to Three-Craine stairs, where they took water, and proceeded to Westminster, and, after paying their respects to the different Courts, who were then sitting, the Lord Mayor was sworn into his office before the Barons of the Exchequer. After which they again took water, and about half after three landed at Blackfriars, from whence they proceeded thro' the city to Guildhall; but it was five before the procession could reach there, on account of the croud of people, who, by their continual loud acclamations, frightened the horses in the state coach, so that it was with difficulty they could be made to move on. The Lord Mayor was much indisposed, so that he could not enjoy the loud acclamations of his fellow-citizens. His Lordship made a very grand appearance; the livery of his footmen were blue coats, turned up with scarlet, and laced with silver, with scarlet waistcoats and breeches, laced also with silver.

Mr. Wilkes has been elected five times for the county of Middlesex, twice Alderman for the Ward of Farringdon Without, and three times returned by the Livery for Lord Mayor of London.

Nov. 11. This evening as Lord Berkely was going in his post-chaise over Hounslow-Heath, he was called to by a young man on horseback to stop; but the driver not regarding him the fellow fired at his Lordship, who immediately returned the compliment; on which a livery servant discharged a pistol at the assailant, who instantly fell from his horse, and expired with a groan. On examination it appeared, three slugs had penetrated his right breast; two loaded pistols and a mask were found in his pockets. By the horse (which he had hired that morning from a stable-keeper's near Covent-garden) being traced, he was discovered to be one Evan Jones, a hair-dresser, formerly of Eagle-street, Piccadilly.

'15. There have been coined, during the course of this year and the last, at the Mint, gold to the amount of 700,000l. sterling, and 90,000l. in copper.

18. Was argued in the Court of King's-bench, the cause between the Post-master of Hungerford in Berkshire, and the inhabitants of the said town, on the latter claiming an extra price for the delivery of letters over and above the postage. It was determined against the postmaster.

19. Came on in the Court of King's-bench, before a Special Jury, the remarkable trial at Bar, upon a writ of Mandamus, for settling finally the long contested question concerning the rights of the Freemen of Shrewsbury against the Corporation. After a long discussion, which lasted eleven hours, of the written and parole evidence on both sides, a verdict was given in favour of the rights of the freemen.

This day's London Gazette contains the translation of a declaration of war which the King of Spain has published against the Emperor of Morocco.

19. Last week the dam of a mill-pool at Sutton Coldfield, in Warwickshire, containing 36 acres, was broken by the violent rains, the water from which forced a passage thro' the middle of a pool-dam below, containing 20 acres; from thence it proceeded and took away a bridge upon the road to Sutton; and at some mills below, belonging to Mr. Oughton, carried away the dwelling-house of one Thomas Pearson, two warehouses, one large outhouse, and many loads of coals therein. The poor man's family were forced to escape naked from their beds. Great quantity of fish have been taken in the meadows, and the damage done is very great, but cannot yet be calculated.

26. The printer of the Public Advertiser, and the printer of the Morning Chronicle, were brought up to the court of King's Bench, to receive judgment in the verdict given against them for publishing a letter, signed *A South Briton*, which was deemed to a libel on the Revolution. The court adjudged them to pay each a fine of 200 marks, and 3 months imprisonment in the King's-bench.

30. The six following malefactors were executed at Tyburn, viz. John Coleby and Charles Jones, for house-breaking; Wm. Lewis, for publishing a forged draft upon Messr. Drummond

Drummond and Co. for 48l. 18s. John Rann, alias Sixteen-ſtring Jack, for robbing the Rev. Dr. Bell of his watch, and 1s. 6d; and Wm. Lane and Samuel Trotman, for aſſaulting, robbing, and barbarouſly wounding Mr. Wm. Floyd in the Knightſbridge ſtage.

22. George Strap, a journeyman ſhoe-maker, of Biceſter, was committed to Oxford caſtle, by virtue of the coroner's warrant, charged with the wilful murder of Edward Bowden, his maſter.—It appeared that the deceaſed had received a blow upon the head from a hammer, and that his throat was not only cut, but an inciſion made quite round, ſo as to almoſt ſever his head from his body. It is reported, that his maſter had informed him that he had 15 guineas by him; which is ſuppoſed to prompt the fellow to commit this atrocious crime.

The following moſt affecting and melancholy accident happened at Mr. Crabb's at Littleport in the Iſle of Ely. A grand daughter and a young woman her acquaintance, together with the maid ſervant, having accidentally caught the itch, innocently procured a preparation of mercury, as a remedy to expel it, which it ſeems they heated over a pan of coals, and put it into a bowl with which they dreſſed themſelves. Their not appearing as uſual the next morning induced Mrs. Crabb, who knew nothing of the operations over night, to go to call them, but ſhe found the door locked, and no anſwer made, on which ſhe ordered the door to be broke open, when to the great ſurprize and grief of the family, theſe three unfortunate young women were found dead; the maid ſervant on the floor, and the other two ſitting on the bed, with their heads leaning againſt each other, one having a candleſtick in her hand, and the poiſonous bowl lying by them.

30. The houſe of Henry Biſhop, gent. of Sydling in Dorſetſhire, was broke open and robbed of a conſiderable ſum of money, and Ann Chappel, his maid-ſervant, cruelly murdered. This villainous and inhuman act was not diſcovered till the evening, Mr. Biſhop being from home all day. The ſtrongeſt ſuſpicions have fallen upon one Wm. Mitchell, a labourer of Mintern, who has abſconded.

Dec. 14. Came on at Guildhall, before Ld Mansfield, and a Special Jury of Merchants, a very important cauſe, which aroſe on an iſſue directed by the Court of Chancery. The plaintiffs were, Hope, and Co. of Amſterdam, and Hoare, and Co. of London, Merchants; the defendants, Cuſt, and others, Aſſignees of Fordyce, and Co. The words of the iſſue were theſe: "Whether, on the failure of the ſaid Alexander Fordyce, the ſaid Henry Neale, William James, Alexander Fordyce, and Richard Down, the Bankrupts, were indebted to the plaintiffs in any, and what ſums of money?" The real queſtion was, "Whether the Houſe of Fordyce was privy to, or bound by a concern of money circulation tranſacted between the plaintiffs and Fordyce alone?". It was admitted, or collected from the evidence, that in truth and in fact the Houſe were not privy to this concern. It was admitted that it was a ſeparate concern, carried on by Fordyce alone, and for his ſeparate advantage,—But it was contended, that Fordyce had bound the Houſe to anſwer for him, by a Guarantee of the Houſe, though in the hand-writing (body and ſignature) of Fordyce himſelf. "That ſuch Guarantees were uſual; that credit was given to them in mercantile circulations; that the plaintiffs were not called upon to enquire whether the Houſes pledged were privy to them; and that, in point of law, by virtue of this Guarantee, they had a right, upon the failure of Fordyce, to recover the ſum due to them from the Houſe."—Ld Mansfield explained the force of theſe Guarantees, and laid it down that they might be, and often were, infected by *Covin*, i. e. by trick, between the partner, and the perſon with whom he deals, to cheat the Houſe, by drawing them into a Guarantee clandeſtinely; that ſuch *Covin* would make the Guarantee void. He acquitted the plaintiffs from being parties in this *Covin*, but he added, that groſs negligence was equivalent to *Covin*, and that their taking this Guarantee in Fordyce's hand-writing, without enquiry at the Houſe, and at the very time that they began to ſuſpect him, was groſs negligence, and, for the ſake of juſtice, ought to bar them from the benefit of ſuch a Guarantee. The Jury found for the defendants.

A bill of indictment againſt the Ducheſs of Kingſton,* for bigamy, (in marrying the late Duke at the time ſhe was actually the wife of the Hon. Auguſtus Harvey, was yeſterday preſented to the Grand Jury for Middleſex, at Hick's-hall, and found a true bill. In conſequence of which ſhe muſt appear to take her trial at the Old Bailey as a felon, or an outlawry will iſſue againſt her.

26. In all the ſea-ports of Spain, a general pardon is publiſhed in favour of the ſailors who have deſerted from his Catholic Majeſty's ſervice, provided they will return in two months, and engage on board the men of war now fitting out in the different ports of that kingdom, His Catholic Majeſty even engages to give them the arrears of pay due to them when they quitted their ſhips.

* The Ducheſs of Kingſton, while ſhe was Miſs Chudleigh, was married to Capt. Harvey, Lord B.'s brother; but, that ſhe might not loſe her place of Maid of Honour to the Princeſs Dowager of Wales, the marriage was kept a ſecret. When the Captain was tired of her, the Duke of Kingſton, ignorant of her matrimonial connection, took to her as a favourite, and afterwards as a wife; and ſince his death his relations have indicted her for felony, in marrying a ſecond huſband, the firſt being alive; by which means they hope to recover the vaſt fortune that the Duke of Kingſton had left her.

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NARRATIVE OF THE PROCEEDINGS IN THE FOURTEENTH PARLIAMENT of GREAT BRITAIN.

NUMBER I.

INTRODUCTION:

Containing a conciſe and impartial Hiſtory of the STATE *of* BRITISH AFFAIRS, *at the Meeting of Parliament, Nov.* 29, 1774.

THE ſtate of affairs in Great-Britain, in time of profound peace, was perhaps never more remarkable, never more truly critical, than it has been within theſe few years. We have ſeen conteſts ariſe from quarters whence they were leaſt ſuſpected. We have ſeen parties change ſides, and miniſters change meaſures, ſometimes from the ſlighteſt cauſes, and ſometimes even from no apparent ground at all. Ever ſince the reſignation of Mr. Pitt, an oppoſition to government has been formed, the conduct of which has varied, according to the different tempers of its leaders. This has generally been formed by a coalition of different parties, ſo has it been frequently altered, and ſometimes even ſeemed as if it were on the brink of being overthrown, by their ſplitting into various diviſions.

Every one is acquainted with the conduct of the great popular Leader, and his friends, their ſtruggles againſt Government, and their diſputes with each other; nor need we here recapitulate the various changes in the Adminiſtration, which have ſucceſſively taken place, without either altering the conduct of the Court, or proving ſatisfactory to the People.

The Miniſter at laſt pitched upon (whatever different parties might think of his meaſures and abilities) appeared at leaſt to have more ſteadineſs and uniformity in his conduct than his predeceſſors. He ſeemed in moſt matters of importance to lay a plan, and purſue it into execution, with unremitting diligence. Whilſt ſome called this wiſdom and reſolution, others gave it the epithets of Self-Confidence and Pertinaciouſneſs; but whether from a want of conception in the people, or from their diſlike of matters being carried with ſo high a hand, his meaſures were diſliked by the bulk of the ſubjects of Great-Britain.

Petitions and Remonſtrances had been preſented to the Throne in vain, againſt what was judged by ſome to be the uſurped authority of the Houſe of Commons. Theſe the King and his Miniſtry thought proper to diſregard; and the Sovereign, in particular, took every opportunity of declaring, that he ſhould always be governed by the advice of his Parliament. Such a declaration at ſome periods of time, would have been received with the warmeſt marks of approbation, by Britons. It was to obtain ſuch conceſſions that their anceſtors had riſen in arms, and ſhed their blood like water.---

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But the face of things was now changed. The Minority, and the people in general, complained that an uſurpation in one branch of government was as bad as in either of the others; that a legal Member had been already denied his Seat; and that the Majority of the Members had been elected, not by the free voice of the people, but by the powerful influence of venality and corruption. This had ever induced them to requeſt a Diſſolution of this wicked Parliament, (as they called them) in order that they might be ſent back to a new choice, in order to remedy the errors of the former, which had proved to them the cauſe of ſo much anxiety. And when this requeſt was ſlighted, they expreſſed the greateſt diſſatisfaction that the Crown did not exert its legal prerogative, which they conceived as the only likely method of redreſſing their grievances.

The people in effect had been wound up to ſuch a pitch of ill humour, by frequent diſappointments of a ſimilar nature, and by the ſpirit of oppoſition that had been raiſed among them, that had all thoſe who called themſelves Patriots been united, and in earneſt in the cauſe which they profeſſed ſo diſintereſtedly to eſpouſe, they would have been likely to have overturned a ſyſtem of Adminiſtration, founded even on a more ſolid baſis than that which they were engaged againſt.

Among the many objects which had lately engaged the attention of Government, was the ſituation of the Eaſt-India Company's affairs. They had for a long time, notwithſtanding their great ſuppoſed riches, grown more and more perplexed. The conduct of their ſervants was baſe, venal, cruel, unjuſt, and impolitic. They had oppreſſed the Indian inhabitants, even to death. They had eſtabliſhed monopolies, equally deſtructive to the well-being of the natives, and the intereſt of their maſters. Their hands were full of bribes, and their hearts replete with iniquity. Juſtice was a ſtranger to their courts, and wiſdom had departed from their councils. The Directors in England in vain endeavoured (even where they *did* interfere) to check the progreſs of thoſe over whom in effect they had no ſupreme power, or to make thoſe amenable to laws, who abroad had the laws at their command, and had, by their exceſſes, amaſſed ſuch fortunes, and made ſuch connections, as ſecured them from meeting with deſerved puniſhment at home.

Theſe exceſſes had often been publicly taken notice of; the Miniſtry had even been called upon in the public prints to interfere in the affair. Individuals who were injured had applied by turns to the Directors, and to the King and Council; and the atrocious proceedings in Aſia had become the talk of the whole nation.

Things were thus circumſtanced, when Government firſt began to notice them; and the Company were reduced to aſk the aſſiſtance of the public, by a loan, when Parliament firſt took cognizance of their affairs. After much debate, a Select Committee was appointed, armed with full powers for enquiry. The Company being alarmed, it was propoſed, at the receſs of Parliament in 1772, in the India-Houſe, during the receſs, to ſend out a new commiſſion of Superviſors (the three former Superviſors having been unhappily loſt in the Aurora). Theſe were to have full powers for regulating all their buſineſs in Aſia. After much time ſpent in ſettling their plans, ſix gentlemen were at length put in nomination, and an Officer of high rank and deſert agreed to go as the leader of this Superviſion. But the next meeting of Parliament cauſed the deſign to prove abortive. The Company's affairs underwent a ſtrict and critical examination, and Government reſolved to interfere effectually in their concerns.

It appeared that the Merchants trading to the Eaſt-Indies, as a chartered ſociety, had accepted bills to a great amount, which were near becoming due, at the ſame time that their treaſury was empty: they were likewiſe in debt to the Bank for borrowed caſh, as well as to the Revenue for duties; nor had they made good the ſtipulated payments, nor fulfilled in that reſpect the article of indemnification for teas. The dividend was raiſed to 12 1-half per cent. The annual ſtipend to Government continued, and the India bills, to the amount of 1,200,000l. accepted, though no proper funds were eſtabliſhed for the payment. The publication of the Reports of the Select Committee had been, in all reſpects, every where unfavourable to the Company; and the more ſo, as the chief part of them related to the unjuſtifiable behaviour of their ſervants in Bengal.

The Parliament, in 1773, added to this the weight of an enquiry, by means of a Private Committee, which ſome objected to; while others, who were advocates for the meaſure, aſſerted, that this mode would be beſt even for the Company, as their affairs would not thereby be ſo much expoſed as they muſt neceſſarily be by a Committee of the whole Houſe, or indeed by any other Select Committee whatſoever.

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It was reported by the Secret Committee, that the East-India Company, even then upon the verge of a bankruptcy, were on the point of ſending out a very expenſive Superviſion to Aſia, which was ill conceived, was likely to be badly executed, and muſt certainly add to their embarraſſments. They added, that it was their opinion, that the firſt ſtep which Parliament ought to take, ſhould be that of paſſing a bill to reſtrain them, at leaſt for a limited time, from iſſuing any ſuch commiſſion.

It was indeed alledged on the other hand, that the diſtreſs of the Company was merely temporary, but that on a juſt balance, with an eye to *future* emolument, the United Company of Merchants trading to the Eaſt-Indies were yet in vigour as a corporate body, and even as to *preſent* circumſtances were yet in credit. As to the *firſt* point, it was however anſwered, that this was merely precarious, eſpecially while their ſervants continued to act upon the ruinous plan which they had hitherto followed, and it was uncertain by what means of their own they could check them. As to the ſecond allegation, it was urged that the decline of their credit was beſt ſeen by the *forced* methods they had taken to re-eſtabliſh it, and by that application to Government (or in effect to the public) which they had voluntarily made, though they ſeemed now ſo unwilling to abide by the reſult of it.

To prevent the bill, which was now prepared, from paſſing, two of the Directors offered to pledge themſelves (being then in their places in the Houſe of Commons) that no Superviſors ſhould go out till a proper enquiry had been made into Eaſt-India affairs; but this offer was rejected, becauſe it was juſtly alledged that the ſenſe of the Court of Directors at one time was not the ſenſe of the ſame Court at another, and even if it were, that of a General Court of the Proprietors might at one time reverſe it. Notwithſtanding all this, the Miniſtry, and even the Parliament, were cenſured for doing what at one time it was thought to be their duty to do; and when this was urged in their defence, their adverſaries ſhifted their ground, and obſerved, that even though examining into the Eaſt-India affairs might be proper, yet there was no occaſion to carry matters ſo far; and that, though the thing in itſelf might be right, yet the *mode* of doing it was in every reſpect wrong and arbitrary. It was added, that the meaſures now adopted amounted in effect to the ſuppreſſion of the laws of the land; that the whole was a wanton exertion of the authority of Parliament, without a proper motive, and that Adminiſtration meant only to plunder a chartered Company, under the pretence of aſſiſting them in their exigencies.

Charters, indeed, whether granted to a few private perſons, or to any large body of men, have always proved ſources of diſpute in this, as they ever will in any free country. Such as have received, are reſolute in keeping all the advantages that accrue from them, and often are found endeavouring to extend them beyond their due bounds, and original intent and meaning; whilſt there are always numbers, who, as they either are, or think themſelves aggrieved by theſe grants, are conſtantly attempting to reſtrain or overturn them. This in a great meaſure was the caſe with the Eaſt-India Company: the complaints of the injuries done by their ſervants throwing no ſmall weight into the ſcale which preponderated againſt them.

The argument uſed by the Company's advocates, "That they could not prevent the abuſes of their ſervants," was one which was effectually turned againſt them by their oppoſers; who obſerved, that this was a very good ground for Adminiſtration to go upon, in throwing their affairs into the hands of Government, which could better manage ſuch a territorial acquiſition, as their Aſiatic poſſeſſions were now become, than any chartered Company whatſoever. And when their Council was heard at the Bar, the ſame concluſion was drawn, viz. "That the evils in India had been fully demonſtrated to be of ſuch a magnitude, that nothing leſs than the Legiſlature could reform them." It was further obſerved, that Legiſlature had a ſupreme controlling power, to which all things muſt and ought to ſubmit. That charters, and even laws, muſt ſubmit to a change of times and circumſtances, and muſt be altered, modelled, or repealed, as the nature of things required; that if there was a neceſſity for the interpoſition of Parliament, the Company ought to throw themſelves upon its wiſdom; and that there was ſuch a neceſſity, was moſt certainly indicated, by the Company's making an application to that body for relief and aſſiſtance.

The bill depending in Parliament in the year 1773, for the better regulation of the Company's affairs, was paſſed on theſe grounds by a conſiderable majority in both Houſes, though not without proteſts being entered, containing every argument that could be uſed againſt ſuch a meaſure, which gave to the Legiſlature the power of appointing Officers to be veſted with the civil and military authority, and the ordering

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of the Company's territorial acquiſitions in Bengal, Bahar, and Orixa. Judges were alſo appointed by the Crown, with certain ſalaries, for the better adminiſtration of juſtice in our Aſiatic dominions; and, at the ſame time, the ſum of 1,400,000 l. was voted to be raiſed by loans on Exchequer bills, to be applied for the ſervice of the Company.

We have been the more particular in our account of theſe tranſactions, by reaſon of the reference they bear to the revived diſputes with the North-Americans, whoſe advocates aſſert, "That the ſame power which deprived the Eaſt-India Company of its chartered rights, would willingly make uſe of that Company as an aid to deprive *them* likewiſe of the benefit of their charters, by a ſimilar ſtretch of arbitraray and illerted authority."

The ill-concerted ſtamp-act, which was the political child of Mr. Grenville, had firſt ſet the Coloniſts in a ferment; and ſome, who were no friends to this meaſure, aſſert, that if there could be any thing worſe judged than the paſſing this act, it was the repeal of it, which followed ſo ſoon after. Whether they were ſtrictly right in this aſſertion, or not, certain it is, that nothing but American complaints and American bickerings have, in ſome degree or other, ſubſiſted ever ſince.---------Having gained one point, the Coloniſts were led to the diſcuſſion of many others, which it would have perhaps been better both for them and us had reſted unexamined. Every day ſuggeſted to them ſome new grievance that they ſuffered or imagined that they ſuffered from the Government of Great-Britain; and they now ſeemed firſt to have found out what was evident enough long before, namely, that many reſtraints were laid upon them, for the advantage of their mother-country.

However, they kept within bounds, after the repeal of the ſtamp-act, &c. till a ſhip, laden with tea, the property of the Eaſt-India Company, arrived at Boſton, a ſmall duty upon which being reſolved not to pay, ſome of the inhabitants of the place, in diſguiſe, entered the veſſel, and threw the whole offending cargo into the ſea.

This added freſh fuel to the fire. In England, it was repreſented as the moſt daring outrage againſt Government, and piratical plunder of private property, that ever was committed in a country where laws ſubſiſted. In America, the *act* was applauded, though the *actors* were kept behind the curtain; and a general alarm was ſpread all over the country, concerning this new attempt to tax America by a Britiſh Act of Parliament, whoſe edicts they declared they were reſolved never to ſubmit to.

The publication of certain letters of Meſſrs. Hutchinſon and Oliver (formerly Governor and Lieutenant-Governor of the Province) contributed ſtill more to excite the reſentment of the people of Boſton. A duel was fought in England, occaſioned by the charge of confidence betrayed in the communicating them. But Dr. Franklin, the American Agent, ſoon afterwards gave the public to underſtand, that they were communicated in a manner different from what had been ſuppoſed in England; and ſo that matter reſted.

Theſe letters contained hints of the neceſſity of making ſome alteration in the government of the Province of Maſſachuſet's Bay:---ſuggeſtions, which were not *new*, though they tended ſo much to incenſe the Coloniſts, whoſe ſubſequent behaviour (in the opinion of many) proved the beſt commentary upon the propriety of them.

From this period, nothing but heart-burnings and uneaſineſs could be expected between them and their Governor.——The project for making Governors independent of the people, as far as regarded their ſalaries, was another matter which gave great offence, but which the Crown and Adminiſtration at home had reſolved to carry into execution. Jealous of the leaſt alteration in what they called their Conſtitutional Government, the Coloniſts had expreſſed the greateſt diſguſt at this ſtep, and had done every thing that lay in the compaſs of their power to prevent it from being carried into execution.

But the outrage which the inhabitants of Boſton had ſuffered to be committed on the tea-ſhip, their perpetual riots, and repeated inſults, not only upon the Naval and Cuſtom-houſe Officers, but on ſeveral peaceable perſons who were ſuſpected of favouring Government, together with the menaces they were imprudent enough to vent againſt thoſe in the Government, occaſioned the Legiſlature at home, who had already ſent troops among them, to augment the number of ſoldiers; and, after the return of Mr. Hutchinſon, who had rendered himſelf ſo obnoxious to their reſentment, to appoint a military gentleman to the government of the Province.

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Beſides this, it was judged expedient by Parliament, to ſhut up the Port of Boſton, leaving, however, a power veſted in his Majeſty to take off this reſtraint whenever he ſhould ſee fit.---The nature and form of the Government was alſo changed, by an act of the ſame Seſſion of Parliament, wherein it was enacted, "That the Council ſhould be called up by the King's mandamus, and that the Judges ſhould be appointed by the Crown;" and General G---e had orders from Adminiſtration to take every legal meaſure to ſecure the peace, prevent riots, and protect ſuch as were threatened with any injury either in their perſons or properties, by the madneſs of party-rage, or the evils of private malice or reſentment.

Theſe meaſures of Government were no ſooner known in America, than the rage of the Coloniſts tranſported them beyond all the bounds of moderation. They affirmed that their conſtitution was ſubverted, that their privileges were trampled upon, that of freemen they were become ſlaves, that Adminiſtration was wicked, Parliament unjuſt, and that nothing leſs than their deſtruction could ſatisfy the mother country. They averred, that they wanted nothing from England, that they could ſubſiſt without Great-Britain, but that Great-Britain would be ruined, were it not for them. They held frequent meetings, vowed fidelity to each other, laid a plan for preventing all future importations from, and exportations to, any part of Great-Britain; and concluded, by reſting their liberties on their ancient charters, and profeſſing their loyalty to his Majeſty; at the ſame time that they declared, "They would not be the ſubjects of ſubjects: they would not (as they emphatically phraſed it) become the Helots of the Spartans." *

However injurious ſome at home might deem reflections of this kind, yet they were common among the Americans: Boſton took the lead; and the puniſhment inflicted upon that place (eſpecially as it included an alteration in Government) was looked upon as a common cauſe, and ſupported accordingly. Proviſions and ſupplies of all kinds were voted by the Committees appointed in different Colonies, to be ſent to the *beſieged* Boſtonians, as they were called; among whom no leſs than ſix regiments were diſpoſed; beſides that, on account of ſome menaces thrown out by the country people, batteries were erected at the entrance of the town, which now became the aſylum of all ſuch as feared the popular reſentment.

But before we proceed any farther, it may not be amiſs to give the readers a proper idea of the nature of our Settlements in general, and the form of Government eſtabliſhed on charters which they claim upon. Theſe are various in their nature, and many of them ſo different in their conſtruction, that it will be really wonderful to hear of their reſolving upon any meaſures in concert which may be for the benefit of America in general, where ſo many different intereſts are concerned.

The Colonies in general are well peopled; yet the accounts of their vaſt population, by ſome, is rather exaggerated.—In the year 1760, the proportions of the four Provinces, which New England comprizes, were eſtimated as follows:

Maſſachuſet's-Bay	400,000
Connecticut	100,000
Rhode Iſland	30,000
New Hampſhire	24,000
	554,000

Which account included a ſmall number of Indians and Blacks, the reſt being Whites.

The moſt conſiderable of the four Provinces (as to the number of people) is Maſſachuſet's-Bay. Formerly the people of this Province had the privilege of chooſing their own Governor, as well as the Council and Aſſembly; but, on accuſation of their having abuſed this power being laid againſt them, they were deprived of it by a judgment in a *Quo Warranto*, in the King's-Bench in England, in the reign of King Charles the Second.-------After the Revolution, they received a more favourable one, but ſuch as was by no means equal in the extent of privilege to that which they had loſt: the places of Governor, Lieutenant-Governor, and other chief poſts in the law and revenue, remaining in the diſpoſal of the Crown, as

* The Helots were a people whom the ancient Spartans held in perpetual ſlavery.

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alſo the Militia; though the Council *(till the late changes)* was choſen by the Repreſentatives of the people. Appeals above £. 300 were admitted by this charter to the King and Council; and all laws paſſed there, were to be remitted to England, for the aſſent of the King, without which they were not valid. The ſalary of the Governor, the people of this Province could never be brought to ſettle by any regular ſtandard, as it remained entirely at their pleaſure [*it is now ſettled, as dependent on the Crown*] and the Coloniſts reaſon was, that by ſuch a mode they could the more effectually reduce their Chief Magiſtrate to behave in a popular manner.

When the Charters were attacked in Charles's reign, Connecticut agreed to ſubmit to the King's pleaſure; no judgment was therefore given againſt them: at the Revolution, in conſequence of this, they were deemed to be in poſſeſſion of their old charters; which were nearly as extenſive as thoſe of the Maſſachuſet's were formerly.

Rhode Iſland, a ſmall Province, preſerved its Charter by the ſame method.

New Hampſhire, the fourth Province, has always been conſidered as a *Royal Government*. The nomination of the Officers of Juſtice, of the Militia, and the appointment of the Council, having always remained with the Crown.

Beſides theſe two forms of Charter and Royal Government, there is alſo what is called a *Proprietary* one: Large tracts of land being obtainted with facility, at the firſt planting our Colonies in America; over which a power, little inferior to *regal*, might at that time be obtained by an individual, who had Court intereſt: a trifling quit-rent only being demanded, to ſhew their dependance on the Crown of England.-----Barbadoes had been thus granted to the Earl of Carliſle; Carolina was formerly a Government of this kind, but ſubject to eight Proprietaries, who reſigned on account of inteſtine diviſions, and put the Province under the immediate protection of the Crown; New Jerſey was of the ſame ſort, but likewiſe failed.---Pennſylvania and Maryland are now the only proprietary Governments remaining, and theſe are in a great meaſure abridged of their privileges. The Conſtitution of the latter is ſimilar to that of the Royal Government, only the Governor is to be appointed by the Proprietary, and approved of by the Crown; to which the Cuſtoms alſo are reſerved, and on whom alone the Officers collecting them are dependant.--- The Proprietary in Pennſylvania is under the ſame reſtrictions as in Maryland, with relation to the Crown; as to what regards the people, it is ſtill more reſtrained, having no Council, which in other Provinces ſerves as a medium between the Governor and the people; and thus his power is held in a very unequal balance.

Before the preſent diſturbances, many have been of opinion that the Charter Governments in general were badly inſtituted, and not well conducted; and the event has proved, that they have been ſuch as have given birth to perpetual diſſenſions between the Government and the people there, and have more than once contributed to perplex the Legiſlature at home.

As to the preſent diſputes between the Mother Country and the Colonies, the former aſſerts that right, which in divers other caſes has never been denied; while the latter reſt their claim upon old Charters, and on the ſuppoſition, that they are by no means either actually or virtually repreſented in the Parliament of England; to whoſe acts, therefore, they abſolutely refuſe to render any obedience.

In anſwer to the firſt argument which regards Charters, it has been obſerved, as it was in the Eaſt-India Company's caſe, that theſe as well as laws muſt give way to times and circumſtances; that they would be, at the ſame time, the moſt arbitrary and the moſt unreaſonable of all grants if it were otherwiſe; and that the Parliament, according to the preſent inſtitution of things, and our happy Conſtitution, has the power (with the Royal Aſſent) to revoke the grants of former Kings, as well as to repeal any acts which might not be for the public good.-----As to the ſecond argument, the matter of actual and virtual Repreſentation has been moſt warmly diſputed. By the Coloniſts, it was argued, that thoſe who had no Repreſentatives, had no right to pay any taxes; but to this it was objected, that thouſands even in the Britiſh dominions paid taxes, who were not, and could not be repreſented.-------- The ſtate of the Iriſh was next adduced; but it was anſwered, that the American Coloniſts by no means formed a ſeparate kingdom; that they were emigrants from our own dominions; and beſides, that they neither had, nor ever pretended to have, a regular Parliament of their own, nor could find it convenient to ſend Repreſentatives to the Britiſh Parliament; by whoſe acts, they, as well as all the reſt of the Britiſh Empire, ought to be bound, or otherwiſe, they muſt, in effect, be independent;

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dent, and while they refuſed to contribute to expences which in the laſt war they had been ſo highly inſtrumental in incurring, muſt become uſeleſs to this country.

It is true that the Coloniſts talked of granting certain ſums by requiſition, or requeſt, and this their advocates ſay muſt ſufficiently anſwer every rational end of Government, without having recourſe to the mode of taxation now adopted. But on the other hand it is objected, that as this method of requiſition ſuppoſes alſo a right of refuſal, it is by no means a proper one, but will always leave us at the moſt important criſis, at the mercy of their good will and approbation. Beyond diſpute, the Coloniſts have ſometimes furniſhed us abundantly, nay, in ſuch a manner, that a part of what was granted, has been returned to them. This is urged in favour of the Coloniſts, and by ſome has been reckoned a moſt cogent argument againſt taxing them in the preſent manner; whilſt others have, on the contrary, brought inſtances where they were refractory, and have likewiſe obſerved, that however largely they might have contributed with the greateſt good-will towards their own defence, it ought not to be imputed to them as a merit, eſpecially when it is conſidered that the laſt war was undertaken chiefly on their account, and that it is this very undertaking that has burdened Britain with additional taxes, to which, on pretence of diſliking the mode of raiſing them, they now abſolutely refuſe at all to contribute.

Whatever force the arguments on either ſide may have, the Americans have certainly ſome real advantages; not the leaſt of which is, that notwithſtanding their complaint of a want of repreſentation in England, their cauſe is warmly eſpouſed by many individuals, who imagine their own particular intereſt to be concerned in ſo doing, and by an innumerable multitude of others, who deemed the cauſe of the Coloniſt, and that of liberty, the ſame.

It has ever been the peculiar characteriſtic of the Engliſh nation to declare (often indeed prematurely) in favour of thoſe whom they had the leaſt reaſon to ſuppoſe in any meaſure injured or oppreſſed. With a liberality unparalleled in hiſtory, the bulk of the Engliſh nation were ready to take part with thoſe who ſcrupled not, on account of the ſuppoſed miſconduct of ſome, to expreſs their hatred of the Britiſh name: with a generoſity, unexampled as it has been ſaid to be undeſerved, they clamoured in favour of thoſe who refuſed to contribute to the exigencies of Government, at the ſame time that they knew ſuch a refuſal, on whatſoever principles it might be conceived, muſt double the weight upon their own ſhoulders.

Without entering deeply into the merits of either party, *this* at leaſt is evident; the remark is no more than what juſtice requires; and thoſe who make it, cannot be charged with partiality. It is to be lamented, whatever might be the grievances of the Coloniſts, that they had not acted with equal moderation; ſince ſuch a conduct might have prevented many of the evils which have ſince enſued, and prevented a breach of confidence, which now the wiſeſt among them and us may poſſibly never be able to heal.

The great object of the Colonies was that of ſending Deputies to a general Congreſs. This, notwithſtanding ſome obſtacles which ſeemed to lie in the way, was a plan that, being once laid, they were reſolved to accompliſh; and on a proper conſideration it appeared, that whether the mode was conſtitutional or not, ſituated as they were, there was no power that could hinder them. Previous to their taking this ſtep, the Conſtituents gave out that there was nothiug in it but what ought to be wiſhed for by every worthy man; that it was intended only to adopt the moſt moderate meaſures, and to reſtore peace and tranquility to America.

It was thought that declarations of this kind might reſtrain the people from acts of violence, even better than troops quartered amongſt them; the friends of the Coloniſts were all ready to aſſert this, and the other party ſeemed ready to believe them; but matters turned out otherwiſe; and whether from the diſguſt conceived againſt the meaſures of Government, or from the diſpoſition of the people, riots became more frequent than ever, where there was no military power to check them; and this very circumſtance was urged by the miniſterial party as a ſufficient reaſon for the preſence of thoſe troops which the others had ſo vehemently inveighed againſt.

During all this time, however, the people of Maſſachuſet's Bay failed not to preſent Remonſtrances (generally decent in their terms) to the Governor, on account of every ſucceſſive circumſtance which they could by any means apprehend to be an incroachment upon their juſt rights and privileges. The anſwers given were moſtly ſhort and wary, conceived in terms which on the one hand might not encourage cauſeleſs complaints, and on the other ſide could not be properly conſtrued into an inclination to arbitrary meaſures.

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meaſures. But as words on either ſide could be little ſatisfactory in matters of this nature, ſo it fell out that the Remonſtrances, and the Replies to them, commonly proved equally unſerviceable, and both parties were ſtill farther confirmed in their own opinions, by the methods which had been uſed to controvert them.

Among the unpopular acts which paſſed in this Parliament, was another commonly called the Quebec Act, which by permitting the exerciſe of the Romiſh Religion under particular reſtrictions, and likewiſe allowing of a different mode of trial in certain caſes, from that practiſed in England, and eſpecially the trial by juries, gave great offence to many on this, as well as on the other ſide of the Atlantic. Popery and ſlavery was now the general cry, that was dinned in every one's ears; it was aſſerted in the firſt place, that this was done with a view to conciliate the affections of the Catholic Canadians, in order that a body of troops might be raiſed among them, who were to cut the throats of the Proteſtants in North-America. From thence it was eaſy for people who argued in this manner to paſs over into Great-Britain, where they predicted that the ſame popery and ſlavery would certainly in conſequence take place, and that all our liberties, civil and political, would be ſhortly quite overturned. Overſtrained and unconnected as this manner of argument might be, many both at home and abroad adopted it; and this bill was one of the high crimes and miſdemeanors laid to the charge of the Miniſtry, whoſe views were ſuppoſed to be ſo clearly ſeen through upon the occaſion.

The powers veſted in the Crown by theſe acts ſeem to have furniſhed the chief cauſe of complaints to a people ever jealous of their liberty, who conſequently ſuppoſe every additional weight thrown into that ſcale as tending either directly or indirectly to ſubvert their rights and privileges. On ſuch principles it was that a general diſguſt was conceived againſt theſe proceedings, and no opinion was conceived to be orthodox in politics which gave the leaſt ſhadow of countenance to them. Nevertheleſs they were all warmly defended by ſome who reſted their opinions on the utility of the acts, and the conſtant controul which Parliament ſtill has over the regal power, according to the principles of the Britiſh Conſtitution; which power, they argued, the Americans ſeemed rather inclined to increaſe by their undue attachment to charters, and declaring themſelves the ſubjects of the King alone, and not of the whole united body of the Britiſh Legiſlature.

In truth, there was little occaſion to go abroad to ſeek for new grievances. There were ſufficient of theſe complained of at home; ſome of which were real, and, as will always happen, ſome exiſted only in the imaginations of the people. Ever ſince the peace, ill humours had been generating in the nation, and every day ſeemed to adminiſter fuel to the flame of diſſention which had been raiſed, as we before obſerved, by thoſe who oppoſed the Favourite and his meaſures. At the ſame time thoſe who were moſt intent upon political matters, ſeemed to forget the commercial ſtate of the nation, which was far from being favourable. Trade appeared abſolutely declining on the one hand---whilſt, on the other, the high price of proviſions rendered it impoſſible but that many of the artificers and labouring poor muſt be reduced almoſt to a ſtarving condition, either for want of employment, or of higher wages; the raiſing of which muſt in itſelf always be prejudicial to a trading country like this, by giving other nations the opportunity of underſelling us at foreign markets.

It had been more than once recommended to the Parliament from the Throne, to take theſe matters into conſideration, but little or nothing had been done in them; partly on account of their attention being engroſſed by political diſputes, and partly by reaſon of the intricacy of the cauſes from whence the grievances ſprung, which now demanded a redreſs. Not but that there were ingenious perſons who ſtrove to inveſtigate theſe, and ſome of them with great accuracy; yet even when the evils were expoſed, the cure of them appeared ſo complicated, that thoſe who had the care of the State's health, ſeemed tacitly to acknowledge that they knew not how to undertake it.

The frequent Bankruptcies which happened in the nation, undoubtedly greatly tended to the ſtagnation of trade, and was one, though perhaps not a primary ſource, of the evils complained of. It was ſenſibly remarked by thoſe who firſt wrote upon the ſubject, that the monopolizing farms muſt be conſidered as one great cauſe of the dearneſs of proviſions, a poſition which was proved to demonſtration by ſeveral able writers. To theſe ſome added the enormous ſize of the Capital, which certainly, as it muſt be ſupplied with proviſions, would tend to render them dear, eſpecially ſince the turnpike roads had made the conveyance eaſy from almoſt any part of the country, and

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and the vender was sure to find a sale of his commodity in London. At the same time, remarks were made upon the numbers of people in the Metropolis, who lived only upon ideal wealth, such as paper credit, stock-jobbing, gaming in the funds, and other business of mere speculation. All these must be supplied with the necessaries of life, many of them even living in affluence, without contributing in the least to the wealth or common stock which they were continually consuming. The contagion had spread almost to all conditions of men. The public gaming of Lotteries, countenanced by the Government, had debauched even the lower class of the people, who neglected their callings for this idle deception; while those who by ill success in business, or otherwise, had either imprudently or dishonestly involved themselves in difficulties, sported thus with their creditor's money, depending only on chance for a lucky hit, which they conceived might raise their fortunes, and if that never happened, they could only become bankrupts a little sooner, and leave less money to discharge their lawful debts.

Another unhappy circumstance for this City was said to be the increasing number of those who are perhaps most properly called *Tradesmen*, (i. e. the *Deliverers* of goods manufactured by other people). These are to be considered in nearly the same predicament as those who sell only by commission, and yet the increase of the former has by no means abridged that of the latter class of men. These Tradesmen, without manufacturing any thing, and without promoting foreign commerce in the least degree, raise the commodity from 10 or 20 to 100 per cent. according to the nature of it, upon the vender. There is no occasion for such a number of these who live upon what they do not contribute to supply; few, very few of them, are necessary. In most cases, the Merchant alone is wanted to come between the manufacturer and the vender, for the benefit of commerce, and the facility of exportation. Luxury in the rich, and idleness in the poor, have been considered as the general causes of that poverty complained of among us. While the former were contented to reside at their seats in the country, where they lived like princes; and, while the latter duly attended to business, instead of plunging in riot and dissipation, the grievances now complained of were agreed to be by no means so enormous. Now all classes of men were concerned in them, and the correction was required to be almost universal.

But, above all things, the falling off of the North American trade, in consequence of the disputes with the Colonists, was most loudly talked of; and in some measure this was certainly true, and more than this; for the people of New England seemed resolved not only to withdraw their trade from us, but even to with-hold the payment of their debts to Britain, if their demands were not complied with.

As to the first circumstance, and indeed the whole of what related to our breaking with the Americans, it was what some politicians asserted long since would be the case; it was what others, after the event happened, said was no more than what might well have been expected from Colonies situated under nearly the same parallels of latitude, and where the country in general was such as could be brought to bear a produce the same, or nearly a similar kind, to our own.

These politicians affirmed, that it was an event which must, sooner or later, at some time have taken place; that it might indeed have been deferred for a few years, but that was the utmost that could have been expected. They went further, and asserted that our possessions beyond the Atlantic had upon the whole even proved in some respects rather detrimental than beneficial to us. They averred that numbers of tradesmen, manufacturers, &c. were drawn together upon the prospect of the American trade, which must fail (as it now has done) at some period or other; and that the consequences then could not but be highly prejudicial to Great-Britain. But, to speak candidly; allowing this argument its full force, it certainly rather tends to prove the advantage of the American trade *while it lasts*, than otherwise; consequently, though it should be allowed that it must fail at one time or other, it would be well worth the while of Great-Britain to put off that evil day, at least to a time, when other concurring circumstances may render the inhabitants of this country more able to bear the failure. By what means, conciliating or coercive, this end may best be effected, it must lie with the wisdom of legislature to determine.

But we cannot help remarking that the Americans seem not only to have hindered us of the benefits of their trade, but in a measure to have robbed us of those arising from our own. Our subjects emigrate daily at a time when Colonization of such a kind is no longer serviceable to the State: they take along with them our manufactures, and will not be warned against the particular evils attending such emigrations,

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even from the accounts given by thoſe whom experience has made wiſe, and who have found no ſuch ſucceſs as they promiſed themſelves in reſorting to America.

At the ſame time, we find that the increaſe of our foreign trade is by no means ſuch as can be ſuppoſed to balance the loſs of that which we formerly drove on with our own Colonies. Quite the contrary; we have warred; we have negotiated for ſuch an increaſe in vain. There is a viſible falling off upon the balance, when the exports and the imports are compared together; and what it is perhaps of no leſs conſequence to remark, the latter are not only leſs advantageous, but the former more uſeleſs, and conſiſting of a greater number of articles appropriated to luxury, than ever was known in theſe kingdoms.

This is a melancholy view of affairs; yet upon examination it will be found a juſt one. And while things are in this ſtate, it is not wonderful that a nation ſhould be diſtreſſed, and even on the verge of a general bankruptcy; it is owing to the ſuperior Genius of Britain, and to the conſequences of her former triumphs, that ſhe ſtill riſes ſuperior to ſuch evils. It is plain, however, that matters draw to a criſis; a circumſtance which requires particular attention.

While theſe things paſſed at home, the foreign powers in general (Ruſſia and the Porte then in actual war excepted) made profeſſions of the moſt pacific inclinations towards Great-Britain, and each other. The Spaniards had indeed been accuſed of ſome depredations, and hoſtile deſigns. Their ſeizure of Falkland's iſlands had even occaſioned preparations for a war to be made in England. The point in diſpute was, however, compromiſed between the two powers, and the matter brought to a favourable iſſue, without bloodſhed, to the great diſappointment of thoſe who hoped for advantage from the conſequences of war and confuſion.

The Court of France was quite quiet. The French Miniſtry, it was ſaid, had refuſed in any degree to countenance the Spaniards, in caſe of their entering into hoſtilities with England; and in this diſpoſition they remained till the death of the old King, and the acceſſion of Louis XVI. to the Crown; who has recalled the Old Parliaments, which his grandfather baniſhed, and put the adminiſtration of affairs into different hands. What conſequences this change will produce in regard to the affairs of Europe, time only can determine.

It has been already obſerved, that a difference ſubſiſted between the Patriots, ſome of whom acted upon principles that ſeemed to be incompatible with thoſe adopted by others. However, the temper of the nation was ſuch, that the people gave them credit for their profeſſions, however apparently oppoſite; and a belief in them was expected from every Son of Freedom. Not but that there were thoſe who deteſted Miniſterial Cabals, and were the true friends of their country, who yet would not join in the general cry, and diſdained to acquire a ſhort-liv'd fame, by merely attaching themſelves to any particular ſet of men whatſoever. But theſe moderate perſons were generally diſregarded; and as the parties ran high, it was expected that all ſhould liſt themſelves under the banner of one or the other.

Mr. Wilkes, who was generally deemed the Hero of Oppoſition, and little eſteemed even in private life, though at once engaged in a conteſt with the Miniſtry and a great body of the Patriots, ſtill ſeemed to gain every point he aimed at; and after having gotten his friends and relations into ſome of the moſt honourable and profitable places in the city, at length was himſelf elected Lord-Mayor of this metropolis.

In the mean time, the Miniſtry, though they had hitherto carried matters with a high hand, were reſolved no longer to oppoſe a man, whom they began to be ſenſible that oppreſſion of Government alone had raiſed into conſequence. This, the author of the letters ſigned *Junius*, had already informed them, and this was what, if they had reaſoned juſtly, they would have found long ago. As it was, he was approved as Chief Magiſtrate of London by the Lord Chancellor, and took his ſeat as Member of Parliament for Middleſex at the General Election.

This event was brought on at a period ſomewhat earlier than it would have happened according to the common courſe of the Conſtitution of Parliaments, by an exertion of the Royal Prerogative, in diſſolving that Great Aſſembly by Proclamation, which was made on the 30th of September; the writs bearing teſte on Saturday the 1ſt day of October, and being returnable on Tueſday the 29th of November, 1774.

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This diſſolution of the Parliament, though it was what had before been ſo earneſtly deſired by the Patriots, failed not now to raiſe diſcontents among the people; who aſſerted, that it was a manœuvre of the Miniſtry, in order to ſecure a majority by the ſuddenneſs of the meaſure. Whether this was the caſe or not, if we can judge from appearances, the majority ſeems to be on the ſame ſide, and in favour of many of the meaſures adopted by the late Parliament.

The grand object which now lies under the conſideration of Parliament, is the buſineſs of America, which at preſent principally engages the public attention.----- We have already obſerved upon the charters, number of inhabitants, &c. in New England, which takes the lead in the preſent American diſturbances: as the greateſt reaſon offered by the ſupporters of the Coloniſts, in their favour (and which will now claim the attention of the Great Aſſembly of the nation) is their ſituation, and the likelihood they have of maintaining themſelves by their own induſtry, as well as turning the courſe of their commerce to other nations, we ſhall only add a few remarks communicated by the moſt accurate obſervers.

New England lies from 41 to 45 degrees of latitude, ſtretching along an extenſive coaſt: but the Back Settlements are continually expoſed to the irruptions of the Indians. The climate, though further to the ſouthward, is by no means ſo moderate as that of England. The ſummers are rather hotter, the winters moſt ſeverely cold.---- The ſoil is various, but generally unfavourable to European corn: the wheat is apt to be blaſted, and the oats lean and chaffy. The paſture lands in general are tolerably good, though where, from a principle of œconomy, too much graſs is grown, the hay is often rank and ſour. Flax is a growth favoured by the ſoil: the culture of hemp has been later, but not unſucceſsfully adopted. Sheep, oxen, and hogs are generally plentiful; and there are many other European commodities which the New England men are now endeavouring to raiſe. The linen manufactory has been lately much improved by Iriſh and Scotch emigrants; and as to wool, they have ſuch as will make tolerable good cloth, though by no means equal to that manufactured in Great-Britain.

This being the ſtate of the caſe, it remains therefore to be conſidered how far ſuch a people, by withdrawing their trade, (a great part of which has been long loſt to us by ſmuggling) can injure the Mother Country; how far they can ſubſiſt upon their own growth (the chief of which, as to corn, is maze) and eſtabliſh a trade by their own induſtry; as alſo, what a length of time it will take to bring about the end they ſeem to aim at, and what weight the obſtacles which deſign or accident may throw in their way, will have upon them, on a due conſideration.

Finally, whether yielding to the Coloniſts, in regard to certain points, or whether determining to force them to a ſubmiſſion in all; and, if the latter ſhould be reſolved on, whether ſending more ſoldiers among them, or re-calling thoſe already ſent, and contenting ourſelves with preventing, by our men of war and privateers, their trade to foreign countries, would be the beſt method?----theſe are the queſtions which Parliament muſt determine.

There is no doubt but that if conciliating meaſures could be had recourſe to, without the danger of the Coloniſts perpetually inſiſting upon ſtill *more* than was granted, till at laſt they claimed an abſolute independance, theſe would be the beſt. As it is, the matter appears a doubt, which of itſelf has given ſufficient ground to ſuch candidates; who indeed might have urged many other reaſons againſt implicitly ſubſcribing to the *previous commands* propoſed to them by their Conſtituents, as preliminary articles to their obtaining a ſeat in the preſent Parliament.

Such was the ſtate of affairs at the opening of the preſent Parliament, the criſis of which gives *ſome* every thing to *hope*, *others* every thing to *fear*, and all every thing to expect, from the determinations of the Great Aſſembly of the nation.

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NARRATIVE OF THE PROCEEDINGS IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

ON Tuesday, Nov. 29, the two Houses of Parliament met; and his Majesty having come to the House of Peers, the Commons were ordered to attend, when the Lord Chancellor signified his Majesty's pleasure that they should proceed to the choice of a Speaker. Accordingly they returned, when Lord Guernsey proposed the Right Hon. Sir Fletcher Norton. Lord Robert Spencer seconded the motion; and the question being put, it was unanimously carried.

Sir Fletcher then rose in his place, and after thanking the House for this *second* proof of their confidence, assured them of a punctual obedience to their commands. The Lords Guernsey and Spencer then conducted the Speaker to the first step of the chair, where he again addressed the House, and proposed to alter the petition, relative to the ancient privileges of the House, on his being presented for the King's approbation. He afterwards sat down, and the House adjourned.

NOVEMBER 30.

The Commons again attended in the Upper House, when the Speaker received the approbation of his Majesty; and having by petition claimed the ancient privileges of the House, (particularly, that their persons, estates, and servants might be free from all arrests and molestations, not taken away or abridged by Parliament; that they might have liberty of speech in all their debates; and might have access to his Majesty's person when occasion should require) his Majesty was pleased to grant the same, in as ample a manner as had been done by any of his predecessors.

His Majesty then made the following most gracious Speech to the two Houses of Parliament:

"*My Lords, and Gentlemen,*

"IT gives me much concern, that I am obliged, at the opening of this Parliament, to inform you, That a most daring spirit of resistance, and disobedience to the law, still unhappily prevails in the province of the Massachuset's bay, and has, in divers parts of it, broke forth in fresh violences of a very criminal nature. These proceedings have been countenanced and encouraged in other of my colonies, and unwarrantable attempts have been made to obstruct the commerce of this kingdom, by unlawful combinations. I have taken such measures, and given such orders, as I judged most proper and effectual for carrying into execution the laws which were passed in the last session of the late Parliament, for the protection and security of the commerce of my subjects, and for the restoring and preserving peace, order, and good government, in the Province of the Massachuset's bay; and you may depend upon my firm and stedfast resolution to withstand every attempt to weaken or impair the supreme authority of this Legislature over all the dominions of my Crown; the maintenance of which I consider as essential to the dignity, the safety, and the welfare of the British empire; assuring myself that, while I act upon these principles, I shall never fail to receive your assistance and support.

"I have the greatest satisfaction in being able to inform you, that a treaty of peace is concluded between Russia and the Porte. By this happy event, the troubles which have so long prevailed in one part of Europe are composed, and the general tranquility rendered complete. It shall be my constant aim and endeavour to prevent the breaking out of fresh disturbances; and I cannot but flatter myself I shall succeed, as I continue to receive the strongest assurances from other Powers of their being equally disposed to preserve the peace.

"*Gentlemen of the House of Commons,*

"I have ordered the proper estimates for the service of the ensuing year to be laid before you; and I doubt not but that, in this House of Commons, I shall meet with the same affectionate confidence, and the same proofs of zeal and attachment to my person and government, which I have always, during the course of my reign, received from my faithful Commons.

"*My Lords, and Gentlemen,*

"Let me particularly recommend to you, at this time, to proceed with temper in your deliberations, and with unanimity in your resolutions. Let my people, in every part of my dominions, be taught by your example, to have a due reverence for the laws, and a just sense of the blessings of our excellent constitution. They may be assured that, on my part, I have nothing so much at heart as the real prosperity and lasting happiness of all my subjects."

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The Speech being ended, the Commons returned to their Houſe, and immediately proceeded to the ſwearing in the Members.

DECEMBER 1, 2.

Continued to ſwear in Members.

DECEMBER 5.

This day ſome few Members were ſworn in, and the ſeveral uſual ſtanding orders relative to privileges, trade, religion, controverted elections, the interference of Peers, and double returns, read and agreed to.

Lord Beauchamp moved for an addreſs to his Majeſty, to return his Majeſty the thanks of this Houſe for his moſt gracious Speech from the Throne. Beſides the uſual form of addreſſing, his Lordſhip introduced ſeveral pertinent obſervations on the preſent ſpirit of the Coloniſts, their reſolves, meetings, and in particular their intended non-importation agreement.

His Lordſhip was ſeconded by Mr. De Crey, jun.—Lord John Cavendiſh now roſe, and having previouſly condemned the conduct of Adminiſtration, and the turbulent ſpirit of the Colonies, moved an amendment, in calling for ſuch papers relative to America, as had been received ſince the laſt Seſſions, without which, his Lordſhip remarked, it would be impoſſible for the houſe to determine whether it might be neceſſary to adopt other meaſures.

Lord North anſwered Lord John Cavendiſh in a ſhort ſpeech, and ſaid he ſhould give himſelf or the Houſe very little trouble, as he imagined when he came in that there was not a Member preſent, who would not perceive the neceſſity for acting in the manner propoſed by the ſpeech.---His Lordſhip owned himſelf to be the fabricator of it, and ſaid that it was drawn up ſhort, purely to avoid all cavil, and to promote an unanimity of opinion at this important criſis.

He was anſwered by Mr. Frederic Montagu, who in general diſapproved of the Addreſs, and ſeconded the motion for the amendment very ſtrenuouſly.

Gov. Johnſton ſpoke very fully to the ſame ſide, and was heard with a good deal of attention. He contended very ably, that America was not worth keeping on the terms and principles contained in the Addreſs.

Col. Barré was very able on the ſame ſide. He was of the ſame opinion with Governor Johnſtone. He ſaid that the ſcheme of reducing the Colonies by force, was wild, incoherent, and impracticable; and, though it were not, that a dominion ſupported by force, would anſwer no end whatever.

Mr. T. Townſend, and Mr. Burke, were for the amendment. The latter was more witty than ſolid, ingenious than convincing. He put the Houſe into great good humour, but ſeemed willing to avoid the real merits.

Lord Carmarthen entered fully into the contents of the propoſed amendment, and dwelt much on the ſpirit of ſedition, turbulence, and rebellion, which had manifeſted itſelf from one end to the other of the American Continent.

Mr. Van ſpoke ſtrongly for the moſt firm and deciſive meaſures.

The Solicitor General ſpoke very fully and ably, and endeavoured to anſwer every thing that had been offered on the other ſide.

The queſtion being put at about half after ten, the Houſe divided. For the amendment 73, againſt it 264; and the queſtion for the Addreſs being put, it paſſed of courſe in the affirmative.

[Notwithſtanding this diſparity in the numbers, the Members declared they did not conſider themſelves bound to approve of the late American meaſures, tho' they approved of the Addreſs.]

Ordered, That a Committee of Election and privilege be appointed.—That all perſons who queſtion any returns are to do it within fourteen days.---That all Members returned for two places, do make their election for the place they will ſerve in three weeks.---That Committees of Trade, Religion, &c. ſit as uſual.

DECEMBER 6.

In conſequence of the order of yeſterday, many Members attended to deliver their Petitions, the firſt of whom was Mr. Dundas, complaining of a double return for the borough of Milborne Port.

The Speaker then roſe, and deſired the aſſiſtance of the Houſe, to reconcile the ſtanding order which is made at the opening of every Seſſions of Parliament, that no petition for a double or undue return ſhall be received, if not preſented within fourteen days after the meeting of Parliament; and that part of the act for regulating controverted elections, which expreſsly orders, that whenever a petition is received, it ſhall be read, and a day appointed for hearing it.

Mr. Cornwall roſe, and endeavoured to reconcile the act, by veſting a power in the Houſe to receive or reject a petition in the firſt inſtance.

Mr. Dunning.---My honourable and learned friend over the way has ſtarted an objection,

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objection, which, were it to prevail, would in reality defeat that act, which a short time since seemed to be so justly the favourite of a majority of this House. The evil, which the act was designed to remove and guard against, was partial decisions in this House on controverted elections. I believe no man here will deny, that too many instances of that kind have happened; indeed its several provisions are the clearest proof, that that was the sole intention of its framers and friends. What then will be the probable consequence, were my learned friend's ideas to prevail? It would be this: that a majority of this House, without enquiry, and perhaps only knowing the name of the town or the petitioner, or chusing to usurp a jurisdiction to determine the merits in the first instance, would at once take upon itself to reject a petition, without any other hearing or trial whatever.

Mr. Cornwall. No man in this House more highly approves of the act in question in several respects than I do. I am not surprized, therefore, if the learned gentleman thinks such a power as I have mentioned, would lead to defeat the act, that he should be desirous to prevent its supposed ill consequences; but I suspect he has equally mistook my meaning and intentions. All I wish for is, that the House, if a Petition on a true ground were presented, might be deemed competent to entertain it, though the fourteen days prescribed by the standing order were expired. As to the learned gentleman's fears, that such a power might be abused, I believe the annals of Parliament do not furnish an instance of a petition being rejected, complaining of an undue election, without being sent to a Committee.

Mr. Dunning. How the fact stated by the Right Hon. Gentleman may be, I will not pretend to say; but this I am confident of, that if it were strictly true, it would be still a stronger motive with me to resist the voting any such power in this House; because, if in former times the House did not reject in the first instance, the reason was obvious, as those who led it could effect with ease, under the appearance of a judicial decision, what, if they had done in the first instance, would carry with it the strongest marks of the most manifest partiality. But being by the act now under consideration totally precluded from exerting that shameful influence, should the reasons now offered by the learned gentleman prevail, they will in a summary way be enabled to do that which is denied them in any other.——I therefore beg to make the following motion, and take the sense of the House on it.

The motion was accordingly handed to the Speaker, and a general debate ensued, which lasted till near five o'clock, when the question being put, it was agreed to without a division.

The motion, after receiving one amendment from Mr. Solicitor General, and another from Mr. Hartley, was to this effect:

Resolved, That according to the legal construction of the said act, (Mr. Grenville's) every petition that is presented to the House, complaining of an undue election, &c. shall be received, be read by the Clerk, and a day appointed for sending it to a Committee, without any question put thereon.

Besides the above Gentlemen, Mr. Attorney General, Mr. Fox, and Mr. Rigby spoke against the motion, and Mr. Burke for it.

Mr. Dundas then presented his petition, which was ordered to be heard the 20th inst. as did likewise Mr. Wallace one, for an undue return for the borough of Morpeth, which was fixed for the 24th of January.

The Speaker again addressed himself to the House, and stated the disagreeable situation he stood in, respecting the petitions that were then going to be presented; he observed, that it might frequently happen, that several Members would apply to him at once, and as he wished to avoid every appearance of partiality, he begged their assistance in establishing some method, to free him from a possibility of incurring the displeasure of the petitioners.

Mr. Rose Fuller therefore moved, that in order to prevent confusion, the names of all the counties, cities, &c. concerning which petitions were presented, should be written upon slips of paper, and put into a glass, and be drawn out by the Clerk; and that the petitions referring to the names successively drawn out should have the preference in being first heard.——This occasioned a tedious, unintersted debate, but it was carried without a division.

[This regulation, though it may *appear trifling*, was very much wanting to compleat Mr. Grenville's truly constitutional bill; for notwithstanding the many provisions made by that bill, there was no remedy against the evil of two or more persons rising at once, except the choice being left with the Speaker; and this reduced him to a most irksome situation, as every determination (however impartial) was

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was liable to the cenſure of ſome or other of the Members.]

The ſeveral other Members who had petitions to preſent, delivered them in to the Clerk, who having complied with the terms of the motion, drew out eighteen names, to be heard in the following order:

Hindon, Wilts,	Friday, Jan.	27.
Downton, Wilts,	Tueſday,	31.
Briſtol,	Friday, Feb.	3.
Radnor, Wales,	Tueſday,	7.
Dorcheſter,	Friday,	10.
Taunton,	Tueſday,	14.
Pontefract, Yorkſh.	Friday,	17.
Abingdon, Berks,	Tueſday,	21.
Shrewſbury,	Friday,	24.
Hull,	Tueſday,	28.
Helſtone, Cornw.	Friday, Mar.	3.
Honiton, Devon,	Tueſday,	7.
Bedford,	Friday,	10.
Sudbury, Suffolk,	Tueſday,	14.
Wigton, Lanc.	Friday,	17.
Poole, Dorſet,	Tueſday,	21.
Shaftesbury,	Friday,	24.
Haſlemere, Surry,	Tueſday,	28.

DECEMBER 7.

More petitions were preſented this day, and drawn for hearing as follows:

Clackmannan,	Friday, Mar.	31.
Lanerk,	Tueſd. Apr.	4.
St. Ives, Cornwall,	Friday,	7.
North Berwick,	Tueſday,	11.

The Speaker, with the Lords Beauchamp, Guernſey, and Robert Spencer, and many other Members, waited on his Majeſty with the following Addreſs, in anſwer to his Majeſty's moſt gracious Speech from the Throne.

The humble ADDRESS *of the* COMMONS *of* GREAT-BRITAIN *in Parliament aſſembled.*

"*Moſt Gracious Sovereign,*

"WE, your Majeſty's moſt dutiful and loyal ſubjects, the Commons of Great-Britain in Parliament aſſembled, return your Majeſty our humble thanks, for your moſt gracious Speech from the Throne.

"Permit us to aſſure your Majeſty, that we receive with the higheſt ſenſe of your Majeſty's goodneſs, the early information which you have been pleaſed to give us of the ſtate of the Province of the Maſſachuſet's-Bay.

"We feel the moſt ſincere concern, that a ſpirit of diſobedience and reſiſtance to the law ſhould ſtill unhappily prevail in that Province, and that it has broke forth in freſh violences of a moſt criminal nature: and we cannot but lament that ſuch proceedings ſhould have been countenanced and encouraged in any other of your Majeſty's Colonies; and that any of your ſubjects ſhould have been ſo far deluded and miſled, as to make raſh and unwarrantable attempts to obſtruct the commerce of your Majeſty's kingdoms by unlawful combinations.

"We beg leave to preſent our moſt dutiful thanks to your Majeſty, for having taken ſuch meaſures as your Majeſty judged moſt proper and effectual, for carrying into execution the laws, which were paſſed in the laſt Seſſion of the late Parliament, for the protection and ſecurity of the commerce of your Majeſty's ſubjects, and for reſtoring and preſerving peace, order, and good government, in the Province of the Maſſachuſet's-Bay.

"Your faithful Commons, animated by your Majeſty's gracious aſſurances, will uſe every means in their power to aſſiſt your Majeſty in maintaining entire and inviolate the ſupreme authority of this Legiſlature over all the dominions of your Crown; being truly ſenſible that we ſhould betray the truſt repoſed in us, and be wanting in every duty which we owe to your Majeſty, and to our fellow-ſubjects, if we failed to give our moſt zealous ſupport to thoſe great conſtitutional principles, which govern your Majeſty's conduct in this important buſineſs, and which are ſo eſſential to the dignity, ſafety, and welfare of the Britiſh empire.

"We learn with great ſatisfaction, that a treaty of peace is concluded between Ruſſia and the Porte; and that, by this happy event, the general tranquillity is rendered complete: and we entertain a well-grounded hope, that your Majeſty's conſtant endeavours to prevent the breaking out of freſh diſturbances will be attended with ſucceſs; as your Majeſty continues to receive the ſtrongeſt aſſurances from other powers, of their being equally diſpoſed to preſerve the peace.

"We aſſure your Majeſty, that we will, with the utmoſt chearfulneſs, grant to your Majeſty every neceſſary ſupply; and that we conſider ourſelves bound by gratitude, as well as duty, to give every proof our moſt affectionate attachment to a Prince, who, during the whole courſe of his reign, has made the happineſs of his people the object of all his views, and the rule of all his actions."

To this Addreſs his Majeſty was pleaſed to return the following moſt gracious Anſwer:

"*Gentlemen,*

"I Return you my particular thanks for this very loyal and dutiful Addreſs. I receive with the higheſt ſatisfaction and approbation your aſſurances of aſſiſtance and ſupport, in maintaining the ſupreme authority of the Legiſlature over all the dominions of my Crown. It ſhall be my care to juſtify by my conduct the confidence you ſo affectionately expreſs, and to ſhew that I have no intereſts ſeparate from thoſe of my people."

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DECEMBER 8.

Reported and read his Majesty's answer to the address.

Mr. Dundas moved, that the hearing of the petition relative to the double return for Milborne Port, which was ordered for the 20th of December, might be postponed; and having stated his reasons to the House, it was accordingly deferred till the 20th of January, with the consent of the opposite party.

Petitions were delivered, and drawn as before, for

Dumferline,	Tues. April	25.
Petersfield,	Friday,	28.
Cardigan,	Tues. May	2.
Linlithgow,	Friday,	5.
Seaford,	Tuesday,	9.
Peterborough.	Friday,	12.

Besides the above petitions, there was one presented from the voters of Radnor, which was in course referred to be heard according to the order of December 6, when the said borough was drawn for Tuesday Feb. 7.

When the petition for Dumferline was brought in, Col. Archibald Campbell (who is the sitting Member) informed the House, that he chearfully submitted his cause to the determination of the Committee. Mr. Medley, (Member for Seaford) likewise rose, and endeavoured in some measure to answer the charge of the petitioners: He was extremely jocular upon his opponents (Mr. Chetwood and Mr. Sayre) and observed, that the House would sustain a very great loss in the want of such able orators and financiers.

In a Committee of the whole House, resolved, that a supply be granted to his Majesty.

DECEMBER 9.

This day there was very little business done, the House not sitting above three quarters of an hour. The resolution which the Committee of Supply came to yesterday was reported and agreed to: and the Committee ordered to sit again on Monday.

Resolved on Mr. Cooper's motion, that an humble Address might be presented to his Majesty, that his Majesty would be pleased to give the proper Officers directions to lay before this House the following estimates for the service of the year 1775; and that the same might be referred to the said Committee.

The ordinary estimate for his Majesty's navy, for the year 1775; and also,

An estimate of the charge of what may be necessary for the buildings, rebuildings, and repairs of ships of war in his Majesty's yards, and other extra works, over and above what is proposed to be done, under the heads of wear and tear, and ordinary, in the year 1775.

An estimate of the charge for guards, garrisons, and other land forces, for the year 1775.

An estimate of the charge of the Office of Ordnance for the land service, for the year 1775.

A list of the regimental and warrant Officers of his Majesty's land forces, and of such of the Officers of marines as were reduced before the last war, who are to be on half-pay, for the year 1775.

An account of services incurred, and not provided for by Parliament.

And, an account, shewing the monies arisen within the respective half-years, ending the 5th of April 1774, and the 10th of October following, out of the aggregate, South-Sea, and general, commonly called the Sinking-Fund.

As soon as the House had come to these several resolutions, Lord Howe acquainted the House, that the Navy estimates would be referred to the Committee of Supply on Monday, and then taken into consideration.

Such Gentlemen as had petitions to present, delivered them to the Clerk, and they were drawn out of the glass in the following order:

Malden,	Tues. May	16.
Carnarvonshire,	Friday,	19.
Totnes,	Tuesday,	23.
Dysart, &c.	Friday,	26.

The House rose at three o'clock, and adjourned to Monday.

DEBATES

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DEBATES of the COMMONS.

NUMBER II.

DECEMBER 12.

THE Speaker took the Chair at two o'clock, and proceeded, after receiving ſome incloſing bills, to take into conſideration ſuch petitions complaining of undue returns and elections, as were preſented, when the ſame were drawn by the Clerk in the following order:

Edinburgh City,	Tueſday,	May 30.
Dumbarton,	Friday,	June 2.
Barnſtaple,	Friday,	9.
Ilcheſter,	Tueſday,	13.
Stockbridge,	Friday,	16.
New Shoreham,	Tueſday,	20.
Weſtminſter,	Wedneſday,	Jan. 25.
Worceſter,	Friday,	June 23.

Very little was ſaid to any of the petitions, until the Weſtminſter one was read, when Mr. C. Fox aroſe and ſaid, he intended ſome days ſince to have objected to the preſent mode of deciding when petitions ſhall be heard; that the noble Lord (T. Clinton) whom the petition before them alluded to, was returned for Eaſt Retford, as well as for Weſtminſter, therefore until the petition was decided, Eaſt Retford would be deprived of a Member; that in his opinion ſuch petitions as related to double returns ought to be heard in preference to any other.

Mr. Rigby ſaid, he coincided in opinion with the Hon. Gentleman, that ſuch petitions as related to double returns, ought to have priority, yet from the number that was already preſented, and the number which in all probability would be preſented, before the expiration of the time limited for receiving them, he was led to think that many of them were frivolous and vexatious; that the petition before them was brought in very late, and it would lay in the breaſt of any perſon who wiſhed to preſent a petition, and not to have it heard, to eſcape the cenſure of the Houſe by preſenting it ſo late that it could not be heard.

The Lord Mayor (who preſented the Weſtminſter petition) replied, that he could not agree with the Hon. Gentleman, that the Weſtminſter petition was preſented late, for if he remembered, the time allowed was fourteen days, and that was but the ſeventh, therefore in his opinion it was far from being delivered in late.

Mr. Rigby anſwered, in his uſual jocular manner, that he had not the leaſt doubt but the worthy Magiſtrate who preſented the petition knew the contents of MEAT and DRINK being given, to be true; yet at the ſame time, conſidering the great diſtance Weſtminſter was from that houſe, the great diſtance the worthy Magiſtrate lived from Weſtminſter, and the loſs that the Standard Tavern had ſuſtained by Humphry Cotes's leaving them, it was aſtoniſhing to him how they had been able, in ſo SHORT a time, to come to any reſolution at all.

Mr. Roſe Fuller moved, that the 25th of May (inſtead of the day which was allotted according to ballot) might be ſet apart for hearing the Weſtminſter petition.

Mr. C. Fox ſaid, that, as there were four or five other petitions in the ſame predicament, he could wiſh, as they had been preſented before the Weſtminſter one, the orders for hearing them might be diſcharged, and ſome earlier days appointed.

Lord George Germaine acquainted him that that was impoſſible, for the Act of Parliament expreſsly ſaid, "that when any order for hearing petitions is withdrawn, a future day muſt be appointed;" therefore thoſe petitions that were already appointed could not be heard before the day that was firſt allotted them; yet he hoped that the one before them, which was not gone too far to be remedied, might be heard as ſoon as poſſible; he ſhould therefore move, that it be heard on Wedneſday the 25th of January.

The Lord Mayor aroſe and ſaid, the earlier the day the better, and returned Lord Germaine thanks for fixing the day ſo early.

Mr. E. Burke explained to the Houſe, that the number of petitions which were already preſented, in his opinion, was a

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proof of the juſt light the public held Mr. Grenville's act in; that it was always cuſtomary, when a new court of judicature was erected, that a number of cauſes came to be tried before it; that he had no right to believe that any of the petions were frivolous or vexatious, yet if they were, when they came to be tried, he hoped they would be treated as ſuch.

A propoſition was now ſubmitted to the Houſe, by Mr. T. Townſend, relative to opening the doors to the Members of the other Houſe. This produced a converſation (for there was no queſtion before the Houſe) which continued above an hour.

Mr. T. Townſend ſaid, that he did not mean to urge his propoſition by way of motion, or queſtion, but barely to collect the general ſenſe which he flattered himſelf they would entertain of it. He ſaid that no man who had the leaſt recollection of the very indecent conduct of the Houſe of Peers, relative to their ſhutting their doors againſt the Commons, could be ſuppoſed ever to forget the unprovoked indignity then put on this Houſe, or ſuſpect him to be the firſt that would propoſe an improper conceſſion. But as moſt of the great national buſineſs originated, and was tranſacted in the Houſe of Commons; as there were many young Lords, who, by the order for excluding the Peers, were deprived of thoſe grand ſources of information to be had within thoſe walls; as from the nature of conducting buſineſs in the other Houſe, little knowledge could be obtained; as matters of the firſt conſequence to the welfare of theſe kingdoms would ſhortly come under diſcuſſion, he ſubmitted it to the Houſe, if the order of a rigid excluſion, made at the time he now hinted at, in a ſpirit of heat and reſentment, might not be relaxed, to reach ſo far, at leaſt, as a connivance. He obſerved, if the Peers had behaved ill, if they had acted imprudently, nay indecently, the Commons had now a fair opportunity of taking the higher ground, of acting with temper, with moderation, and like gentlemen. And concluded with ſaying, that a great number of the younger part of the other Houſe had already manifeſted a ſtrong inclination to make reparation for the former miſbehaviour of their body; and, in fine, ſaid he, the act was more the act of a few individuals than of the whole Houſe.

Mr. Rice roſe next, and was very warmly ſevere on the conduct of the Peers. He owned that the Commons, it was true, had the advantage of now chuſing the higher ground, but contended ſtrenuouſly, that as the Peers were the aggreſſors, they ſhould firſt certainly concede; and that, for his part, till that event took place, he ſhould ſteadfaſtly continue to be againſt the leaſt relaxation on their part. He ſaid, he was himſelf a witneſs to the ſhameful, the ſcandalous outrage committed on the repreſentative body of the Britiſh nation; and it was impoſſible he could ever forget the ſeveral aggravating circumſtances which accompanied it. That the reaſons urged now, by the Hon. Gentleman who moved in this buſineſs, were juſt, and ſtruck him at the time; but that what might have been then extremely proper, would at this time be extremely improper, conſidering the diſpoſition the Peers had ſhewn on a recent occaſion, when they had an opportunity to make a ſuitable reparation to this Houſe, which they had ſo groſſly inſulted and offended, without any colour of provocation whatever.

Mr. Hans Stanley denied, in general terms, that the Commons had any right to complain, as they had no buſineſs in the other Houſe. He inſiſted that the propoſed connivance would anſwer no ſort of purpoſe; for that whatever the general ſenſe of the Houſe might be, there were many Members, who, if they ſaw a Peer in the Houſe, would inſtantly move for having him turned out. Here he digreſſed on the impropriety of permitting ſtrangers of any denomination into the gallery; ſaid it was diſagreeable to be obliged to move for having the Houſe cleared; that therefore, in his opinion, it would be better to prevent ſuch an inconvenience, by having the ſtanding order enforced more ſtrictly, and thereby avoid diſappointing thoſe, who perhaps wait out of curioſity or entertainment from twelve o'clock. Whether ſuch a regulation would admit of any exceptions, relative to perſons who had any real buſineſs to tranſact, he would not determine. His ſpeech did not ſeem to be reliſhed in any quarter of the Houſe.

Col. Barré ſaid, he had been told that in the latter end of the reign of George the firſt, or beginning of the reign of George the ſecond, a like affair happened, both Houſes ſhut the doors againſt againſt each other, and that John Duke of Argyle gave it as his opinion, that the Peers of the land, by their birth and education, ought to be more polite and have better manners than the Commons, therefore it was expedient in them to

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ſet the Commons an example, and open their doors.

Mr. Burke ſaid he by no means agreed with the Duke of Argyle that the Peers of the realm had more manners than the Commons, for in general their rank made them proud and ſaucy; that Commoners were remarkable for their civility, for it was civility that gained them their ſeats; they were obliged not only to be civil to their conſtituents, but their conſtituents wives and children. He then argued with great force of reaſoning in favour of opening the doors of both Houſes on the principle of duty, declaring that if he could do his duty completely without, he would never deſire to enter the doors of the Houſe of Peers; but he was very well convinced, that upon certain occaſions it was abſolutely neceſſary the Members ſhould have free acceſs to their reſpective Houſes; that a great commercial bill, the importation of proviſions from Ireland, would probably have been loſt if he had not had acceſs to the Houſe of Peers to explain the principles on which that bill went; and that if the doors of that Houſe had not been ſhut againſt the Lords laſt ſeſſions, the bill for the ſecurity of Literary Property would never have been rejected with contempt after it had paſſed the Houſe of Commons; for if the young Peers had come down and heard the arguments on it, it would have met with a different fate.

On the whole it ſeemed to be lamented that any difference had ariſen to occaſion ſuch an improper ſtep; but nothing was done; for the queſtion being moved that the Houſe do go into a Committee of Supply, it was carried in the affirmative.

The order of the day was now called for, for the Houſe to reſolve itſelf into a Committee of Supply to his Majeſty; the Speaker accordingly left the Chair, and Sir Charles Whitworth being ſeated, Mr. Buller moved, "that it is the opinion of this Committee, that 16,000 ſeamen, including 4284 marines, be granted for the year 1775."

He prefaced his motion with ſetting forth, that Admiral Harland was daily expected home from the Eaſt Indies, with three ſail of the line, and by that means 16,000 would be ſufficient, which was 4000 leſs than laſt year.

Mr. T. Townſend deſired to know why 20,000 was neceſſary laſt year, and 16,000 would do this, and what quantity were *neceſſary* to be ſent to America, and what proportion left to guard us at home.

Mr. Buller attempted to ſolve Mr. Townſend's queſtions; he read an extract of a letter from Admiral Amherſt, commander at Plymouth, informing them that they had ſeveral ſupernumerary ſeamen, and that their guardſhips were full; that the number of ſhips at America were three third-rates, one fourth-rate, ſix ſix-rates, ſeven ſchooners, and two armed veſſels; the number of ſeamen 2835.

Mr. Luttrell aroſe, and ſaid he was much ſurprized to hear the Hon Gentleman mention the ſtate of our ſeamen in ſuch a manner; that, had he been apprized of the buſineſs coming on that day, he would have prepared himſelf to have anſwered him more fully; yet he was ſo much a judge of maritime affairs as to know it was impoſſible that the ſhips or ſeamen the Hon. Gentleman had mentioned to be in America could be there for ſome months, for ſhips that went out at this ſeaſon were prevented by winds and weather, ſo that they were obliged to go to the Weſt-Indies or put back, and could not arrive in America till the ſpring; that he ſhould be glad to be informed whether or not the ſeamen ſent in the fleet to America were taken out of the guardſhips here, which conſequently weakened our ſtrength at home, and left us almoſt defenceleſs; and whether the Admiral's account of the full complement of men did not include thoſe drafted off to other ſhips, and ſent to America, which might be ſet down as *lent*, but were abſolutely loſt, as a defence to this country, until they returned.

Col. Barré ſaid, he had been informed, that unleſs Admiral Harland arrived in ten days, it would be impoſſible for him to arrive in leſs than four months, therefore the number of ſeamen expected from his coming home was very precarious, and not to be depended on.

Mr. Hartley next deſired to know the number of ſhips that were on the American ſtation before the preſent diſturbance.

Mr. Buller anſwered, one fourth-rate, ſix ſix-rates, ſeven ſchooners, and two armed veſſels, and about 1900 men.

Col. Barré then deſired to know what force we have at home to defend us againſt any attack of an enemy.

Mr. Buller replied, 5900 men in the guardſhips, and 1168 men in the other ſhips on the Britiſh and Iriſh coaſts.

Mr. Buller's partizans finding him hard preſſed for further explanation, immediately adverted to "*The Queſtion! The Queſtion!*" which put an end to the buſineſs; the Chairman then put the queſtion,

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queſtion, that it is the opinion of this Committee that 16,000 ſeamen, including 4284 marines, be granted for the year 1775, which was carried.

DECEMBER 13.

Sir Charles Whitworth, from the Committee of Supply, reported the two reſolutions of Monday, which were agreed to without oppoſition.

Mr. Roſe Fuller moved to have the reſolution of the 5th of May, 1774, read, which being accordingly complied with, he obſerved, that it appeared at that time to the Houſe, that there were ſeveral large counties, where it was extremely inconvenient for the freeholders to attend at an election for Members to ſerve in Parliament. He begged, therefore, to acquaint them with what came within his own knowledge. He ſaid, he reſided in a county (Suſſex) where he was eighty miles from the place of election, and that there were ſeveral freeholders who lived above a hundred miles off, and were obliged to go to give their ſuffrages at the expence of 41. each; which he looked upon as no leſs troubleſome than expenſive. He then moved that leave might be given to bring in a bill, according to the reſolution of the Houſe of the 5th of May 1774, which was agreed to, and Mr. Fuller, Mr. Cornwall, Mr. Jenkinſon, Mr. Grey Cooper, and Lord George Germaine, were ordered to prepare and bring in the ſame.

Juſt as the Houſe was preparing to riſe, Lord John Cavendiſh, by way of information, deſired to know the meaning that the King's ſpeech proclaimed the neceſſity of certain meaſures to be purſued towards our Colonies in America, and yet the naval eſtabliſhment was lower by 4000 men than the laſt year. He ſaid, the Houſe had no authentic information on what motives this naval arrangement was made; he ſhould be therefore glad to have thoſe ſeeming contradictions reconciled. He added, that the thinneſs of the Houſe prevented him from framing any motion; but he could not, nevertheleſs, avoid obſerving, that he feared Adminiſtration, by fixing the naval eſtabliſhment ſo low, meant to make calls of a very diſagreeble and expenſive nature on the Houſe, in the future progreſs of the American affairs.

Lord Beauchamp anſwered Lord John, and ſaid, that the latter having communicated to him that morning his intention of ſuggeſting his ideas to the Houſe, he had accordingly imparted them to the noble Lord who preſides at the head of the Treaſury, who is indiſpoſed, and who informed him, that Adminiſtration had no particular information to lay before the Houſe at preſent.

Mr. Cornwall next roſe, and endeavoured to apologize for the Miniſter's conduct. He inſiſted, that the preſent was not a proper time to enter into any diſcuſſion relative to American affairs; that the naval reduction, he preſumed, was founded on good and ſubſtantial reaſons; that however, the motives which gave birth to them might vary with the circumſtances; and, that when the queſtion concerning Great Britain and the Colonies came in a Parliamentary way before the Houſe, every Member would then be fully at liberty to deliver his ſentiments and maintain his opinions.

Mr. Burke anſwered the two Gentlemen on the Treaſury Bench in a very maſterly manner, and was extremely ſevere on the conduct of Adminiſtration. Among a variety of other things, he compared the Houſe of Commons to a dead, ſenſeleſs maſs, which had neither ſenſe, ſoul, or activity, but as it derived them from the Miniſter. If his Lordſhip chuſes to tell them one day, that America is in a ſtate little ſhort of actual rebellion, it is all very well; if in a few days after he acquaints that at ſecond hand, that he had no information whatever to authorize ſuch an aſſertion, who can doubt his candour and his veracity? Both aſſertions ſtill remain uncontradicted, and all muſt be ſilence. A few days ſince it was indecent to call for papers, becauſe they could be had; to look for them now would be improper, becauſe they cannot be had. That however abſurd it might ſeem, ſuch a conduct was nevertheleſs founded in ſyſtem; for if matters turned out well, the merit would be imputed to the Miniſter; whereas if they ſhould be attended with miſcarriage or misfortune, it is no more than applying to Parliament, and every thing will be ſet to rights; that is, we deſpiſe the Parliament, who are our only proper and conſtitutional counſellors; but when we have blundered and ruined our affairs, perhaps beyond a poſſibility of redreſs, then we will come to Parliament---to do what?---to remedy what is incurable, and to recover what can never be regained. It is an old device, though methinks not a very wiſe one (ſays he) to truſt to the chapter of accidents. This valuable chapter counſels you to truſt to accidents, becauſe accidents are ſometimes productive of good fortune.

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